

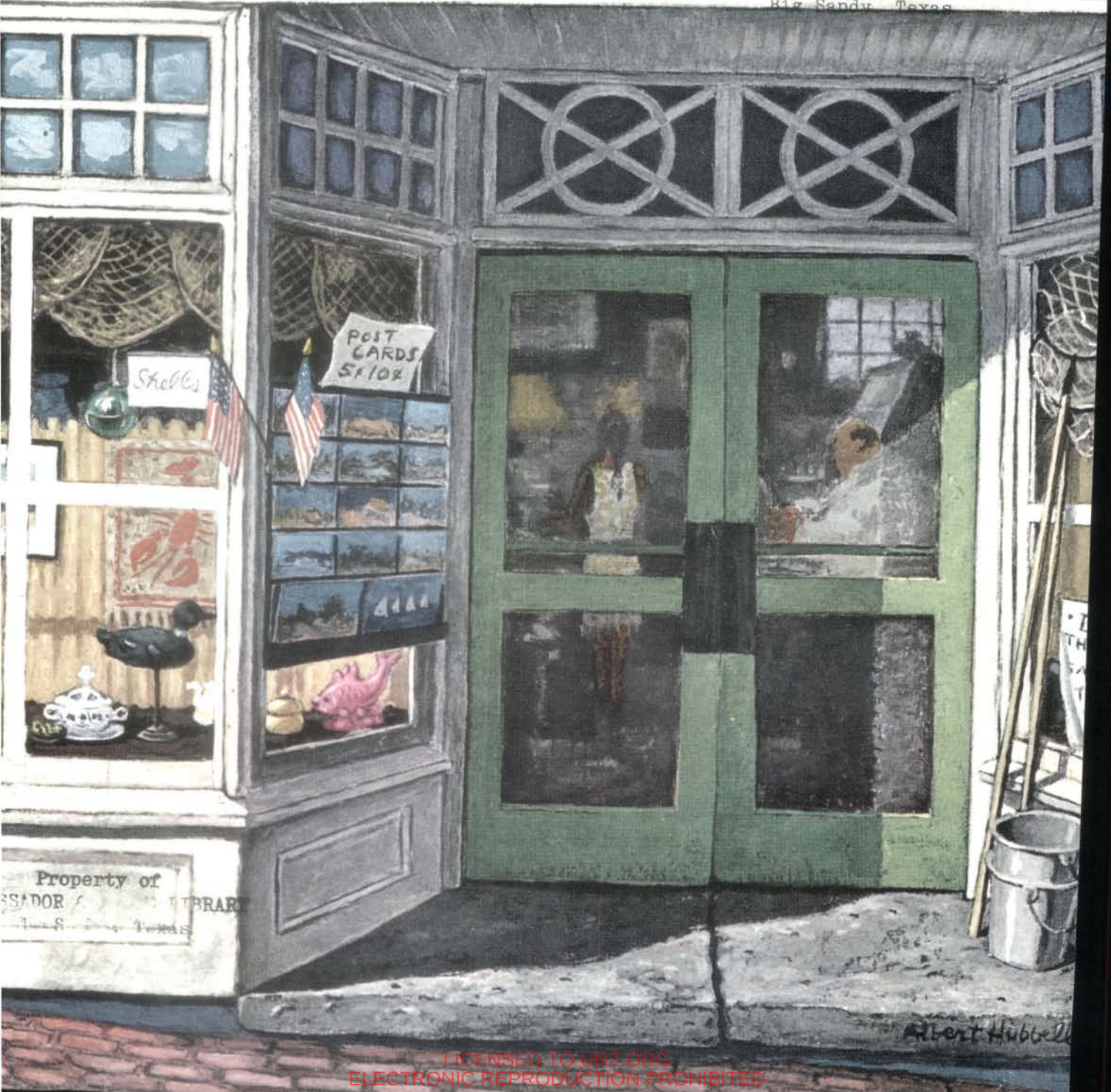
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAD HABITS—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Doris Belack and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

CANDIDE—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GOOD EVENING—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except July 3, at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3; special matinee Thursday, July 4, at 3.)

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LORELEI—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE MAGIC SHOW—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Thursday, July 4.)

MOONCHILDREN—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays, except July 7, at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 2:30; special matinee Thursday, July 4.)

A MOON FOR THE MISBEHOTTEN—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Thursday, July 4, at 3.)

MY FAT FRIEND—A relentless sequence of jokes, which Lynn Redgrave and George Rose happily mistake for a play and throw their gifted selves into with surprisingly pleasant results. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees

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Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MY SISTER, MY SISTER—Blending fantasy and realism (and considerable sympathy and humor), Ray Aranha tells the story of a black girl ensnared by circumstances, many of them beyond her control. The performances are excellent. Seret Scott plays the heroine, Barbara Montgomery plays her mother, and Frank Adu plays both her father and her lover. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Nightly, except Mondays and Thursday, July 4, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinee Wednesday, July 3.)

OVER HERE!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5900. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Thursday, July 4.)

RAISIN—A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is su-

perlative, as their materials are not. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thursday, July 4, at 2.)

SCAPINO—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by members of the Young Vic company, on loan to us from London. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SEA HORSE—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Edward J. Moore (who wrote the play) and Conchata Ferrell are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thursday, July 4.)

SHORT EYES—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE SIRENS—A tale of three women, all black, and of their men, past and present. The setting is Newark. The play, by Richard Wesley, is absorbing and ever credible, and it is well done, under William Lathan's direction. Veronica Redd gives a fine performance as a cynical whore whose husband returns after having deserted her ten years before, and Roscoe Orman is very good as the husband. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

THIEVES—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Grodin. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Thursday, July 4, at 3.)

WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle counterjuggler. Starting Tuesday, July 9, Mr. Conway will be replaced by the playwright. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WORDS AND MUSIC—Sammy Cahn singing a couple of dozen of his own celebrated songs, with some pleasing young folk assisting him. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3; special matinee Thursday, July 4, at 3.)

THE WORLD OF LENNY BRUCE—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinee Thursday, July 4.)

LONG RUNS—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vernetta Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,905 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Thursday, July 4.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 150 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays, except July 7, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays, except July 7, at 3; special matinee Thursday, July 4.)... **IRENE:** Jane Powell, Hans Conried, Ron Husmann,



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and Patsy Kelly in a simpleminded curiosity of a musical that at times seems first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 4, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinee Thursday, July 4, at 3.)... **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about love-making and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Priscilla Lopez. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, July 3: "La Bayadère" (company premiere), "Fancy Free," and "Petrouchka"... Thursday evening, July 4: "La Bayadère," "Fancy Free," and "Petrouchka"... Friday evening, July 5, and Saturday matinee, July 6: "Swan Lake"... Saturday evening, July 6, and Monday evening, July 8: "Apollo," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes"... Tuesday evening, July 9: "Some Times," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Billy the Kid," and "Theme and Variations"... Wednesday evening, July 10: "Some Times," "The Moor's Pavane," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Theme and Variations"... Thursday and Friday evenings, July 11-12, and Saturday matinee, July 13: "Giselle"... Saturday evening, July 13: "Napoli," "Undertow," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Fancy Free" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 10.)

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—A five-week engagement by a hundred and twenty dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 20.)

ELIOT FELD BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, July 3: "Intermezzo," "Sephardic Song," "Cortège Parisien," and "At Midnight"... Thursday evening, July 4: "Intermezzo," "The Tzaddik," "The Gods Amused," and "At Midnight"... Friday evening, July 5: "Theatre," "Sephardic Song," "Cortège Parisien," and "At Midnight"... Saturday and Sunday evenings, July 6-7: "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," "The Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo"... Sunday matinee, July 7: "Sephardic Song," "The Gods Amused,"

"Cortège Parisien," and "The Tzaddik." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

JAKI BYARD—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

RON CARTER, FRANK WESS, ROLAND HANNA, AND BEN REILLEY—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Bass, flute, piano, and drums, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three.

NORMAN CONNORS—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet, from ten to three, Thursday through Saturday, July 11-13.

BLOSSOM DEARIE—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Singing at the piano, between five-thirty and seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

SONNY FORTUNE—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophone, leading a quintet, from ten, beginning Tuesday, July 9.

SONNY GREER/RUSSELL PROCOPE/BROOKS KERR—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

TINY GRIMES—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio. Thursdays and Fridays, from nine to one.

BOBBY HACKETT—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Trumpet, leading a quintet that includes Hank Jones, Urbie Green, and Oliver Jackson, nightly, from nine to one, through Saturday, July 6.

ROY HAYNES—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading the Hip Ensemble, a quintet. From ten to three, Thursday through Sunday, July 4-7.

ELVIN JONES—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet nightly at ten, through Sunday, July 7.

LEE KONITZ—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, heading a trio, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three.

BUDDY RICH—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, nightly, except Sundays.

JIMMY ROWLES—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

CHUCK WAYNE AND JOE PUMA—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

TEDDY WILSON—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., from nine to one. Beginning Tuesday, July 9.

PHIL WOODS—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Reeds, leading a quartet, beginning Monday, July 8. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty, and on Saturdays, from nine.

(A few places where the notable performers and others are performing.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features a comb

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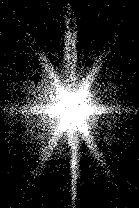


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

comprising four distinguished musicians—bassist Ron Carter, flutist Frank Wess, pianist Roland Hanna, and drummer Ben Reilly. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to three.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This new club seats four hundred and fifty customers at tables that are arranged not in the usual jumble but in orderly rows—there are even aisles to walk in, and they are heavily trafficked. A goodly portion of the seating is reserved for and filled by record-company executives and staffers and other members of the music industry—an arrangement that helps fill up the house and guarantees, at times, an ostentatiously enthusiastic audience. Steeleye Span, a sextet that plays electrified, traditional British folk music, makes merry opposite the Pousette-Dart Band, three Boston-based singers and acoustic guitarists. The trio is led by Jon Pousette-Dart, who, it seems, has forsaken his father's Abstract Expressionism for three-part harmony. Wednesday and Thursday, July 3-4, at nine only. A mini-jazz festival begins here on Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, with Joe Farrell, a vigorous reedman, and Joe Beck, a deft, innovative guitarist, and their quartet. They are followed by Weather Report, a highly regarded jazz-rock outfit, which alternates with rural bluesman Sleepy John Estes, on Sunday and Monday, July 7-8. Things return to normal beginning Tuesday, July 9, when rock singer Chris Jagger, Mick's little brother, will be showcased here. He will trade sets with If, a British rock-and-jazz band, through Thursday, July 11. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-paneled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and subtle piano work by Jimmy Rowles. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sings in a voice as deep as his instrument.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second-story room that seats two-hundred patrons and is decorated with photographs of Buddy Rich on the walls. The drummer himself is on the bandstand, heading up an exceptionally capable and rousing septet, consisting of saxophonists Sal Nistico and Sonny Fortune (who will take a week's leave starting Tuesday, July 9), John Bunch on piano, guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Anthony Jackson, and Jimmy Maeluin on congas. Two shows Mondays through Fridays; three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools decorate this often highly animated establishment. California-based pianist and composer Calvin Jackson works with bassist Rusty Gilder from eight to one. On Sundays, Chuck Folds presides over the keyboard. Dining.

GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large, square room with wooden planks on the pillars, bright-red walls, and a central stage. Alaina Reed, a sturdy-voiced and capable young singer, performs through Sunday, July 7. On Tuesday, July 9, Marc Allen Trujillo, a rather bland singer, arrives. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with bamboo shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. A swinging threesome now dominates here: drummer Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington from 1919 to 1951 and who looks and sounds about twenty years younger than his age; Russell Procope (on alto saxophone and clarinet), who served the Ellington reed section well from 1945; and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, a twenty-two-year-old Juilliard graduate and former student of Willie the Lion Smith. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd and bassist Johnny Williams play on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty. Snacks.

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GUITAR, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, spacious, and cheerless, the setting for this resettled club is quite a contrast to its former home, where musicians and listeners alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. Guitarist Carl Thompson, aided by bass accompaniment, performs them through Saturday, July 6. The strings vibrate from nine to one. Dinner.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is presenting flugelhorn player Chuck Mangione's quartet through Saturday, July 6. Alternating with Mangione is Mike Longo, pianist with and musical director for Dizzy Gillespie for the past several years. On Monday, July 8, pianist Lee Shaw and his trio begin trading sets with a quartet led by Phil Woods, still one of the most important post-Parker alto saxophonists. On Sundays, clarinetist Art Miller's No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing ensemble, holds forth. Mondays through Fridays, from nine-thirty to three-thirty; Saturdays, from nine to three; and Sundays, from nine to two.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds from nine-thirty to three every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Bassist David Steinberg participates Friday and Saturday, July 5-6; Lyn Christie brings in his bass Friday and Saturday, July 12-13; and singer Jane Ballentine works with Hayward on Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Music from nine-thirty to three. Fridays and Saturdays, pianist Steve Crist alternates with the band from nine. Various other musicians turn up on Sundays.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. On Wednesday, July 10, Elephant's Memory, a rock aggregation, plugs in. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

METRO, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and standup comedy. Two good-humored performers—Adam Keefe and Bobby Shaw—share these facilities through Sunday, July 7. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.



MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. The impeccable Bobby Hackett heads up a quintet that includes Hank Jones on piano, drummer Oliver Jackson, and trombonist Urbie Green through Saturday, July 6. On Tuesday, July 9, pianist Teddy Wilson, bassist Milt Hinton, and Teddy Wilson, Jr., on drums, start concentrating on the standards of the thirties. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until one. Deadpan clarinetist Woody Allen usually participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side restaurant that is positively prospering and that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and an enclosed sidewalk gallery. The atmosphere is generally relaxed, except for the supersonic-paced waitresses, who stampede past the bandstand into the kitchen. Drummer Roy Haynes heads up his youthful quintet, the Hip Ensemble, Thursday through Sunday, July 4-7. The following week (Thursday through Saturday, July 11-13), Norman Connors, a young, forward-looking drummer with a reverence for African rhythms, will lead his quintet. Singer Jean Carn contributes vocals and some voice-as-instrument solos. Music from ten to three. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Through Saturday, July 6, singer Linda Hopkins devotes herself almost entirely to the music of Bessie Smith. One suspects that not only Bessie Smith but also Linda Hopkins gets lost in this cult-conscious program of slick, contemporary, gospel-based renditions of those forty- and fifty-year-old blues songs. John C. Attle, one of those seemingly countless ex's from "Jacques Brel" casts, bubbles over with fun and energy, beginning Tuesday, July 9. Denise Rogers and her backup group, which alternates with Attle, does some fine, swinging gospel numbers. Shows at nine and midnight. Jeremy Stone's keyboard work fills most of the gaps between shows. In her clear, small, unembellished voice, Blossom Dearie sings here Tuesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms of a townhouse evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, performs opposite Diane Leslie, a singer and pianist, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper-West Side room of simple design. Lee Konitz, still one of the more enjoyable alto saxophonists, heads up a trio on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Drummer Al Dreares' trio works on Friday and Saturday, July 5-6. Pianist Steve Elmer brings in his trio the next Friday and Saturday (July 12-13). The music is featured from nine-thirty to three. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma trade guitar solos on Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staircased entrance. Thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones works with his quintet through Sunday, July 7. The very fine saxophonist Sonny Fortune, who has been working with Buddy Rich's septet lately, will be leading his own quintet from Tuesday, July 9. On Monday, the Collective Black Artists Ensemble—eighteen pieces strong, plus vocalist Joe Lee Wilson—takes over. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays, alto saxophonist and clarinetist Russell Procope and drummer Sam Woodyard work with Ram Ramirez on piano. Another pianist joins Procope and Woodyard for their Tuesday sessions. Wednesdays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band performs. Guitarist Tiny Grimes and his trio enliven the Thursday- and Friday-night proceedings. Now almost sixty, Grimes (who dons a pom-pomed golf cap), like practically every other jazz guitarist, owes his soul to Charlie Christian, but, unlike most, he has nurtured the Master's raw bluesiness along with his zigzagging melodies. The result occasionally sounds like B. B. King playing bebop. On Saturdays and Sundays, tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette and trumpeter Ed Lewis lead a quartet. Quinichette, who played with Basie in the early fifties, was so reverent a disciple of Lester Young that he was once dubbed "the Vice-Prez." Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PLAZA RESTAURANT**, violinist George Carandini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from six to ten, Mondays through Fridays. . . .

There is piano music by Joan St. James and Ruth Andrews in the **PALM COURT** Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to midnight. Saturdays from five to midnight and Sundays from four to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8070)—Saturday, July 6, is closing night for the Pat Galo show. Monday, July 8, brings on the Ahmad Jamal sextet. Twice a night, except Sundays; discothèque music commences at eight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting harpist Eleanor Fell Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to eleven.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Reopens on Monday, July 8, to house the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra (led by Lee Castle and featuring singer Bob Eberly), which will play for listening at dinner and supper and for dancing the rest of the evening, in alternation with Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thursday, July 4. Some, as indicated, will be closed Friday, July 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ANTONIO R. DE TRUJILLO—Abstract paintings, heavily textured and creviced, which suggest aerial landscapes or rock formations. Through Saturday, July 6. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

GEORGES LACOMBE (1868-1916)—Mostly black-and-colored-crayon drawings of figures and landscapes, by a member of the Nabi group. Through July 31. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Monday mornings; open Saturdays.)

T. ADDISON RICHARDS (1820-1900)—Small, idyllic landscape drawings from the eighteen-fifties, based on the artist's peregrinations in the East and Southeast of this country. A number became illustrations for *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, for which he also wrote. Through July 26. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Thirty-five drawings, many of them touched with a light wash of color, by this Austrian Expressionist, who was a skilled draftsman with a predilection for bony bawds. Through Wednesday, July 10. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PENNERTON WEST (1913-65)—Paintings spanning the artist's career. Through Aug. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery and guest artists. Through Aug. 1. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, July 3-4, from 10:30 to 5.) . . .

CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro, in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through Friday, July 12. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent acquisitions—Ernst, Magritte, Masson, Miró, and Tanguy. Through July 26. . . . **ESMAN**, 24 E. 80th St.: Drawings, collages, and paintings by thirteen artists emphasizing various approaches to paper (folding, cutting, spraying, punching, or whatever). Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FELDMAN**, 33 E. 74th St.: Arakawa, Beuys, Wilke, and other contemporaries. Through July 25. (Closed Wednesday through Friday, July 3-5.) . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Small paintings, drawings, and watercolors by Thomas Hart Benton, Thomas Cole, Max Weber, and others. Through Aug. 30. . . . Drawings by Wyndham Lewis, Jules Pascin, and other European and American artists. Through July 31. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: American folk art, American contemporary artists, and European and American paintings from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 30. . . . **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.: More than a hundred and fifty paintings by Rockwell Kent, Walter Stuempfig, Kaffe Fassett, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Open Saturdays; closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Sports and Games," an exhibition of cartoons, watercolors, and drawings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through July 26. (Closed mornings and Friday, July 5.) . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Twentieth-century graphics, drawings, and watercolors by Gaston Lachaise, Sally Spofford, Robert Mueller, and others. Through Aug. 2.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LYMAN KIPP / TADAOKI KUWAYAMA—Aluminum sculptures. / Paintings composed of fields of metallic color divided by thin strips of metal. Through July 20. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, July 5-6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: A large benefit loan exhibition called "Ten Americans: Masters of Watercolor." It includes work by Avery, Burchfield, Demuth, Dove, Homer, Hopper, Marin, Prendergast, Sargent, and Wyeth. Through July 14. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, plus ceramic sculptures by Californians. Through July 31. (Closed mornings and Friday, July 5.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: "Western American Art," a show of paintings, bronzes, and drawings by Remington, Bierstadt, Moran, and others. Through Friday, July 12. (Closed Friday, July 5.) . . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American painters, including Bierstadt, Sully, and Hart. Through Sept. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Nathan Hale, and other gallery artists. Through Aug. 30.

SCULPTURE—Contemporary examples in a wide range of mediums. Through July 20. (Zabriske, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.)

GALLERIES—SOHO

WILLIAM FINNERAN / BRIAN KAZLOV / AVITAL OZ—Conceptual sculptures. / Paintings. / Sculptures. Through July 26. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed mornings and Friday, July 5.)

ALAN PETERS / ROB WYNN / ARTHUR KRIM—A three-man show of collages made from postcards.

Through July 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. (Closed mornings and Friday, July 5.)

JOYCE REZENDES / MISSEN HERLUF JENSEN—Paintings. / Drawings inspired by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, "Cat's Cradle." Through Saturday, July 6. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by gallery artists. Through July 26. . . . **SOHO** 20, 99 Spring St.: Graphics, paintings, and sculptures by a feminist cooperative called "12 Women Artists of Westchester." Through Saturday, July 13. (Tuesdays through Sundays, except Thursday through Sunday, July 4-7, noon to 5.) . . . **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Seven painters, two sculptors, a photographer, and a weaver from a cooperative gallery in Richmond, Virginia. Through Saturday, July 6.

OTHER GALLERIES

EDWARD GOREY—Twenty-five drawings used as illustrations for Howard Moss's "Instant Lives." Through July 31. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Saturdays.)

JOSÉ GUADALUPE POSADA (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

STEWART WALTZER—Sprayed and poured acrylic on canvas. Through Aug. 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Four contemporary African artists who, quite naturally, incorporate African motifs and symbols in their work, but with varying intensity. The paintings of Valente Malangata (Mozambique) are brightly colored and flooded with distorted figures; those of Twins Seven Seven (Nigeria), though imbued with symbolism, are more subtle and finely detailed; Skunder Boghossian's (Ethiopia) approach abstraction. Amir I. M. Nour (Sudan), whose work is the most refined, merely suggests African themes in sculptures of bold, simplified forms. His "Grazing at Shendi," for example, consists of a flock of curved and severed stainless-steel tubes based, in the artist's words, on "a true visual experience seeing goats scattered around the desert outside my home town." Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.: Gallery artists, including Hirschfeld, Gikow, and Will Barnet. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6. Closed Wednesday through Saturday, July 3-6.) . . . **LOBE STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Works on and of paper by four New York City artists. Through July 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 7.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANSEL ADAMS—A retrospective of the seventy-two-year-old master photographer known for his landscapes of the Western wilderness. Through July 31. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

FRITZ HENLE—Sixty-seven works by a photographer who worked for *Life*, *Mademoiselle*, *Fortune*, and *Harper's Bazaar*. Through Sunday, July 7. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

LOTTE JACOBI—Photographic abstractions by a seventy-eight-year-old German-born photographer known for her portraits. Through July 31. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Friday and Saturday, July 5-6.)

EDWARD STEICHEN (1879-1973)—Fifty photographs, featuring early Photo-Secession works and aerial views of First World War battlefields. Through July 26. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: A fine exhibition of fifty photographs taken early in the century by mostly unknown photographers, selected from among six thousand pictures collected by Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody as source material for the Department of Social

Ethics he founded at Harvard in 1906. The photographs show interiors of early-twentieth-century jails, schools, hospitals, tenements, and Salvation Army shelters, as well as immigrant families, farm workers, members of small trades, Shakers, and students in trade schools. The aesthetic quality of the photographs is very high (it would be interesting to know whether this reflects the quality of the whole collection or whether, as one would suspect, aesthetic criteria determined the selections), and, in a few cases, photography of the highest level is exemplified. One such photograph, entitled "Common Washroom," taken by an unknown photographer in a cheap lodging house for men in Paris, shows three plain white basins sitting on a counter in front of a wall on which geometric patterns of paint and light appear as if they were put there by a Cubist; another is an interior of a New York tenement, also anonymously taken, that anticipates the interiors of Walker Evans by a good twenty years. As social documents, these pictures are probably most valuable for the light they cast on the timid, equivocal manner in which documentation of social evils was conducted at the beginning of the century, rather than for their depiction of the actual squalor, hunger, and injustice of the day, which can only be guessed at from these serene, orderly, Victorian photographs. Among the known photographers represented are Francis Benjamin Johnston, J. H. Adams, Percy Byron, and Waldemar Franz Hermann Titzenthaler. Through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **LIGHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show of excellent and innovative work by four young photographers—John McWilliam, Chris Enos, Robert Flick, and Steve Salmieri. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays and Friday and Saturday, July 5-6.)... **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: "The Art of the Portrait Photograph": nearly two hundred examples in an exhibition that spans the entire history of photography. Through July 19. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: A Mexican portfolio by Paul Strand, plus works by Albert Boyancee, John Hershey, Vincent Pucciarelli, and Michael Rhodes. Through Aug. 4. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—An exhibition on two floors commemorating the hundred-and-first anniversary of the birth of the German director Max Reinhardt (1873-1943), with set and costume designs, production photographs, promptbooks, programs, actual costumes, drawings and photographs of Reinhardt and cast members, and a recording of people who knew Reinhardt talking fondly but not very interestingly about him. Reinhardt was of the new breed of Total Directors that arose at the turn of the century and sought to bring the concept of the *Gesamtkunstwerk* (total or unified work of art) to the theatre. He is acknowledged as one of the geniuses and revolutionaries of the modern theatre, and the exhibition testifies to the enormous scope and range of his activities, but to anyone who never had the good fortune to see a Reinhardt production it unfortunately conveys no real sense—how can it?—of the special and radical character of his achievement. From the drawings and photographs of Reinhardt, one receives a consistent impression of energy, intelligence, imagination, warmth of heart, and cool. Through Aug. 4.... **Thirty-six nineteenth-century European and American paintings from the Ponce Museum, in Puerto Rico**. Through Aug. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—An exhibition of scenic and costume designs by Alexandra Exter (1882-1949), who left her native Russia in 1908 to study art in Paris for six years (Picasso, Braque, Marinetti, and Papini were among her friends), and returned to Moscow on the eve of the First

World War to apply Cubistic and Futuristic principles to stage design at the avant-garde Kamerny Theatre of Alexandre Tairov. Exter left Russia in 1924 to resettle in Paris, where she died in 1949 in poverty and obscurity; only recently has she been reinstated in her place within the Russian Constructivist movement as one of its finest exemplars. Through Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, except July 4, from 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred paintings by Venetian artists of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through Sept. 3.... **The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3.... **Twelve examples of the American art of quiltmaking of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Sept. 8.... **The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939** is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3.... **A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3.... **Sketches, models, and enlarged photographs of twenty-two public sculptures (by Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and others), erected in New York City during the nineteenth century. Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 11 to 4:45.)********

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of almost two hundred works surveying seven decades of drawing in France, beginning in the eighteen-eighties with Seurat and Redon and concluding with the death of Matisse in 1954. Through Sept. 8.... **"Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on and of paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Aug. 11.... **Large color photographs, transferred by a heat process to cloth, by Sonia Landy Sheridan and Keith Smith. Through July 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... NOTE: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.****

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Mondrian, Brancusi, Léger, Delaunay, Chagall, and Marc, from the museum's collection. Starts Thursday, July 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of paintings by Jacob Lawrence, depicting the black experience in America. Through Sunday, July 7.... **Paintings and sculptures by American artists, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, noon to 6.)**

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29.... **Puerto Rican**

stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs depicting children of Africa and of African descent (mainly of the Caribbean, South America, and the United States). Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty medieval manuscripts acquired by Pierpont Morgan from 1899 until 1913 (the year of his death), as well as medieval art objects with which he adorned the west room of the library. Foremost of the latter is the Stavelot Triptych, a reliquary containing six Mosan enamels of the twelfth century. Through July 31.... **Forty Rembrandt etchings. The exhibit is noteworthy in that it includes not only a number of celebrated prints but, in several instances, different states and differently inked impressions of the same subject. Through July 31.... **Musical manuscripts from the collection of Robert O. Lehman. Through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 4, from 10:30 to 5.)****

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred or so American craft objects, on loan from collectors all over the country. Through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday and Friday, July 4-5, from 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 4, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Fair and Foul" is the name of an agreeable exhibition of prints on the third floor, all pertaining to (mostly foul) weather. Through Sept. 6.... **An extensive exhibition devoted to Washington Irving. Among several hundred items on display are the only known portion of the manuscript of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," unpublished sketches for Irving's works by F. O. C. Darley, the mid-nineteenth-century book illustrator; and rare editions of *Salmagundi* and "The Sketch Book." Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, except Thursday, July 4, from 9 to 5.)**

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL/NEW YORK—Final performances. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere (and the concerts are taking place in five halls and on a ferryboat), call 787-2020—Wednesday, July 3, at 7:30: Chick Corea and the Gato Barbieri ensemble. (Carnegie Hall.)... **Wednesday, July 3, at 7:30 and 11:30: "A Schlitz Salute to Jazz and the American Song," with Johnny Mathis, Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, Bobby Short, Bobby Hackett, Vic Dickenson, Ruby Braff, George Barnes, and Jackie and Roy, presenting the music of Rodgers, Weill, Ellington, Strayhorn, Berlin, and Wilder. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center.)... **Wednesday, July 3, at 8: "A Schlitz Salute to Jazz and Soul," with Gladys Knight and the Pips, the O'Jays, Billy Eckstine, Kool & the Gang, and Tower of Power. (Nassau Coliseum.)... **Wednesday, July 3, at 11:30: Charles Mingus, Max Roach, and Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. (Carnegie Hall.)... **Thursday, July 4, at 7:30: Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, and Bill Evans. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center.)... **Thursday, July 4, at 11:30: The Crusaders, Elvin Jones, the Platina Jazz Group, and Jean-Luc Ponty. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center.)... **Friday, July 5, at 7:30: "The Friends of Eddie Condon and Ben Webster," with Barney Bigard, Milt Buckner, Wild Bill************



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Davison, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Vic Dickenson, Bud Freeman, Bobby Hackett, Milt Hinton, Illinois Jacquet, Budd Johnson, Jo Jones, Cliff Leeman, Zoot Sims, Jess Stacy, Maxine Sullivan, Buddy Tate, Joe Venuti, Clark Terry, Ralph Sutton, and Bob Wilber. (Carnegie Hall)...**Friday, July 5, at 11:30:** Freddie Hubbard, McCoy Tyner, and Wild Magnolias. (Carnegie Hall)...**Saturday, July 6, at 1:** Sy Oliver conducting the New York Jazz Repertory Company orchestra in a program of the music of Tommy Dorsey, and McKinney's Cotton Pickers. (Carnegie Hall)...**Saturday, July 6, at 7:30:** Stan Kenton and Maynard Ferguson and their orchestras. (Carnegie Hall)...**Saturday, July 6, at 7:30 and 11:30:** "Guitar Impressions," with Laurindo Almeida, Charlie Byrd, the Eleventh House (with Larry Coryell), Tiny Grimes, Oregon (with Ralph Towner), and Roy Buchanan. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center)...**Saturday, July 6, at 11:30:** Count Basie and his orchestra, with Joe Williams. (Carnegie Hall)...**Sunday, July 7, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30:** A Hudson River boat ride on a ferryboat with the Kid Thomas Preservation Hall Band and the World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart...**Sunday, July 7, at 7:30 and 11:30:** "A Schlitz Salute to Latin Roots," with El Gran Combo, Willie Colon, Eddie Palmieri, and La Sonora Matancera. (Carnegie Hall)...**Sunday, July 7, at midnight:** "A Jam Session for Diana, Featuring Diana Ross," plus Art Blakey, Charlie Byrd, Joe Farrell, Roland Hanna, Elvin Jones, Hank Jones, Howard McGhee, Charles Mingus, Joe Newman, Buddy Rich, Max Roach, Clark Terry, Michal Urbaniak, and others. (Radio City Music Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

ERIC CLAPTON—With Yvonne Elliman and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, July 13, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 25—**Friday, July 5, at 7:** Evelyn Lear, soprano, and Thomas Stearns, baritone...**Friday, July 5, at 9:** Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony, with Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel and Seth McCoy, tenors; David Eivitts, baritone; and Ara Berberian, bass...**Saturday, July 6, at 8:30:** Eugene Ormandy directing an all-Haydn program, with the Misses Lear and Carlson; the Messrs. McCoy and Stewart; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus...**Sunday, July 7, at 2:30:** Michael Tilson Thomas directing an all-Mozart program, with Benita Valente, soprano; Miss Carlson; Mr. Riegel; Mr. Berberian; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus...**Monday, July 8, at 7:30:** A concert by Seals & Crofts, England Dan, and John Ford Coley...**Friday, July 12, at 7:** A recital by Andrew Clarke, organ...**Friday, July 12, at 9:** Karl Richter conducting the Boston Symphony and acting as soloist in an all-Bach program...**Saturday, July 13, at 8:30:** Eugen Jochum conducting an all-Mozart program, with Veronica Jochum, piano...**Sunday, July 14, at 2:30:** Karl Richter conducting another all-Bach program; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—A season devoted to music from Vienna. **Saturday, July 6, at 8:30:** Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Jorge Bolet, piano...**Sunday, July 7, at 5:30:** The Guarneri Quartet...**Friday, July 12, at 8:30:** Julius Rudel directing the Caramoor Festival Orchestra and Chorus in the first of two performances of Kalman's "Countess Maritza," in concert form and in English, with Mary Costa, soprano; Evelyn Petros, mezzo-soprano; Andrea Velis, tenor; and John Reardon, baritone...**Saturday, July 13, at 8:30:** Julius Rudel directing the first of two performances of a double bill of comic operas, Mozart's "Der Schauspielerdirektor" ("The Impresario") and Salieri's "Prima la Musica e Poi le Parole" ("Which First? Music or Words?"), in English. With Karan Armstrong and Ruth Welting, sopranos; Nico Castel, tenor; Spiro Malas and Monte

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Jaffe, basses; and special guest artist Francis Robinson...**Sunday, July 14, at 5:30:** Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Woodwind Ensemble. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 25. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the New York City Ballet of a four-week season that ends on Saturday, July 27—**Wednesday, July 3, at 2:30 and 8;** Thursday, July 4, at 8; and Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, at 2 and 8: "The Nutcracker"...**Tuesday, July 9, at 8:** "An Evening's Waltzes," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Symphony in C"...**Wednesday, July 10, at 8:** "Prodigal Son," "Episodes," and "Firebird"...**Thursday, July 11, at 2:30:** "Swan Lake," "Firebird," and "Symphony in C"...**Thursday, July 11, at 8:** "La Valse," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Prodigal Son"...**Friday, July 12, at 8:** "Irish Fantasy," "Dybbuk Variations," and "The Concert"...**Saturday, July 13, at 8:** "The Goldberg Variations" and "Firebird." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 15. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. **Wednesday and Thursday, July 3-4:** Lisa Bradley and Michael Uthoff...**Friday and Saturday, July 5-6:** Ritha Devi, Bottom of the Bucket But... Dance Theatre, and Helgi Tomasson and Gelsey Kirkland...**Tuesday through Saturday, July 9-13:** Dennis Wayne's American Ballet Company and members of Dan Wagoner's Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Nikolais Dance Theatre. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—**MEYS:** Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, July 3, at 2:15; and Thursday, July 4, at 1:15 (doubleheader)...**San Francisco,** Friday, July 5, at 8:05; and Saturday and Sunday, July 6-7, at 2:15...**San Diego,** Monday and Tuesday, July 8-9, at 8:05; and Wednesday, July 10, at 2:15...**YANKEES:** Vs. Oakland, Friday, July 12, at 8, and Saturday, July 13, at 2.

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. The Juvenile, Wednesday, July 3; the Brooklyn Handicap, Thursday, July 4; the Tidal Handicap, Saturday, July 6; the Astoria, Wednesday, July 10; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 13...**MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Monmouth Oaks, Thursday, July 4, and the Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, July 13. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Cleveland Nets, Tuesday, July 9, at 8...**New York Sets vs. Toronto-Buffalo Royals,** Thursday, July 11, at 8. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. For tickets, call 800 243-6363.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 20...**HISTORIC TRACK,** Goshen: Daily at 1:30; through Friday, July 5...**SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, except Thursday, July 4, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

YACHTING—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. Starting Saturday, July 13.)...

Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 13.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—When in the course of human events, the hundred-and-ninety-eighth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence comes along, a decent respect for the occasion requires dancing in the street (both square and rock, not to mention folk), pageantry, fireworks, marching bands, and so on, and that's what we'll have on Thursday, from two to ten, beginning at the South Street Seaport, radiating to nearby historic sites, and culminating in a hoedown at Battery Park. For details, call 472-1003.

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of PERICLES, with Randall Duk Kim, Barnard Hughes, and Marybeth Hurt. Directed by Edward Berkeley. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 21. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—Final performances—**CLOVE LAKES PARK,** Staten Island: Wednesday, July 3, at 8:30 (rain date, July 4), "La Bohème," with Clarice Carson, Betsy Norden, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski; conducted by Jan Behr...**CROCHERON PARK,** Bayside: Friday, July 5, at 8:30, "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Betsy Norden, Richard Tucker, Gene Boucher, and James Morris; Martin Rich...**CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens: Saturday, July 6, at 8:30 (rain date, July 7), "La Bohème," with Clarice Carson, Maralin Niska, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy; Jan Behr.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 11. Herman Neuman will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 7.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Jacques Singer conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Robert Sylvester, cello. (Thursday, July 4, at 7:30.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Monday, July 8, at 6:30; Z Z Top and Brownsville Station...**Wednesday, July 10, at 7:** Bobby Womack & Peace, Bloodstone, and Minnie Ripperton...**Friday, July 12, at 7:** Robert Klein, Melissa Manchester, and Jim Dawson...**Saturday, July 13, at 7:** José Feliciano, Freddie Prinze, and Druick & Lorange. (Through Saturday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

RIVERSIDE PARK—Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the first of two concerts. (103rd St. Monday, July 8, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

JAZZ ON THE RIVER—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) on Wednesday, July 10, at 7:30, will be supplied by Howard McGhee's orchestra and the Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble. (Slip 5, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, with Norman Atkins and Geraldine Brooks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

MOVIES IN THE PARK—A program of regular and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Sundays through Thursdays (except July 4), through July 26. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, July 4.

Here's How You Can Sponsor A Child

Here's What You Do

- Fill out your name and address on the coupon.
- Indicate your preference of boy or girl, and country.

Or . . .

- Check the box marked "Choose any child who needs my help," allowing us to assign you a child from our emergency list.
- Enclose your first monthly check. The cost is only \$15 each month to help a child who needs you.

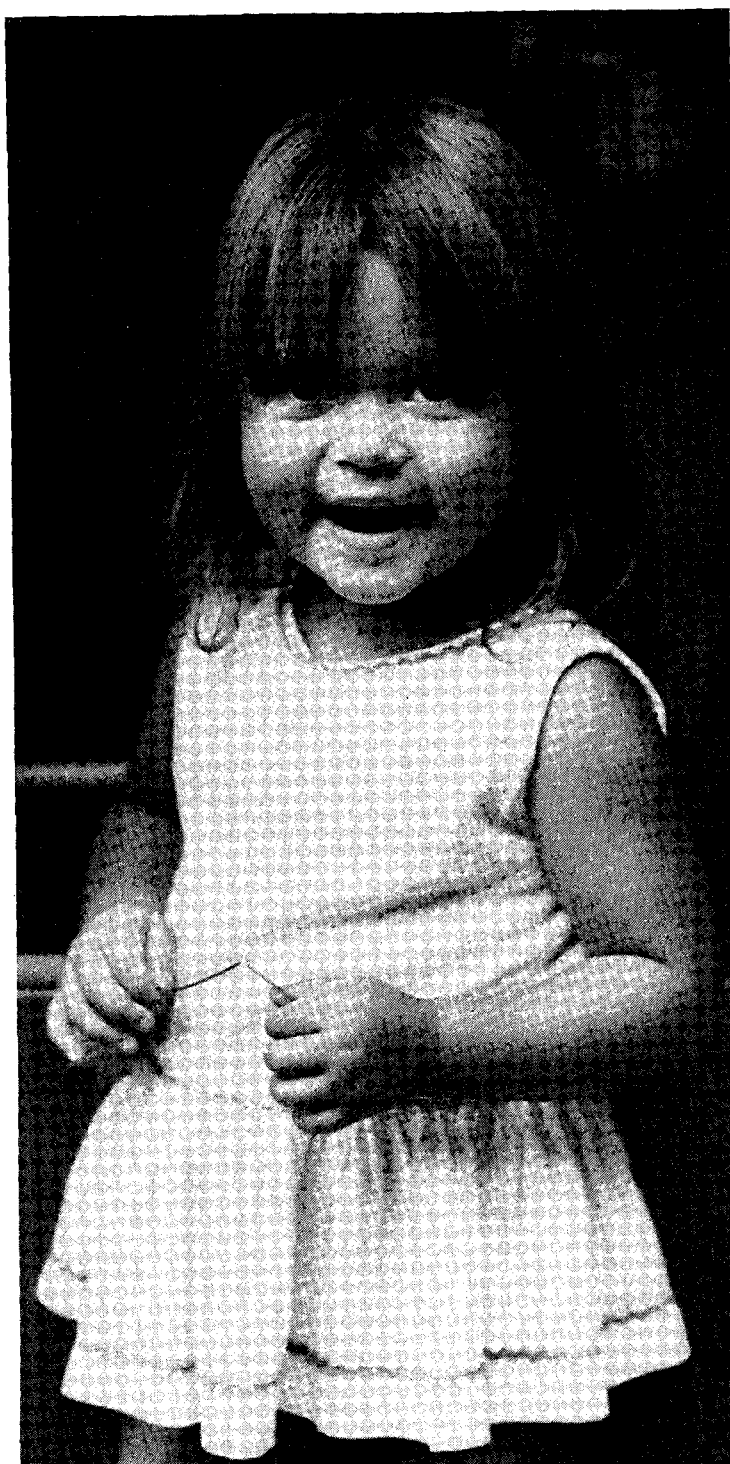
Here's What You Will Receive

- In about two weeks you'll receive a Personal Sponsor Folder with photograph and information on the child you sponsor and a description of the project where the child receives help.
- Later on . . . a "welcome letter" from the overseas field office.
- Progress reports on the child when you request them.
- A Christmas greeting from the child.
- The opportunity to write directly to the child. You will be given the mailing address and detailed instructions on mail to your child's country.
- Letters from the child answering your correspondence. You receive the child's original letter and an English translation from an overseas office.
- And the satisfaction that comes from helping a deserving child.

Here's What Your Sponsored Child Receives

- In children's homes: supplementary food, clothing, medical care, and dedicated housemothers.
- In Family Helper Projects: school supplies and clothing, medical assistance, emergency food and shelter, and family guidance from a trained child care worker.
- Special aid depending on the country and the type of project.
- Psychological support because the child knows *you* care.

Sponsors are urgently needed for children in: Brazil, India, Guatemala and Indonesia.



Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261



I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country) _____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay \$15 a month.

I enclose first payment of \$_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

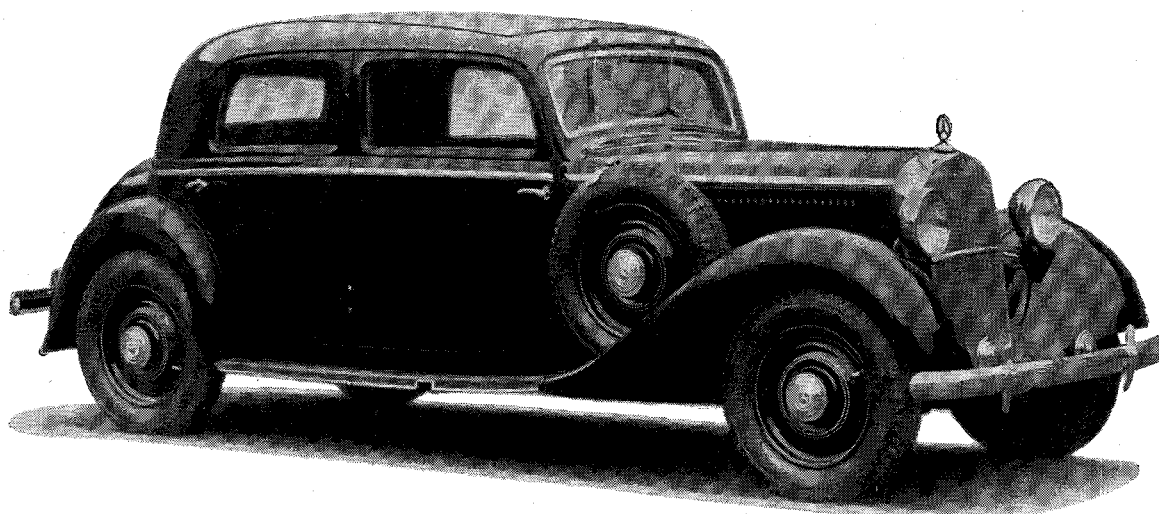
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NK1370

Mercedes-Benz cannot introduce the Diesel passenger car as a new idea. We did that 38 years ago.



1936: Mercedes-Benz introduces the world's first production Diesel passenger car.

We've sold well over a million Diesel automobiles—more than 60,000 in America alone. What we've learned is that before you offer a Diesel to the world, you'd better know exactly what you're doing.

IN 1936, the world's first series-produced Diesel passenger car rolled out of our Stuttgart, Germany, plant. The experience we have accumulated since then has paid dividends.

The Mercedes-Benz Diesel of today is a motor vehicle unique in all the world. It delivers extraordinary mileage. Its durability is legendary. And it already meets the tough 1975 Federal clean air standards for automobile engines.

Diesel power introduced new economy and reliability to the automobile. It also fostered new problems. Some manufacturers judged the enigmas greater than the rewards. Mercedes-Benz was not one of them.

We alone held to our convictions concerning the Diesel, refining it year by year over the past four decades.

Today, our Diesel engines are unique. Two sophisticated develop-

ments are among the reasons why:

1. Multistage fuel injection.

With this system, the injection nozzles and pump vary the amount of fuel entering the combustion chambers to meet load conditions.

2. Precombustion design.

Two interconnected chambers are used for each cylinder. Air and fuel are mixed and burned in two stages, providing a longer power pulse for smoother running.

Result: uniquely smooth, quiet,

clean-burning Diesel power.

Engineering advances like these take years to perfect. Small wonder that the specialized development of Diesel automobiles has discouraged other manufacturers. Why has Mercedes-Benz alone consistently championed the idea of the Diesel passenger car for so long? Consider the following:

Extraordinary fuel economy

In a strictly supervised test conducted by *Motor Trend* magazine, a 240D—even with automatic transmission—recorded an honest 24.4 miles per gallon. This test was a combination of actual urban and highway driving—no “economy run” or “proving ground” tests.

No full-sized sedan, foreign or domestic, delivers this kind of mileage. And even the domestic mid-sized sedan which came out best in the *Motor Trend* tests was still nearly 30% behind the Mercedes-Benz 240 Diesel Sedan.

How to avoid being a guinea pig

Buy a Mercedes-Benz Diesel. We alone have sold and serviced Diesels in America for over a decade. For us, Diesels are hardly a novelty. Highly skilled mechanics familiar with our Diesels work in our 390 dealerships all over the U. S. So, when it's time for the little routine maintenance your Mercedes-Benz Diesel requires, you're an old friend, not a guinea pig.

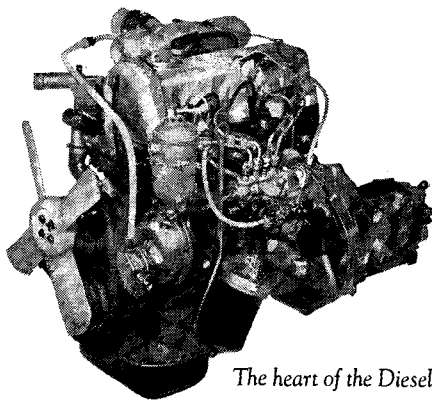
Another plus: because Diesel fuel is often less expensive than gasoline, Diesel owners get more miles from cheaper gallons.

Economy car

Operating economies depend on far more than fuel appetites. Periodic maintenance and reliability are equally critical.

How does the Mercedes-Benz Diesel measure up? Any car needs some routine servicing, but with a Mercedes-Benz Diesel you can for-

get about tune-ups. Diesels need no spark plugs, no points, no distributor, and no carburetor.



The heart of the Diesel.

No conventional ignition or carburetion systems—no tune-ups, ever. And parts that aren't there can't break down.

Amazing resale value

There is one area where a Mercedes-Benz Diesel is just like any other Mercedes-Benz. Resale value. The automobile industry's most authoritative sources agree that any Mercedes-Benz has a better resale value than any full- or mid-sized sedan made in America.

Because the 240D is so new, there has not been time to gather the proven figures which previous Mercedes-Benz Diesels can boast. But consider the history of the 220D, the 240 Diesel's immediate predecessor. As an average owner,

if you had bought a 220D two years ago, it would now be worth over 90% of the price you paid. If your Diesel were now three years old, it would still have retained more than 80% of its original value.

An absolute nonconformist

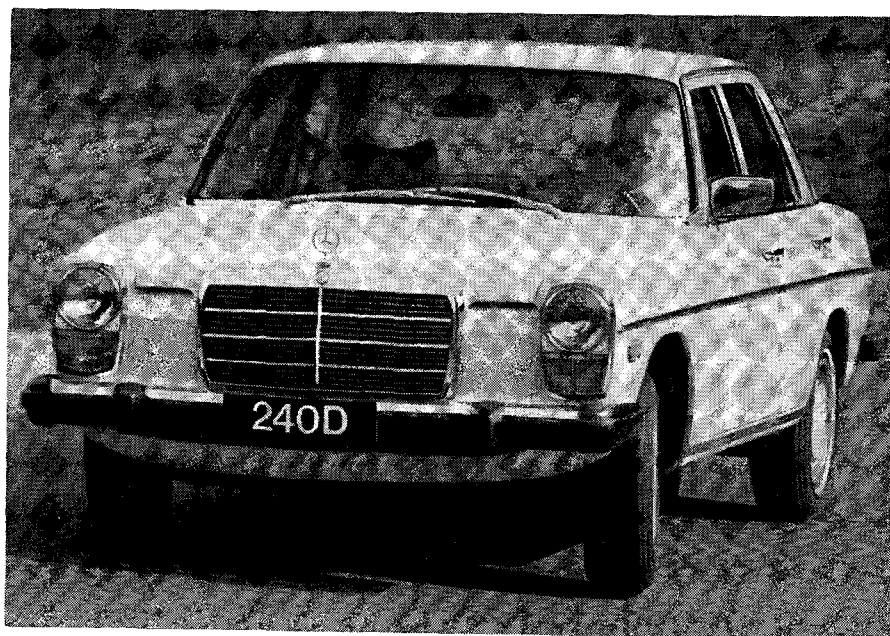
Obviously, the Mercedes-Benz Diesel is an iconoclast in its approach to modern driving problems. Like all Mercedes-Benz automobiles, it carries its dissidence to every element of its construction.

The Mercedes-Benz 240D is a full 5-passenger sedan. It has interior space and trunk room on a par with the finest domestic luxury cars. It has disc brakes on all four wheels. It has a separate suspension system for each wheel. It embodies the decades of safety innovation and advanced engineering that are so much of the Mercedes-Benz philosophy.

If you seek exceptional mileage, maintenance economy, dependability and resale value—without the “economy car” penalties that usually go along with them—it's time to consider a Mercedes-Benz Diesel.



Mercedes-Benz
Engineered like no other car
in the world.



1974: The most advanced Diesel automobile sold in America.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Exorcist."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 6: "Topper Returns" and "Topper Takes a Trip."
July 7-9: "Skylark" and "Midnight."
From July 10: "Stormy Weather" and "Glory Alley."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through July 9: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
From July 10: "The Three Musketeers" and another feature, to be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"A Very Natural Thing."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Exorcist."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Conversation."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Groove Tube."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Animal Crackers."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Claudine."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
July 3: "Gold Diggers of 1933."
July 4: "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
July 5: "42nd Street."
July 6: "Tin Pan Alley."
July 7: "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum."
July 8: "Thoroughly Modern Millie."
July 9: "Anything Goes."
July 10: "Kismet."
July 11: "The Jazz Singer."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Daisy Miller."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat."

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"A Very Natural Thing."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Parallax View."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Going Places."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Through July 10: "Charulata."
From July 11: "Promised Lands."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"S*P*Y*S."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"For Pete's Sake."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Summertime."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Terminal Man."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 9: "Blazing Saddles."
From July 10: "The Three Musketeers."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Exorcist."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sting."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"For Pete's Sake."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Three the Hard Way."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Truck Turner."

WEST SIDE

WAYERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 9: "S*P*Y*S."
From July 10: "The Conversation."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Jazz on a Summer's Day."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
July 3: "The Three Musketeers" and "Bedazzled."
From July 4: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Love and Anarchy."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through July 9 at one or another of the theatres: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Last Tango in Paris" / "Cinderella Liberty" and "The Laughing Policeman" / "The Great Gatsby" / "Through July 6: "Casablanca" and "Passage to Marseille." / "July 7-9: "Key Largo" and "The Big Sleep."
From July 10: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 3: "The General."
July 4-6: "The Devils" and "The Music Lovers."
July 7-8: "Klute" and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"
July 9: "King of Hearts" and "Borsalino."
July 10: "Batling Butler."
From July 11: "Cries and Whispers" and "Persona."

23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"S*P*Y*S."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through July 9: "S*P*Y*S."
From July 10: "Dirty Mary Crazy Larry."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through July 10: "Herbie Rides Again."
From July 11: "The Tamarind Seed."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (81-2323)
Through July 9: "Alice in Wonderland."
From July 10: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The World's Greatest Athlete."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Exorcist."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Malizia."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
July 3: "Lions Love" and "Cleo from 5 to 7."
July 4: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "Strawberry Blonde."
July 5: "The Apartment" and "The Fortune Cookie."
July 6: "Trash" and "Heat."
July 7: "Borsalino" and "That Man from Rio."

July 8: "Beauty and the Devil" and "Beauties of the Night."
July 9: "Point Blank" and "The Killers."
July 10: "The Plough and the Stars" and "Young Cassidy."
July 11: "The Clowns" and "Fellini's Roma."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Free Woman."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Jazz on a Summer's Day."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
July 3: "Blazing Saddles."
July 4-8: "The Seventh Seal" and "Ugetsu."
July 9-10: "Rashomon" and "Gate of Hell."
From July 11: "Citizen Kane" and "The 39 Steps."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Exorcist."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Great Gatsby."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"Claudine."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through July 9: "The Day of the Dolphin."
From July 10: "The Conversation."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Love and Anarchy."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Exorcist."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

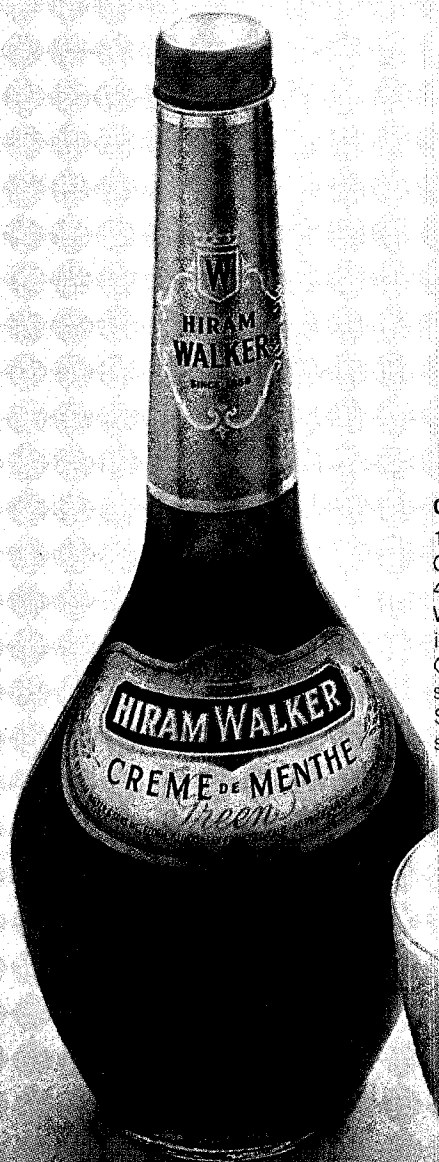
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 9: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Last of Sheila."
From July 10: "Don't Look Now" and "Play It Again, Sam."

NOTE—A couple of specialized film houses:
BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movies only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, July 5-7: "Sabotage" (1937; Sylvia Sydney), "Blackmail" (1929; Anny Ondra), and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll). . . . **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Twelve programs in a series of films directed by Raoul Walsh: July 3 at 2: "Esther and the King" (1960), with Joan Collins and Richard Egan. . . July 4 at 5:30: "Band of Angels" (1957), with Clark Gable and Yvonne De Carlo. . . July 4 at 8: "The Revolt of Mamie Stover" (1956), with Jane Russell and Richard Egan. . . July 5 at 2: "Battle Cry" (1955), with Van Heflin and Aldo Ray. . . July 6 at 3: "The Tall Men" (1955), with Clark Gable and Jane Russell. . . July 6 at 5:30: "Band of Angels." . . July 7 at 5:30 and July 8 at 2: "The Naked and the Dead" (1958), with Aldo Ray and Cliff Robertson. . . July 8 at 5:30: "A Distant Trumpet" (1964), with Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette. . . July 9 at 5:30: "Marines, Let's Go" (1961), with David Hedison and Tom Tryon. . . July 10 at 2: "A Distant Trumpet." . . July 11 at 5:30: "A Private's Affair" (1959), with Sal Mineo and Christine Carère. . . Other, non-Walsh films, scheduled during this period are: July 3 at 5:30: "The Unholy Three" (1930), directed by Jack Conway, with Lon Chaney and Lila Lee. . . July 5 at 5:30 and July 6 at noon: "The Squaw Man" (1914), directed by Cecil B. De Mille and Oscar C. Apfel, with Dustin Farnum. . . July 7 at 12:30 and 3: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll. . . July 9 at 2 and July 10 at 5:30: "The Role of My Family in the World Revolution" (1971), a Yugoslavian film, in Serbo-Croatian dialogue, directed by Bata Cengic. . . July 11 at 8: "Nest of Virgins" (1972), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Alberto Isaac. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the show-

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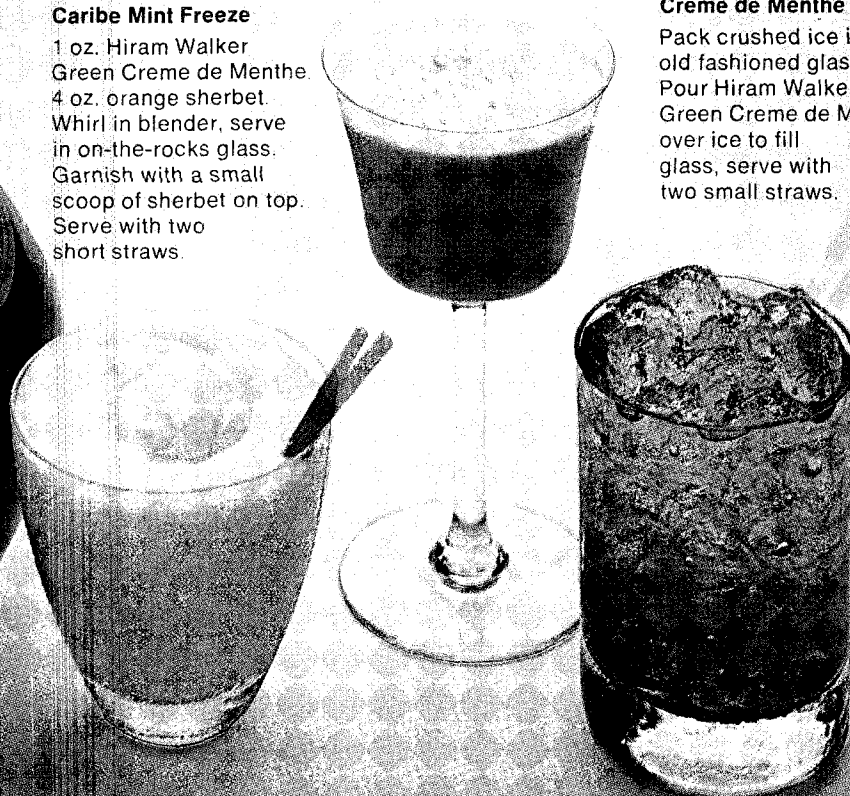
1 oz. Hiram Walker Green Creme de Menthe.
4 oz. orange sherbet.
Whirl in blender, serve in on-the-rocks glass. Garnish with a small scoop of sherbet on top. Serve with two short straws.

Grasshopper

1 oz. Hiram Walker Green Creme de Menthe.
1 oz. Hiram Walker White Creme de Cacao.
1 oz. fresh cream.
Shake well with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Dust with nutmeg.

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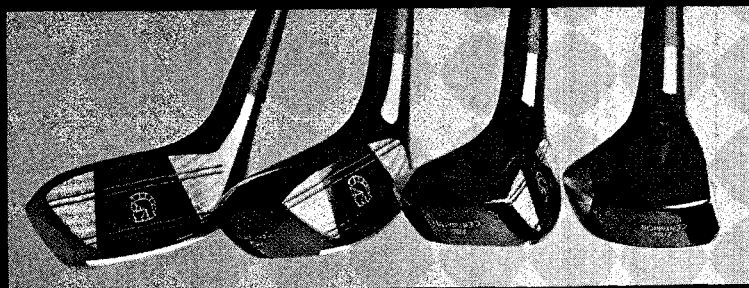
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The slightly offset blade encourages hands-ahead action at impact. And with the thin, clean top line and high toe gives the long irons a middle iron appearance – a visual but very real benefit to confidence and control.



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ing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 3: "There's Always Tomorrow" (1956), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. ... July 4: "Night Nurse" (1931), directed by William Wellman, with Barbara

Stanwyck and Clark Gable. ... July 5: "Big Brown Eyes" (1936), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Joan Bennett and Cary Grant. ... July 6: "The Shining Hour" (1938), directed by Frank Borzage, with Margaret Sullavan and Melvyn Douglas. ... July 7: "Humoresque" (1946), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Joan Crawford and John Garfield. ... July 10: "History Is Made at Night" (1937), directed by Frank Borzage,

with Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer. ... July 11: "The Primrose Path" (1940), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers and Joel McCrea. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 4 and 6, Fridays at 5 and 7:30, and Sundays at 3 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Festival; through July 9.)

ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (Trans-Lux East.)

ANIMAL CRACKERS (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Sutton.)

ANYTHING GOES (1936)—Directed by Lewis Milestone and starring Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman. Not to be confused with the less good remake of twenty years later, also with Bing. The general liveliness of the original Broadway show seems to have survived intact in this version. Like the Cole Porter music (including the more stately rhymes from "You're the Top"). (Plaza; July 9.)

THE APARTMENT (1960)—Billy Wilder directed this acrid story as if it were a comedy, which is a cheat, considering that it involves pimping and a suicide attempt and many shades of craven ethics. Jack Lemmon plays the hero, which is also a cheat, because Lemmon is funny and likable, and the character's behavior is neither. Only Wilder could possibly have got away with it as much as he does. Shirley MacLaine is the co-star. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 5.)

BATTLING BUTLER (1926)—Rarely seen Buster Keaton film that he sometimes said was his favorite but that is probably no one else's favorite; the story is slight enough to hang gags on (including a famous duck shoot), but there's some discomfort—almost masochism—built into it. Keaton plays puny, defenseless Alfie Butler, a rich, soft simpleton sent into the woods by his father to make a man of him; through love (for broad-faced Sally O'Neil) and mistaken identity, he becomes embroiled in prizefighting and is pitted against the sadistic world champion. He wins, of course, but not until after he's taken a cruel beating. Keaton directed, and there are cleverly worked out compositional techniques, including the sort of deep focus that was later to be associated with Orson Welles and Gregg Toland. With Snitz Edwards as the valet. (Elgin; July 10.)

BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT (1934)—René Clair's film, with Lollobrigida and Gérard Philipe. Philipe is a small-town music teacher bent on a series of dream conquests. Clair's distinctive light irony is not at its best or most full of character, though the film contains a rather funny intermittent complaint about noise, with the hero connecting high romantic troubles with the sound of a garage beneath his window. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 8.)

BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL (1940)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust of Gérard Philipe. There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 8.)

BEAZZLED (1967)—Another demonstration, this one quite funny, of the folly of striking bar-

gains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (5th Ave. Cinema; July 3.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out either. Howard Hawks directed, smashing. (Quad Cinema; July 7-9.)

BLAZING SADDLES—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence; the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Reviewed in these pages 2/18/74.) (Cinema Studio; July 3. ... St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through July 9.)

BORSALINO (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Dery directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 7. ... Elgin; July 9.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Quad Cinema; through July 6.)

CHARULATA (1964)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Reviewed in this issue.) (First Avenue Screening Room; through July 10.)

CHINATOWN—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross, Faye Dunaway a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to track down the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful, funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Coronet.)

CINDERELLA LIBERTY—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a heat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (Quad Cinema; through July 9.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an

exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Cominore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Cinema Studio; starting July 11.)

CLAUDINE—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Fine Arts, and Beacon.)

CLEO FROM 5 TO 7 (1962)—One of the few films directed by a woman in which the viewer can sense a difference. The story is about the moods of a beautiful, chic popular singer (Corinne Marchand) during the two hours she waits to find out if she has cancer. Childish and fearful, she consults her horoscope and goes to a fortune-teller; she buys a hat; she rehearses a song; she cries. And throughout, the director, Agnès Varda, sustains an unsentimental yet subjective tone that is almost unique in the history of movies. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 3.)

THE CLOWNS (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaires in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

THE CONVERSATION—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (34th St. East. ... Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.; starting July 10.)

CRIES AND WHISPERS (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (1/6/73) (Elgin; starting July 11.)

DAISY MILLER—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Baronet.)

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Loews 83rd St.; through July 9.)

THE DEVILS (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Elgin; July 4-6.)

DIRTY MARY CRAZY LARRY—With Peter Fonda and Susan George, directed by John Hough. (Guild; starting July 10.)

DON'T LOOK NOW—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Olympia; starting July 10.)

THE EXORCIST—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Art, Gramercy, Trans-Lux 85th St., Playboy, Regency, and Symphony.)

FELLINI'S ROMA (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (10/21/72) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

FOR PETE'S SAKE—With Barbra Streisand, directed by Peter Yates. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Columbia II, and Loews Orpheum.)

THE FORTUNE COOKIE (1966)—A sour, visually ugly comedy from director Billy Wilder and his co-writer I. A. L. Diamond which gets worse as it goes along; it's both cynical and sanctimonious, and exploitative on both counts. Jack Lemmon plays a TV cameraman who is accidentally knocked unconscious in the course of covering a football game; Walter Matthau (the only possible excuse for seeing the picture) is Whiplash Willie, Lemmon's venomous, shyster-lawyer brother-in-law, who hatches a plot to bilk the insurance companies. By the time that Ron Rich, the decent, heartsick black football player who knocked Lemmon down, arrives to take care of him, and they become loving buddies, only Leslie ("Come back to the raft ag'in, Huck honey") Fiedler could care. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 5.)

42ND STREET (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was an unofficial remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Plaza; July 5.)

A FREE WOMAN—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is

like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Paris.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM (1966)—Phil Silvers, Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and Michael Hordern rush pell-mell through this fractured version of the wonderful musical by Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim, taken from Plautus. The style of the director, Richard Lester, is at war with the material; he appears to think it would be too banal just to let us see a dance or a pair of great clowns singing a duet, so he distracts us with his short-term camera magic—all fits and starts. He trashes the performers, even old Buster Keaton. There's still some of the show left (for example, a satirical song by Leon Greene), but for an audience that loves musicals the experience becomes one of impatience and irritation. (Plaza; July 7.)

GATE OF HELL (1954)—Exquisitely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; July 9-10.)

THE GENERAL (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself; stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (Elgin; July 3.)

GLORY ALLEY (1952)—Forgettable melodrama with music from M-G-M about a returning soldier (Ralph Meeker) and his old girl friend (Leslie Caron), set in New Orleans. The unlikely pair are backed by an unlikely cast that includes Louis Armstrong, Gilbert Roland, Jack Teagarden, Kurt Kasznar, Dan Seymour, and John McIntire. The songs are mostly bummers, except for "St. Louis Blues." Raoul Walsh directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 10.)

GOING PLACES—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Cinema II.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Plaza; July 3.)

THE GREAT GATSBY—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlesons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial self-ishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is

first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Embassy 72nd St. ... Quad Cinema; through July 9.)

THE GROOVE TUBE—A collection of twenty sketches satirizing American television and culture. Directed by Ken Shapiro. (Eastside Cinema.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia.)

HEAT (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 6.)

HERBIE RIDES AGAIN—From the Disney studios; a sequel to "The Love Bug." With Helen Hayes and Ken Barry, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Music Hall; through July 10.)

JAZZ ON A SUMMER'S DAY (1960)—A documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials. (8th St. Playhouse, and Paramount.)

THE JAZZ SINGER (1927)—A mediocre, mostly silent picture, but Al Jolson's songs (plus a bit of spoken dialogue) amid the heart-tugging conflict-of-generations plot stirred audiences. It certainly doesn't look like a revolutionary film, but it heralded the new era of talkies. Alan Crosland directed, from Samson Raphaelson's play. With May McAvoy. (Plaza; July 11.)

KEY LARGO (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Quad Cinema; July 7-9.)

THE KILLERS (1964)—Not to be confused with the 1946 version starring Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. Lee Marvin is the star of this later version, directed by Don Siegel and intended to be a TV film; it was considered too brutal and was released in theatres instead. The cast includes Angie Dickinson, John Cassavetes, and Ronald Reagan, at the end of his movie career, as a tough crook. Both films use the Herringway short story as a starting point. (Carnegie Hall Cinema July 9.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broc makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuate village now inhabited only by zoo animal and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; July 9.)

KISMET (1955)—This time, it was Vincent Minnelli who tried his hand with the familiar material, in a Hollywood-doctored version of the Broadway show that features music derived from Borodin (including "Stranger in Paradise" and the ubiquitous "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads"). Despite Howard Keel's relaxed, strong voice and Dolores Gray's lowdown wiles, it didn't work the way it had on the stage. Defeat seems to hover over the players' heads; maybe the material had simply been flogged to death over the years. Jack Cole stages the dance with Ann Blyth, Vic Damone, Monty Woolley, and Sebastian Cabot. (Plaza; July 10.)

KLUKE (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Elgin; July 7-8.)

LADY AND THE TRAMP (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Festival; starting July 10.)

THE LAST OF SHEILA (1973)—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac (James Coburn). His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation that is probably accessible, paradoxically, to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticated games-playing. (6/23/73) (Olympia; through July 9.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (Quad Cinema; through July 9.)

THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry." "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (1/21/74) (Quad Cinema; through July 9.)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN (1972)—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (1/13/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 9.)

LIONS LOVE (1969)—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, but she's not too strong on matters of substance in this, her first feature made in America. Viva, fluttering limply, and the two authors of "Hair." Gerome Ragni and James Rado, talk about getting into the movies, cuddle in bed, watch the television coverage of Robert Kennedy's death, and murmur inanities. It all looks very pretty, but the inanity becomes overpowering. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 3.)

THE LITTLE THEATRE OF JEAN RENOIR (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-cum-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (5/6/74) (5th Ave. Cinema; starting July 4.)

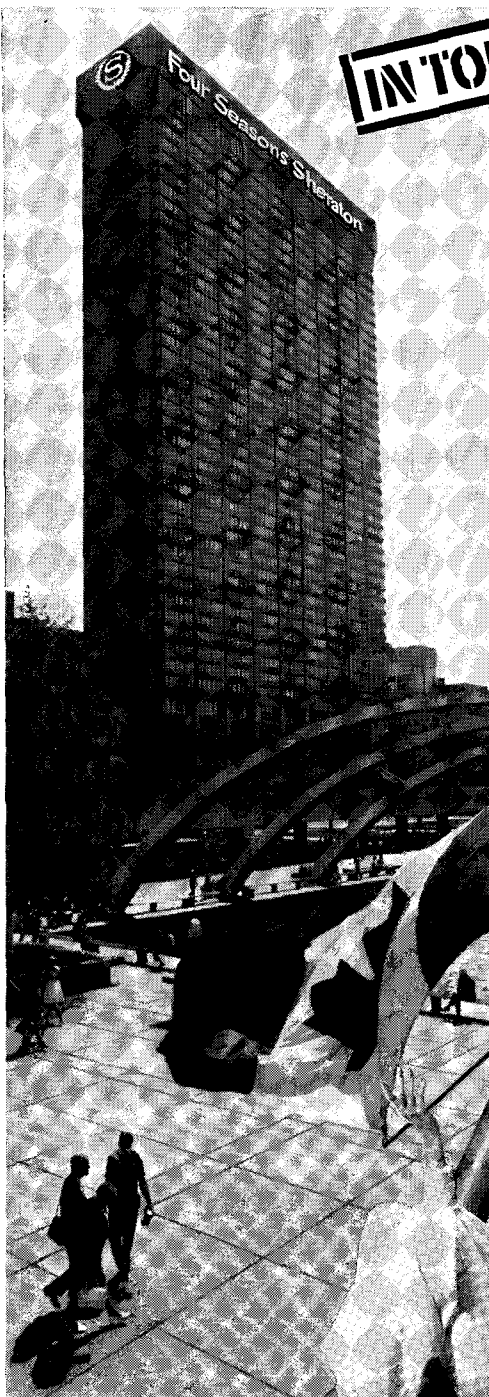
LOVE AND ANARCHY—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Greenwich, and New Yorker.)

MALIZIA—Directed by Salvatore Samperi: A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance, inappropriate sexual longings clownishly dealt with, small boys' voyeurism, financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse, and an intense sense of the class system. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. In Italian. (6/17/74) (Little Carnegie.)

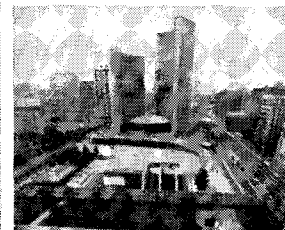
MIDNIGHT (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, written by Brackett and Wilder, and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty

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Woolley, and Don Ameche. Ameche actually has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 7-9.)

THE MUSIC LOVERS (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Elgin; July 4-6.)

THE NINE LIVES OF FRITZ THE CAT—An animated film, directed by Robert Taylor. A sequel to "Fritz the Cat," this time R-rated, and not nearly as good, because of the absence here of the brilliant creative talent of Ralph Bakshi. (East 50th Street 1, East 50th Street 11, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

THE PARALLAX VIEW—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. The way out here—very carefully nourishing no particular political enmity—is to attribute the assassination to a chest-beating secret brotherhood bent on a kids' manhood game of seeing who can hold out the longest: the one who cracks up is out. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (Cinema 1.)

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (1944)—Bogart plays Martrac, a French journalist escaped from Devil's Island. He was arrested on a false charge of murder and treason because of his opposing appeasement over Munich; the story is very much of 1944, when the film was made, but Bogart's witty, tired-eyed skepticism stands like steel. (Quad Cinema; through July 6.)

PERSONA (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Elgin; starting July 11.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of *Neurotic Love* in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Olympia; starting July 10.)

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS (1937)—John Ford's commercially unsuccessful, rarely seen version of the Sean O'Casey play set during the Easter Week Irish Rebellion of 1916. It features an extraordinary cast; Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster, along with Barry Fitzgerald, Denis O'Dea, Arthur Shields, Erin O'Brien Moore, Una O'Connor, F. J. McCormick, and many other celebrated Irish players. Dudley Nichols did the adaptation, and the legendary Joseph H. August did the cinematography. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 10.)

POINT BLANK (1967)—Showoffy, brutal, somewhat inexplicable account of a crook (Lee Marvin) who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. But it's director John Boorman's virtuosity that is the star. Intermittently dazzling, the film has more energy and invention than Boorman seems to know what to do with. He appears to take the title literally; one comes out exhilarated but bewildered. With Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, Keenan Wynn, Michael Strong, and John Vernon. The West Coast settings include the actual (though no longer in use) prison on Alcatraz. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

PROMISED LANDS—A documentary, directed by Susan Sontag. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting July 11.)

RASHOMON (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; July 9-10.)

THE SEDUCTION OF MIMI—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny bedroom

and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. Why can't they all get on? "They're all cousins!" he shouts, throwing himself face down in the sand, crying out for another scheme of things. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

THE SEVENTH SEAL (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Cinema Studio; July 4-8.)

SKYLARK (1941)—A mistake. On the stage, starring Gertrude Lawrence, Samson Raphaelson's easygoing comedy provided a glimpse into the drawing rooms of the advertising elite; by the time screenwriters got through "opening it up" and showing in scenes involving subways and hamburgers, it lost whatever faint point it had. Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland are the unlucky stars; Mark Sandrich directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 7-9.)

S*P*Y*S—With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Columbia 1, and 23rd St. Cinema... ♪ Waverly, and Guild; through July 9.)

THE STING—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and U. A. East.)

STORMY WEATHER (1943)—Terrible story but great performers. Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Bill Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin'"), and Eddie Anderson. Andrew Stone directed, like a stone. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 10.)

STRAWBERRY BLONDE (1941)—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a screen version of "One Sunday Afternoon," a play about life at the turn of the century. Cagney is an unnervingly energetic dentist who is crazy about Rita Hayworth but who goes and marries de Havilland. Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 4.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Quad Cinema; through July 9.)

SUMMERTIME (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rosano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this whining spinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but

this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies (like Lean's "Brief Encounter") that many people remember with considerable emotion. From Arthur Laurents's play "The Time of the Cuckoo," with Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Beekman.)

THE TAMARIND SEED—With Julie Andrews and Omar Sharif, directed by Blake Edwards. (Music Hall; starting July 11.)

THE TERMINAL MAN—From the Michael Crichton novel, with George Segal and Joan Hackett. Directed by Mike Hodges. (Loews Tower East.)

THAT MAN FROM RIO (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 7.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals, starting with a montage of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in snatches from the days of "Say, let's put on our own show! That'd be different!"—all comically the same. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the compères include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M waters regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Elgin; July 7-8.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until fate turns to love. Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Cinema Studio; starting July 11.)

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE (1967)—The sheeplike does in this lavish, oversized musical spoof set in the twenties. Produced by Ros Hunter, it was directed in a desperately with it style by George Roy Hill, and the player work so hard that one begins to suffer for them and, finally, to feel numb. The picture sank Mary Tyler Moore's screen career, and it certainly didn't help Julie Andrews (though she looks her best in the twenties clothes) James Fox, John Gavin, or a rather wear Beatrice Lillie. As for Carol Channing, who gets shot out of a cannon and, as usual, grin like an albino Louis Armstrong, she project too big for even this elephantine movie (Plaza; July 8.)

THE THREE MUSKETEERS—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan in a nightshirt and a stocking cap, trail around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast again: type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (5th Ave. Cinema; July 1... ♪ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; starting July 10.)

THREE THE HARD WAY—With Jim Brown, Ju Kelly, and Fred Williamson, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Ciné.)

TIN PAN ALLEY (1940)—Big, splashy, pinheaded musical in the tasteless Fox style, with Alice Faye (the Fox queen of the thirties, on her way down), Betty Grable (scheduled to be

come the Fox queen of the forties), the Nicholas Brothers, Jack Oakie, Billy Gilbert, and that Fox inevitable John Payne. The numerous songs include "Honeysuckle Rose," "You Say the Sweetest Things," "The Sheik of Araby," "On Moonlight Bay," "K-K-K-Katy." Walter Lang directed. (Plaza; July 6.)

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP (1936)—A sequel to "Topper," but this time Cary Grant has vanished altogether (except in the introductory footage lifted from the first film). Constance Bennett, as the ectoplasmic Marion Kirby, and Roland Young, as Topper, are still around, however, and the film, though talky and over-extended, is generally bright. Topper goes to Paris for a divorce, and Marion follows him; the action takes place mostly in a Riviera hotel. As before, Norman Z. McLeod is the director, and Billie Burke and Alan Mowbray are on hand. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 6.)

TOPPER RETURNS (1941)—The third in the vaporish series doesn't have the style or wit of the first two; it's a standard mystery with spooky trappings, mostly set in an old mansion, with hands in the dark, sliding panels, and trapdoors. Constance Bennett is gone, and the heroine is Joan Blondell; she's a blessing, as always, but she doesn't have much help from the plot. Stabbed to death, she reappears as a facetious phantom who expects Topper (Roland Young again, looking tired) to find her killer. Roy Del Ruth directed; the cast includes Billie Burke (still Mrs. Topper), Carole Landis, Eddie Anderson (as an all too easily scared chauffeur), and bulldog-jawed Donald MacBride, as a choleric policeman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 6.)

TRASH (1970)—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. A Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 6.)

TRUCK TURNER—With Isaac Hayes and Yaphet Kotto, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

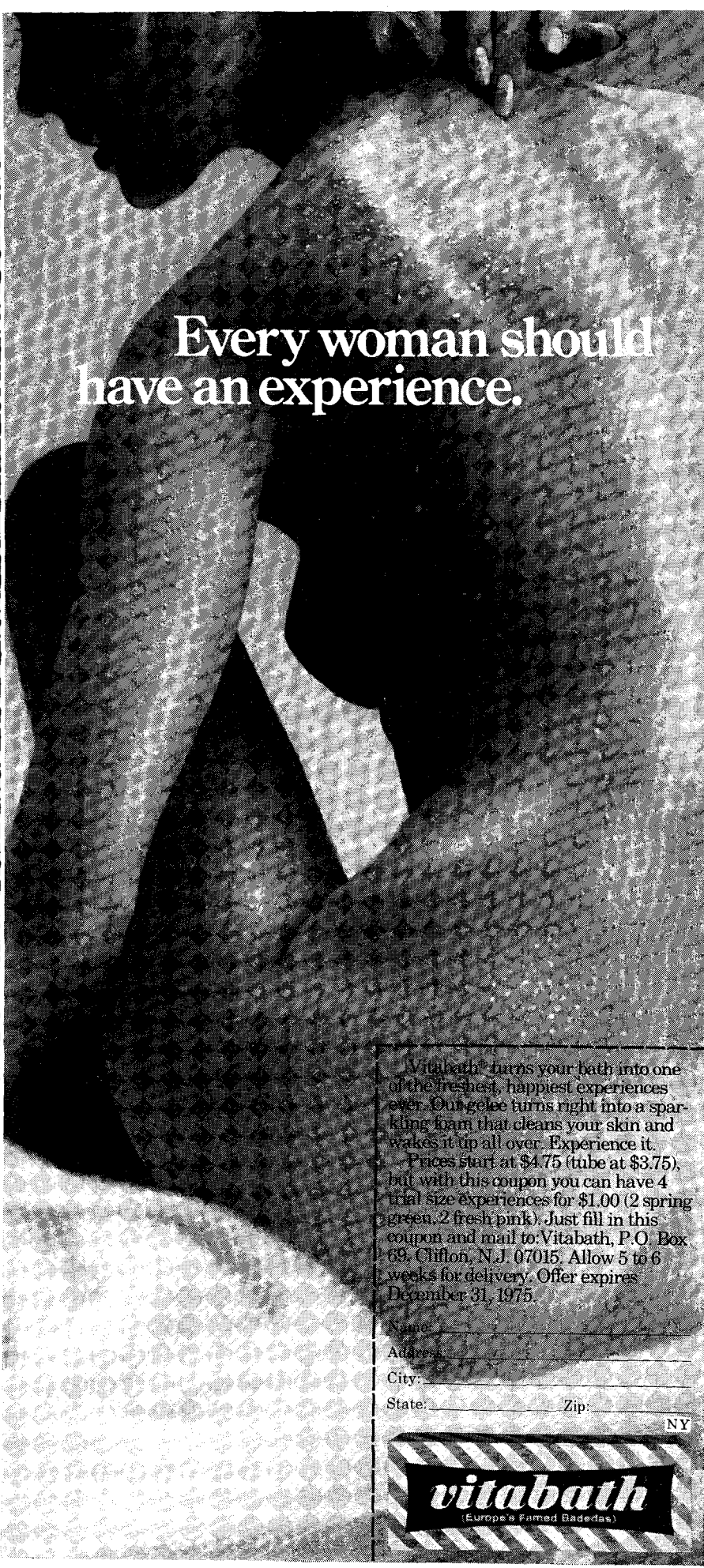
UGETSU (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; July 4-8.)

UPTOWN SATURDAY NIGHT—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier looking amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. Life is hauled up by the bootstraps, and a broad grin appears on dandily dressed rival gangsters' faces. Solid fun. (6/17/74) (86th St. East.)

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE (1973)—From the Disney Studios, with John Amos, Tim Conway, and Jan-Michael Vincent. Directed by Robert Scheerer. (Festival; starting July 10.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Plaza, and Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 4.)

YOUNG CASSIDY (1965)—John Ford was to direct this film, which is based on portions of Sean O'Casey's autobiography and was shot in and around Dublin, but he fell ill, and Jack Cardiff (who directed "Sons and Lovers") took over. The film is far from fully realized, and it's much too genteel and discreet, but it has stirring scenes of strikes and political uprisings and some of the same sort of intelligent reticence as parts of "Sons and Lovers." Rod Taylor gives a surprisingly good performance as the brawling dreamer-hero—a husky revolutionary who digs ditches to support his stoic mother (Flora Robson) and desperately exhausted sister (the remarkable Sean Phillips). The hero has an affair with a chorus-girl trollop (Julie Christie) and becomes involved with a timid librarian (well played by Maggie Smith); in the Dublin literary world he meets Lady Gregory (Edith Evans) and Yeats (Michael Redgrave). One may want to snicker at the hero's quick rise to literary eminence, but compared to other movies about a famous writer's youth, this one is way above average. The script is by John Whiting. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 10.)



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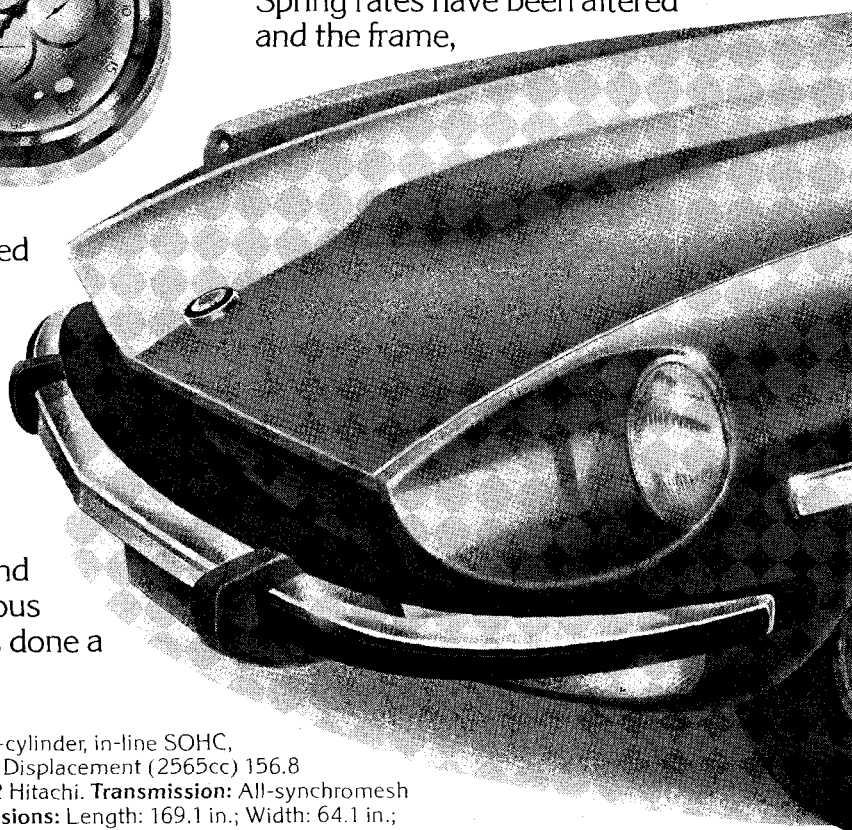
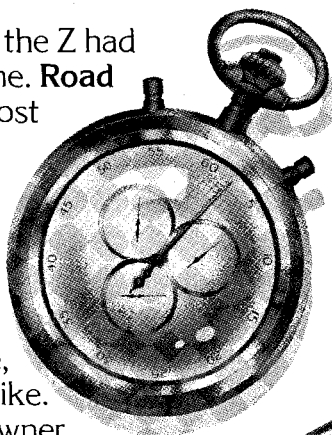
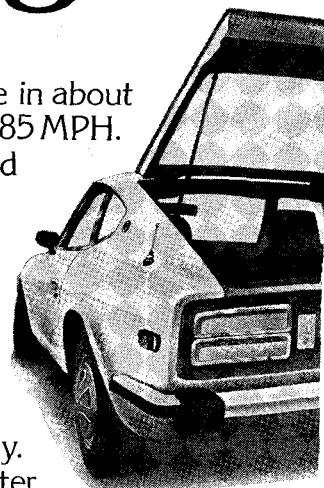
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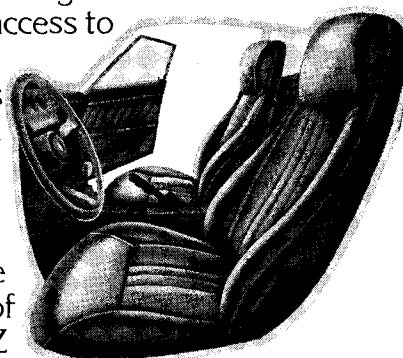
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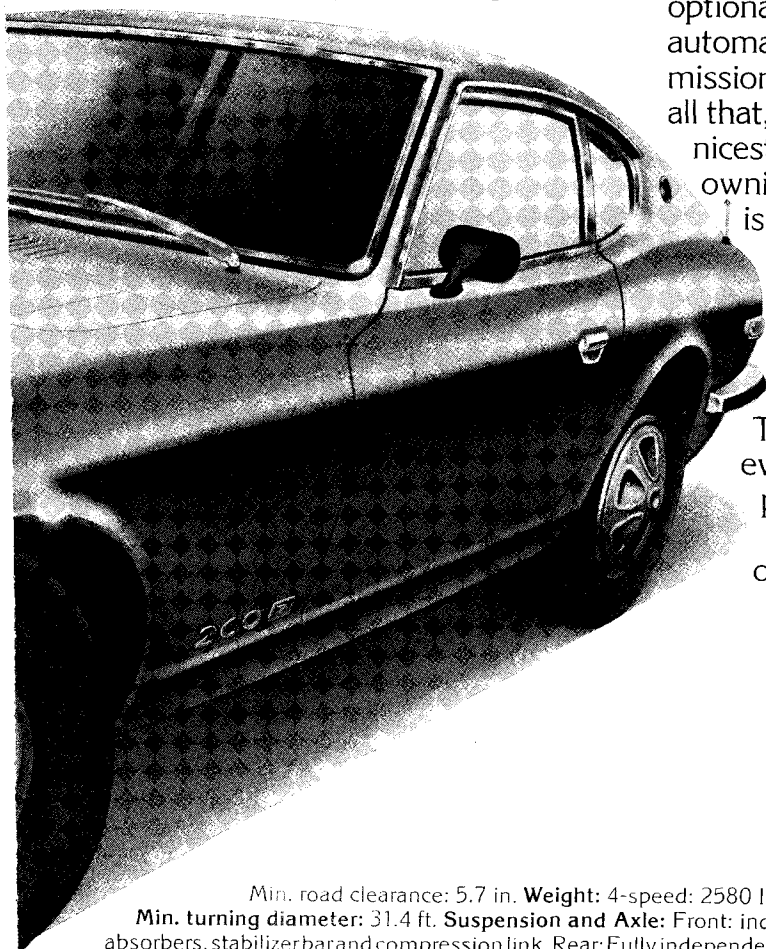
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What it all comes down to is this: The Datsun 260-Z for 1974 epitomizes everything pride and technology can provide. These are the makings of an automotive legend. But don't just take our word, drive a Datsun...then decide.



Datsun
Saves

Min. road clearance: 5.7 in. **Weight:** 4-speed: 2580 lbs.; Automatic: 2590 lbs. **Seating capacity:** 2 persons. **Min. turning diameter:** 31.4 ft. **Suspension and Axle:** Front: independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers, stabilizer bar and compression link. Rear: Fully independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers and stabilizer bar. **Steering:** Rack & Pinion 18.0:1 ratio, 2.7 turns lock-to-lock. **Brakes:** Power assisted, all 4 wheels, hydraulically operated. Front: Disc brake 10.7 in.; Rear: 9 in. drum brake (leading and trailing shoes).



Consider our double

A fascinating combination puts the odds in your favor. In contact, the silky, washable triangles of our long-sleeved Qiana® nylon shirt; black, red and beige or navy, camel and rust, \$26. Skirt strategy is long and revealing in navy, black or camel polyester and wool, \$45. They make points for 6 to 16 sizes. Blouse Salon, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is not often that one is tempted to date precisely the opening of an era. A remarkable article in the *Times* by Marvin and Bernard Kalb, however, tempts us to name Saturday, October 20, 1973, as the day when the political era that mankind is now living in began. It is an era characterized, if one is to judge from such a brief glimpse of it, by a nearly all-pervading and bottomless uncertainty—an uncertainty that includes doubts about the continuance of constitutional democracy in the United States, doubts about the fundamental health of the world economy, and the abiding, ever-present doubts about the survival of humanity in the nuclear age. On October 20th, the human race was in the opening stages of one of its periodic brushes with its collective mortality: four days later the United States would begin a worldwide alert of its armed forces, including its nuclear forces. In the Middle East, the Yom Kippur war was under way. The Israelis had gone on the offensive, and the situation on the battlefield was fluid. In Washington, President Nixon was preparing to dismiss Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who apparently had no inkling of the imminent dismissal of Cox and the resultant "firestorm" that was about to engulf the domestic scene, was airborne on his way to Russia, where he planned to talk over the situation in the Middle East with General Secretary Leonid Brezhnev. One of Kissinger's hopes, certainly, was to forestall the possibility of a nonmetaphorical firestorm that might engulf the whole world if things in the Middle East went further awry. While he was aloft, the Kalb brothers report, he received two messages of great importance. Each, in its own way, was like a warning shot signalling the advent of the new era. One was a message from the President, entrusting Kissinger with what the Kalbs call a "power of attorney" to

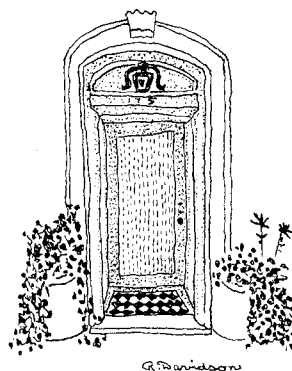
make agreements with Brezhnev in the President's name. The President, preoccupied with his own survival, had temporarily handed the world's survival over to Kissinger: later it would be Kissinger who, acting under an even more sweeping grant of authority, would order the nuclear alert while the President remained virtually incommunicado on another floor of the White House. The second message was that Saudi Arabia had decided to impose an oil embargo on the United States. The oil crisis, which has threatened ever since to throw the world economy out of whack, was upon us, but for the moment, according to the Kalbs, Kissinger didn't give the matter much thought. Whether he knew it or not, the airborne Secretary of State, who now literally held the fate of the earth in his hands, had been buffeted in mid-flight by shock waves spreading out from two historical events of the first magnitude: the dismissal of the Special Prosecutor, which would precipitate impeachment proceedings by the House Judiciary Committee against the President; and the energy crisis, which would force the world to recognize that there were global limits to certain key resources. Yet the Secretary was probably in a worse position than most American newspaper readers to grasp the meaning of the events. He was puzzled by the President's sudden grant of authority. Not until he had left the Soviet Union and arrived in England (where there is a free press) did he see the enormous headlines from Washington and understand the gravity of the crisis at home and the extent of the President's preoccupation with it. And not until some time after that was he able to turn his attention to the question of energy. The Secretary had been making decisions having a bearing on

the future of the world, but at the time he did so he had been all but out of touch with the world.

The scene of Secretary of State Kissinger at thirty thousand feet on his way to Moscow receiving messages of tremendous but partly obscure import is one more vivid illustration, if any were needed, of the merging of all major events that confront the United States, whether they occur at home or abroad, into a single political field, which turns out, the impeachment inquiry notwithstanding, to be increasingly dominated by the executive branch. Not even a President is required for executive supremacy. When he is incapacitated for some reason, the Secretary of State can take charge. It is not the man that counts but the centralized machinery for making decisions and then carrying

them out. If Secretary Kissinger's predicament on his way to Moscow shows who makes the decisions in our country, it also shows how they are made. The political structure within which we confront our uncertain future presents us with the anomalous fact that unimportant decisions are weighed carefully and at great length

in open, democratic forums while the important decisions are made by a few men in secret. The Congress fully debates this or that detail of policy before taking any action—and the action is often overridden by a veto or by Presidential impoundment. The President and his men, acting in virtual isolation, weave the broad pattern of national and global affairs. Each of these branches of government has become distorted. On the fringes of power, Congress sits like a bank of spectators. The pressure is low, the debate is close to frivolous, the actions taken are futile. At the center, the President and his men try





"For dessert, we have Twinkies, Hostess cupcakes, or Devil Dogs."

to cope with an onslaught of events too vast for them to handle. The pressure is crushingly intense, the debate is often perfunctory, and the actions taken are sometimes reckless. We Americans have now organized things in such a way that our control is greatest where it matters least and is least where it matters most. The route of the school bus and the price of beef we deliberate with ponderous care and hedge about with restrictions. The survival of the world we suspend from a thread.

Campaign Artifacts

IN the spirit of the Fourth of July, we stopped in for a few minutes at a meeting of the Association for the Preservation of Political Americana, or APPA, a national organization of collectors of the artifacts of election campaigns and political causes. The meeting was held in the ballroom of the Shelburne Murray Hill Hotel, on Lexington Avenue, where we found a display of buttons, ribbons, photographs, and other mementos of political history laid out on a score of tables, in bipartisan (or perhaps multipartisan) juxtaposition. On a table of items to be auc-

tioned for the benefit of the Association, we noticed an album of photographs dating back to Franklin Delano Roosevelt's 1944 campaign next to an invitation to the first-term Inaugural Ball for Richard Nixon. Displayed along with them was a selection of buttons favoring candidates who hadn't fared as well; for example, Jerome Kretchmer, who ran a short campaign for mayor here last year, and Representative Shirley Chisholm, who was a Presidential candidate in 1972.

"Winners and losers together—to us it's the campaign that counts, more than the outcome of the election," explained Marshall Levin, the president of APPA, who had long hair but was conservatively dressed. Mr. Levin described himself as "a campaign-button freak by avocation, and the editor of a national medical journal, *Surgical Medicine*, by vocation." While there had been organizations of collectors of political artifacts since about 1945, Mr. Levin told us, he and several other New Yorkers had founded APPA two years ago as "an organization to represent only collectors and to set up safeguards against reproductions and spurious items that were never used in political campaigns but were made

subsequent to them solely to sell to collectors."

Like stamp and coin collecting, political collecting has its rare and costly treasures. "Probably the rarest and most valuable item is the Cox-Roosevelt jugate from the campaign of 1920," Mr. Levin said. "A jugate is two pictures on a single button. A good Cox-Roosevelt—and there are only about a dozen known specimens in the country—brings thousands of dollars." There were no Cox-Roosevelts at the Shelburne. However, we did notice a faded but genuine 1860 Lincoln-Hamlin campaign ribbon—price, five hundred dollars—before going on to admire the collection of a Philadelphian, Philip Shimkin, who pointed out for us a handsome button proclaiming the support of the Regular Democratic Organization of Richmond Borough for Al Smith. We asked if it was for sale. "Just about anything in the room can be bought for the right price," he said, "but,

to tell you the truth, I think all of us would much rather trade than sell."

On leaving Mr. Shimkin's table, we encountered Mrs. Ellen Fitch, a resident of Scarsdale. "I've been collecting only since 1940," Mrs. Fitch said. "My rarest item, I suppose, is what we call a sulphide—it's something like a cameo—of Martin Van Buren in a gold frame." We asked Mrs. Fitch why so few collectors of political artifacts were women. "I've wondered about that myself," she said. "Perhaps it's because women, if they tend to be collectors, have always been steered toward antiques and art rather than politics."

Not all the collectors at the meeting were specifically interested in Presidential campaigns. "I prefer local rather than national candidates," said a man whom we questioned about a display of row upon row of campaign buttons with unfamiliar names and legends. "I like to show people this one," he went on, holding up a button that read simply "Matthews." "That's mine," he said. "I'm Robert Matthews, of Middle Village, Long Island, and when I ran for county committeeman two years ago I gave these away in my campaign. A successful campaign, I

might say." We asked whether there had been much subsequent interest in Matthews buttons. "Not too much," he said. "At least, not nearly as much as there has been in this one." He held up a button that urged votes for Richard Kleindienst for governor of Arizona. "This was given out in his campaign of 1964, which he lost," Mr. Matthews said. "It's extremely rare. I just traded another one for a Bull Moose Party badge."

All around us, as we passed from table to table, trades were taking place. We watched for a few minutes while Lou Mazel, a graduate student of political public relations at Boston University, bargained over New York "locals" with Mickey Perlmut, the executive vice-president of a Long Island firm that manufactures electronic security devices. The upshot of the negotiations was that two buttons of relatively recent vintage—Richard L. Ottinger for Congress and Allard Lowenstein for Senator—were exchanged for a twenty-five-year-old Vito Marcantonio-for-Mayor button.

"I really like third-party material," Mr. Mazel said as he pinned the Marcantonio to his jacket, "and so I think I really got a good deal."

"Intrinsically, I think you did, too," Mr. Perlmut agreed as he swept the Ottinger and Lowenstein buttons into a cellophane bag. "But I'm pleased, too, because I have duplicates of the Marcantonio and I hadn't yet seen these two particular buttons. Actually, my collection of locals is probably strongest outside New York State. I have twenty-six salesmen who work for me across the country, and they all keep their eyes out for buttons for me. My guy in Alabama, for instance, says he spends less time selling my products than he does looking for a Lurleen Wallace button that I told him he can't come back without."

Tree Walk

CHARLES HUCKINS, a horticultural taxonomist who is a consultant to the Parks Department, wore a white shirt with the cuffs rolled halfway up his forearms, gray pants, and the kind of watch worn by skin divers when he led a group

of about seventy-five people, including us, on a Tree Walk in Central Park the other afternoon. He also carried a two-tone gunmetal Fanon transistorized megaphone, through which he told the group that the black cherry is doing very well in the Park, that the oak for some reason attracts lightning, that the evergreens are seriously affected by pollution, and that in his opinion Americans have relied too heavily upon the vulnerable London plane tree and the American elm as street trees. Mr. Huckins also indicated a hillside covered with pointy-leaved foliage and said darkly, "That is Japanese knotweed. That is a plant which has escaped from cultivation."

The city's Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs Administration and the Academy of American Poets (a New York-based, non-profit organization for the support of American poetry) co-sponsored the walk. The poet Sarah Appleton, author of "The Plenitude We Cry For," which is a long poem about a horse-chestnut tree, read from her published work and from her work in manuscript at different points on the walk. Sarah Appleton asked us all to sit on the grass facing a huge Osage orange tree while she read to us through the megaphone. She did very well overcoming the many distractions (a boy rode by on a bicycle

with "Jive Turkey" at full volume on his cassette machine, and then three men with seven identical black Scotch terriers walked past just the other side of the tree that was our object of contemplation) as she read, "Our analogous backbone. Our woodiness is within our leafiness without, and our blood circulates within the leaf." She had the megaphone set to its lowest volume, but it still gave a feedback screech every once in a while, and all the listeners winced. Sitting next to us was a woman, wearing a Ramsey Clark button, who had marked the pronunciation of the Latin names of the trees on her Tree Walk handout sheet. Also in the group were Charles Beder, an advertising executive; an elderly woman carrying a Boston shopping bag; a young man with a "Let's Love One Another" button pinned to a Budweiser T-shirt; and (temporarily) a jogger and a drunk.

After the poetry break was over, we walked along reading the sometimes puzzling labels that the Parks Department has affixed to many of the trees ("THE FLOWERING ASH. Although all ashes have flowers, the Flowering Ash is the only one which has petals, hence its name"), and talking with Judith Gleason, a poet, who told us that this winter she willed her primroses into blooming a sec-



"You want to know your trouble? You don't respect yourself."

ond time. We crossed Seventy-second Street, where a line of cars had pulled over to let past a bicycle policeman with a flasher between his handlebars and an amazingly loud siren. We all stopped at a linden tree on the other side of Seventy-second, and Judith Gleason said, "I'm glad we finally did a linden. It's such a poetic tree."

"The linden is a good, serviceable tree," said Charles Huckins as we walked on.

After a second poetry break, at the Hans Christian Andersen statue, the group moved off down the path in a long line, and a large Doberman pinscher came bounding up from behind carrying a ten-foot-long, fully leafed elm branch in his mouth. The branch was dragging behind him on the ground; he looked as if he were trying to erase his tracks. As he ran up the path, the members of the Tree Walk scattered to either side of him like fish before a motorboat.

Back

"HI, I'm back," the voice on the telephone said. It was Janet. We waited for her to explain herself.

"I missed the plane to Rome by two and a half hours," she said, "so I had to fly to London. It's included, so I also went to Paris and Cannes before Rome, and I was going to Geneva on the way back, but my friends from there were here trying to stay with me. I went to Rome to see my daughter Debbie, now called Deborah. It's her new image."

We settled into a handy armchair.

"I met a lot of people," Janet said. "Wait. I have all the names here somewhere."

We waited, listening to the familiar sound of Janet rustling through the cache of papers that she carries everywhere she goes.

"I met a soldier with his wife and baby in Capri. He said he was there for a dentists' convention. He didn't tell me his name. I met a very nice lady who gave me her two phone numbers—one in Capri and the other in Westport. Now, what did I do with those names? Oh, my God! I bet that cabdriver has my book." Janet's voice faded, but only for a moment. "No, here it is." She was back again.

"The cabdriver when I got back was of Italian descent, so I showed him the names, in case he might be related to anyone. He once lived with a musical family of ten in Yugoslavia." Janet paused. Her train of thought seemed to drift briefly.

"At check-in, or whatever it's called, at the airport—security check—I said, 'I got a lot of gats.' I just happened to say it. 'All right,' this security lady said. 'Get out of line. That remark will cost you a thousand dollars.' I said I didn't know you weren't allowed to crack jokes anymore, and she said you never were. I apologized, but the security man frisked me anyway. He said I was clean. I think they forgot about the thousand dollars. I almost slipped on a wet tea bag on the gangplank going into the plane."

We shifted our position.

"At the Piazza Navona," Janet went on, "I met a guy who turned out to be from Pakistan. I pretended I knew where it was. He thought I was very rigid, because I was against Nixon. A girl who was with him said, 'Where is your humanity?' I told her not to marry him. I have a postcard I wrote to him. Would you like me to read it?"

"O.K.," we said.

"Well, I can't find it now. I may have mailed it. Oh, you won't believe this. My first night in Rome, I took my daughter to the Tre Scalini restaurant. I was talking to the couple at the next table, and they turned out to be a very nice reactionary couple from Kentucky by the name of Dooley. She still likes Nixon. The next morning, I am talking to the couple at the next table on the *terrazza* at the Scalinata di Spagna, and they turn out to be a very nice progressive couple by the name of Dooley. From Georgia. Then, in Trastevere, a man called Marvin was eating alone. I was with Deborah and Nunzia, from the Red Cross, World War II, and it turned out that he had gone to the University of Chicago, where Debbie's going. Alisa goes to Princeton. She's my other daughter.

Have I ever told you about the Red Cross in World War II?"

"No," we said.

"I met a man on the street in London—I was lost, and he and his wife drove me to where I was going. I think he was the Ambassador of Fiji. He said his name was—wait a minute—Rabukawaqa. But it's pronounced—he spelled it for me phonetically—R-a-m-b-u-k-a-w-a-n-g-a. He said his wife's first name was May. I said I didn't think that went at all with Rabukawaqa. But it's spelled M-e-i—that makes a difference, I think. Then, on the plane from London, I sat next to a man from Dakar, who gave me his home number and his office number in case I get to Senegal. In Cannes, I ran into some billionaires who said I could've stayed with them in their mansion instead of at my expensive hotel. We had some onion soup. When I was in Rome, I dropped in on the Colosseum, and would you believe that the same little man plays the mandolin at Alfredo alla Scrofa from twenty-eight years ago? We had a picture taken together, which I left in that cab, I think, unless it's here."

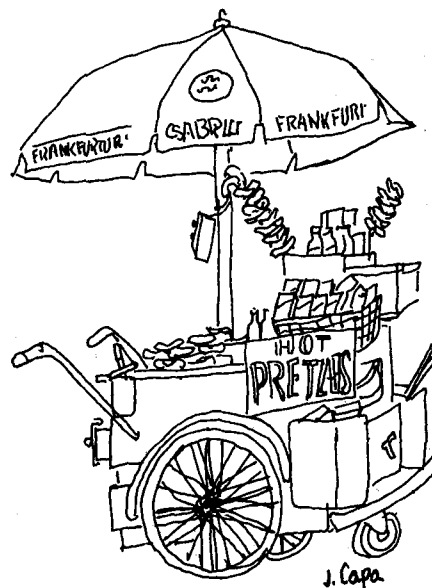
There were sounds of Janet searching through her documents.

"The next night," she continued, "I met people named Casillo, Maurizio, Bucciatti, Barcaroci, and Walter. One of them wasn't Italian. He teaches geography. 'Between Spain and Africa.'"

"What?" we said.

"Where is the Strait of Gibraltar?" That's what I learned at the Northampton School for Girls," Janet said.

"Also Larry," she added. "Anyway, one of them worked for the phone company, and he put through a call for me to Princeton. It was four o'clock in the morning there, and Leezee—Alisa, my other daughter—she was asleep and all she could do was mumble. It was a waste of twenty dollars. Which I didn't have to pay, of course. Twenty-five years ago, I met a man on a boat. He was first class and I was steerage, but my dog, Lifey, was travelling first class. That's the only place they can put dogs on boats; they have their own little deck. The man's name was Anthony Hyde. Then, about five years ago, I was standing at a ticket counter and I heard someone ask for tickets for Mr. Hyde, so I muttered 'Anthony Hyde,' and she turned and said, 'He's my father-in-law.' I had lunch at his house in London. The best dessert I ever had in my life. Fruit crumble. Do you want the recipe? I can't cook."





"I'm Don Fulson, in the Dwayne house for July and August for five Gs, and this is Hank Bellarer, who's in the Harkins cottage for July for three Gs."

"Fruit crumble," we said.

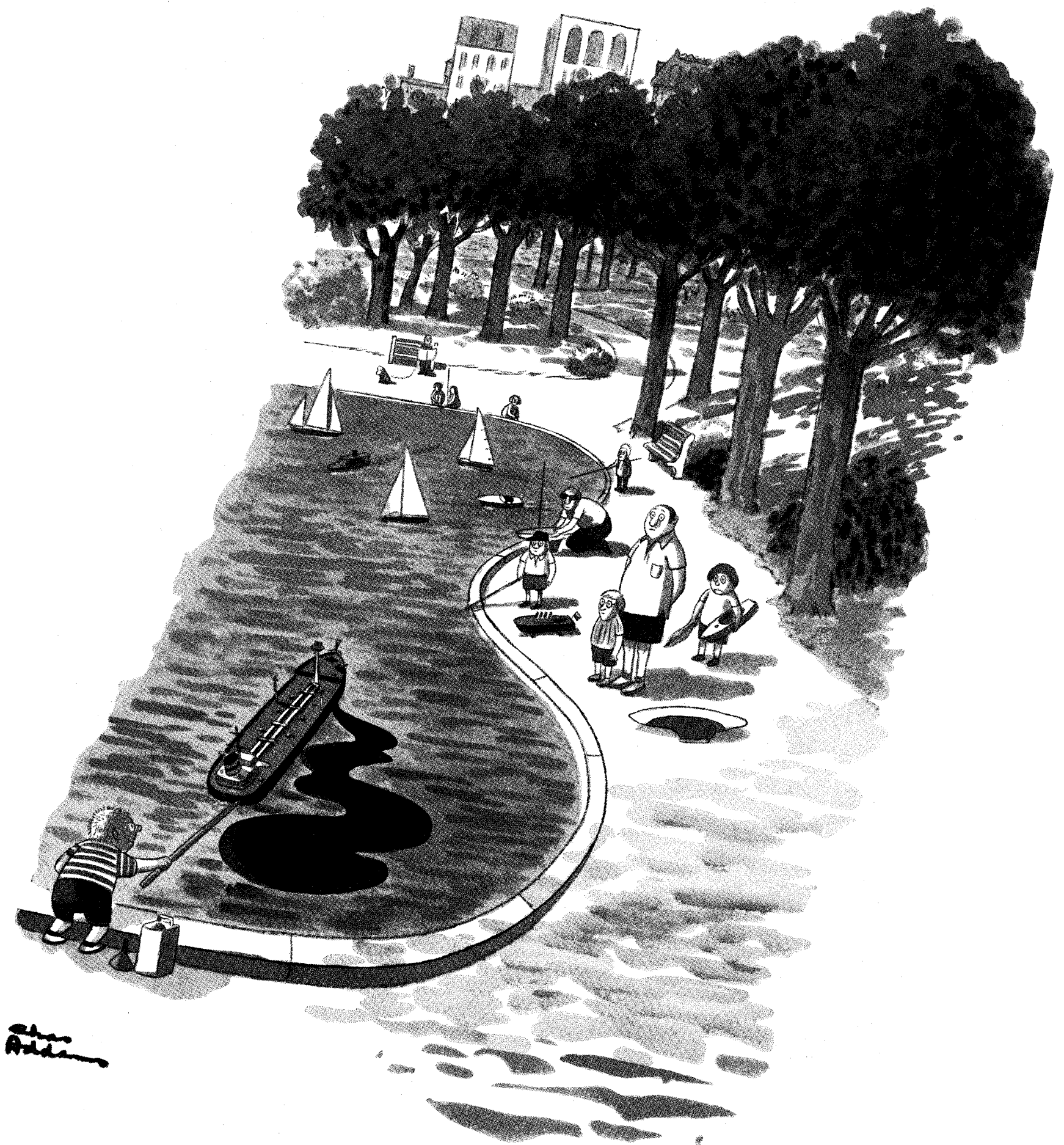
"In Paris, at Reid Hall, a few years ago, I met a Mme. Bissell, and I muttered 'Nicol and Cleveland Bissell.' I went to school with them thirty years ago. And she said, 'They are my brother-in-laws.' This happens every time I mutter."

We got up to open a window, and when we picked up the phone again Janet was saying, "The Nobles were marvellous to me in London. I guess they were a little shocked to find me in their guest room, but I told the girl who answered the phone when I called that we were all friends of Shelley Winters. I brought everybody back a tea towel from Harrods. We call it a dish towel in this country. Serge Greffet was driving me halfway to the airport, and the radio was playing 'Bess, You Is My Woman,' and I said to him, 'That's how we all met

in 1950—all working for Orson in "Porgy and Bess." I couldn't understand why he wasn't more excited hearing 'Bess, You Is My Woman,' because that's how I thought we all met, but it wasn't how we met. Orson was not in 'Porgy and Bess' at all. That was in 1950, when we were working for Orson, *before* I was married to Sandy, and 'Porgy and Bess' was in 1952, *after* I was married to Sandy. There was this princess in Rome. I called her because the book I was supposed to bring her was too heavy. I asked her what I should do about my neck. She believes in plastic surgery for anyone over eighteen. You meet a lot of people when you travel, especially if they spill something on you. On the plane to Cannes from Paris, I sat next to a nice Fascist from Monaco. He liked Nixon, so I let him pay for the wine. At Cannes, I met a

half-Indian, half—I think he said Portuguese—and I asked him would he like to walk around the town with me. He put his arm around me—we were still walking—so I asked him how old he was. He said twenty-four. 'I could be your mother,' I said. I spent the rest of the evening trying to find him a nice girl. European women mature, but I just get older. Did you see 'Room at the Top'? She kills herself in the end—drives her car off a cliff. I haven't got a car. Before we landed in New York, they gave us customs cards to fill out. 'How old are you?' 'How much are you bringing in?' 'How much is it worth?' For the first question, I always write 'Why?' How are you? Oh, my God, did I miss the eleven-o'clock news? What time is it? Bye."

"Goodbye," we said.
Janet hung up.



THE LATEHOMECOMER

WHEN I came back to Berlin out of captivity in the spring of 1950, I discovered I had a stepfather. My mother had never mentioned him. I had been writing from Brittany to "Grete Bestermann," but the "Toeppler" engraved on a brass plate next to the bellpull at her new address turned out to be her name, too. As she slipped the key in the lock, she said quietly, "Listen, Thomas. I'm Frau Toeppler now. I married a kind man with a pension. This is his key, his name, and his apartment. He wants to make you welcome." From the moment she met me at the railway station that day, she must have been wondering how to break it.

I put my hand over the name, leaving a perfect palm print. I said, "I suppose there are no razor blades and no civilian shirts in Berlin. But some ass is already engraving nameplates."

Martin Toeppler was an old man who had been a tram conductor. He was lame in one arm as the result of a working accident and carried that shoulder higher than the other. His eyes had the milky look of the elderly, lighter round the rim than at the center of the iris, and he had an old woman's habit of sighing, "Ah, yes, yes." The sigh seemed to be his way of pleading, "It can't be helped." He must have been forty-nine, at the most, but aged was what he seemed to me, and more than aged—useless, lost. His mouth hung open much of the time, as though he had trouble breathing through his nose, but it was only because he was a chronic talker, always ready to bite down on a word. He came from Franconia, near the Czech border, close to where my grandparents had once lived.

"Grete and I can understand each other's dialects," he said—but we were not a dialect-speaking family. My brother and I had been made to say "bread" and "friend" and "tree" correctly. I turned my eyes to my mother, but she looked away.

Martin's one dream was to return to Franconia; it was almost the first thing he said to me. He had inherited two furnished apartments in a town close to an American military base. One of the two had been empty for years. The occupants had moved away, no one knew where—perhaps to Sweden. After their departure, which had taken place at five o'clock on a winter morning

in 1943, the front door had been sealed with a government stamp depicting a swastika and an eagle. The vanished tenants must have died, perhaps in Sweden, and now no local person would live in the place, because a whole family of ghosts rattled about, opening and shutting drawers, banging on pipes, moving chairs and ladders. The ghosts were looking for a hoard of gold that had been left behind, Martin thought. The second apartment had been rented to a family who had disappeared during the confused migrations of the end of the war and were probably dead, too; at least they were dead officially, which was all that mattered. Martin intended to modernize the two flats, raise them up to American standards—he meant by this putting venetian blinds at the windows and gas-heated water tanks in the bathrooms—and let them to a good class of American officer, too foreign to care about a small-town story, too educated to be afraid of ghosts. But he would have to move quickly; otherwise his inheritance, his sole postwar capital, his only means of getting started again, might be snatched away from him for the sake of shiftless and illiterate refugees from the Soviet zone, or bombed-out families still huddled in barracks, or for latehomecomers. This last was a new category of persons, all one word. It was out of his mouth before he remembered that I was one, too. He stopped talking, and then he sighed and said, "Ah, yes, yes."

He could not keep still for long: he drew out his wallet and showed me a picture of himself on horseback. He may

have wanted to substitute this country image for any idea I had of him on the deck of a tram. He held the snapshot at arm's length and squinted at it. "That was Martin Toeppler once," he said. "It will be Martin Toeppler again." His youth, and a new right shoulder and arm, and the hot, leafy summers everyone his age said had existed before the war were waiting for him in Franconia. He sounded like a born winner instead of a physically broken tram conductor on the losing side. He put the picture away in a cracked celluloid case, pocketed his wallet, and called to my mother, "The boy will want a bath."

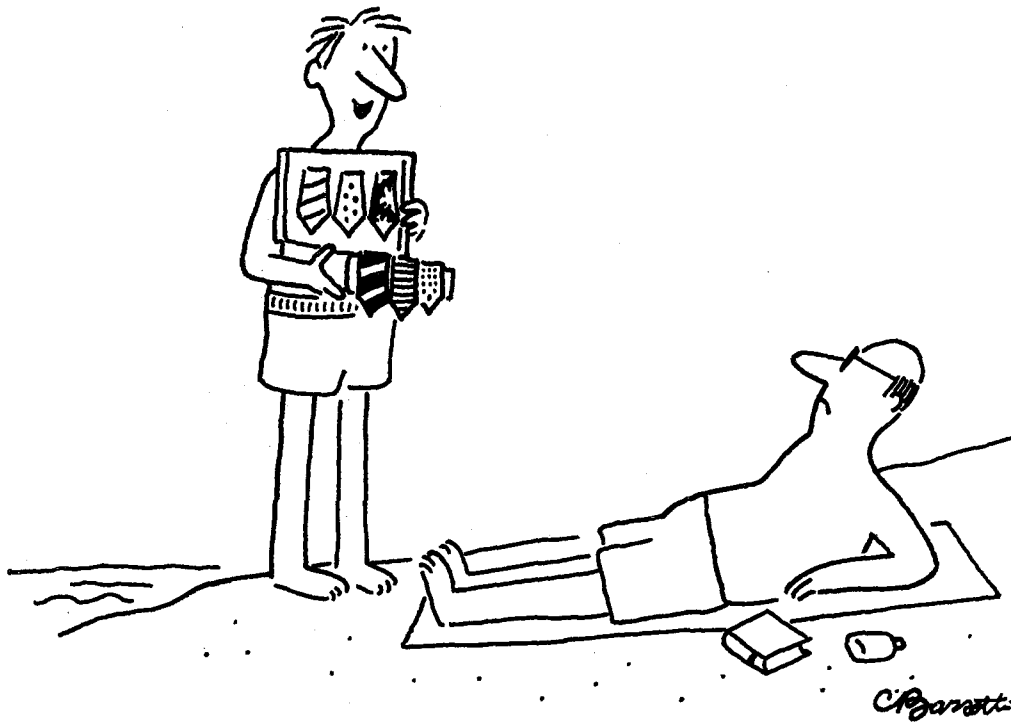
My mother, who had been preparing a bath for minutes now, had been receiving orders all her life. As a girl she had worked like a slave in her mother's village guesthouse, and after my father died she became a servant again, this time in Berlin, to my powerful Uncle Gerhard and his fat wife. My brother and I spent our winters with her, all three sleeping in one bed sometimes, in a cold attic room, sharing bread and apples smuggled from Uncle Gerhard's larder. In the summer we were sent to help our grandmother. We washed the chairs and tables, cleaned the toilets of vomit, and carried glasses stinking with beer back to the kitchen. We were still so small we had to stand on stools to reach the taps.

"It was lucky you had two sons," Uncle Gerhard said to my mother once. "There will never be a shortage of strong backs in the family."

"No one will exploit my children," she is supposed to have replied, though how she expected to prevent it only God knows, for we had no roof of our own and no money and we ate such food as we were given. Our uniforms saved us. Once we had joined the Hitler Jugend, even Uncle Gerhard never dared ask, "Where are you going?" or "Where have you been?" My brother was quicker than I. By the time he was twelve he knew he had been trapped; I was sixteen and a prisoner before I understood. But from our mother's point of view we were free, delivered; we would not repeat her life. That was all she wanted.

In captivity I had longed for her and for the lost paradise of our poverty, where she had belonged entirely to my brother and to me and we had slept with her, one on each side. I had written letters to her full of remorse for past neglect and containing promises of future goodness: I





"Excuse me, sir, but I'm on a working vacation. Would you like to buy a tie?"

would work hard and look after her forever. These letters, sent to blond, young, soft-voiced Grete Bestermann, had been read by Grete Toeppler, whose greying hair was pinned up in a sort of oval balloon, and who was anxious and thin, as afraid of things to come as she was of the past. I had not recognized her at the station, and when she said timidly, "Excuse me? Thomas?" I thought she was her own mother. I did not know then, or for another few minutes, that my grandmother had died or that my rich Uncle Gerhard, now officially de-Nazi-fied by a court of law, was camped in two rooms carved out of a ruin, raising rabbits for a living and hoping that no one would notice him. She had last seen me when I was fifteen. We had been moving toward each other since early this morning, but I was exhausted and taciturn, and we were both shy, and we had not rushed into each other's arms, because we had each been afraid of embracing a stranger. I had one horrible memory of her, but it may have been only a dream. I was small, but I could speak and walk. I came into a room where she was nursing a baby. Two other women were with her. When they saw me they started to laugh, and one said to her, "Give some to Thomas." My mother leaned over and put her breast in my mouth. The taste was disgustingly sweet, and because of the two women I felt humiliated: I spat and backed off and began

to cry. She said something to the women and they laughed harder than ever. It must have been a dream, for who could the baby have been? My brother was eleven months older than I.

She was cautious as an animal with me now, partly because of my reaction to the nameplate. She must have feared there was more to come. She had been raised to respect men, never to interrupt their conversation, to see that their plates were filled before hers—even, as a girl, to stand when they were sitting down. I was twenty-one, I had been twenty-one for three days, I had crossed over to the camp of the bullies and strangers. All the while Martin was talking and boasting and showing me himself on horseback, she crept in and out of the parlor, fetching wood and the briquettes they kept by the tile stove, carrying them down the passage to build a fire for me in the bathroom. She looked at me sidelong sometimes and smiled with her hand before her mouth—a new habit of hers—but she kept silent until it was time to say that the bath was ready.

MY mother spread a towel for me to stand on and showed me a chair where, she said, Martin always sat to dry his feet. There was a shelf with a mirror and comb but no wash-basin. I supposed that he shaved and they cleaned their teeth in the kitchen. My mother said the soap was of poor quality and would not lather, but she

asked me, again from behind the screen of her hand, not to leave it underwater where it might melt and be wasted. A stone underwater might have melted as easily. "There is a hook for your clothes," she said, though of course I had seen it. She hesitated still, but when I began to unbutton my shirt she slipped out.

The bath, into which a family could have fitted, was as rough as lava rock. The water was boiling hot. I sat with my knees drawn up as if I were in the tin tub I had been lent sometimes in France. The starfish scar of a grenade wound was livid on one knee, and that leg was misshapen, as though it had been pressed the wrong way while the bones were soft. Long underwear I took to be my stepfather's hung over a line. I sat looking at it, and at a stiff thin towel hanging next to it, and at the water condensing on the cement walls, until the skin of my hands and feet became as ridged and soft as corduroy.

There is a term for people caught on a street crossing after the light has changed: "pedestrian-traffic residue." I had been in a prisoner-of-war camp at Rennes when an order arrived to repatriate everyone who was under eighteen. For some reason, my name was never called. Five years after that, when I was in Saint-Malo, where I had been assigned to a druggist and his wife as a "free worker"—which did not mean free but simply not in a camp—the police sent for me and asked what I was doing in France with a large "PG," for "*prisonnier de guerre*," on my back. Was I a deserter from the Foreign Legion? A spy? Nearly every other prisoner in France had been released at least ten months before, but the file concerning me had been lost or mislaid in Rennes, and I could not leave until it was found—I had no existence. By that time the French were sick of me, because they were sick of the war and its reminders, and the scheme of using the prisoners the Americans had taken to rebuild the roads and bridges of France had not worked out. The idea had never been followed by a plan, and so some of the prisoners became farm help, some became domestic servants, some went into the Foreign Legion because the food was better, some sat and did nothing for three or four years, because no one could discover anything

for them to do. The police hinted to me that if I were to run away no one would mind. It would have cleared up the matter of the missing file. But I was afraid of putting myself in the wrong, in which case they might have an excuse to keep me forever. Besides, how far could I have run with a large "PG" painted on my jacket and trousers? Here, where it would not be necessary to wear a label, because "late-homecomer" was written all over me, I sensed that I was an embarrassment, too; my appearance, my survival, my bleeding gums and loose teeth, my chronic dysentery and anemia, my craving for sweets, my reticence with strangers, the cast-off rags I had worn on arrival, all said "war" when everyone wanted peace, "captivity" when the word was "freedom," and "dry bread" when everyone was thinking "jam and butter." I guessed that now, after five years of peace, most of the population must have elbowed onto the right step of the right staircase and that there was not much room left for pedestrian-traffic residue.

My mother came in to clean the tub after I was partly dressed. She used fine ash from the stove and a cloth so full of holes it had to be rolled into a ball. She said, "I called out to you but you didn't hear. I thought you had fallen asleep and drowned."

I was hard of hearing because of the anti-aircraft duty to which I'd been posted in Berlin while I was still in high school. After the boys were sent to the front, girls took our places. It was those girls, still in their adolescence, who defended the grown men in uniform down in the bunkers. I wondered if they had been deafened, too, and if we were a generation who would never hear anything under a shout. My mother knelt by the tub, and I sat on Martin's chair, like Martin, pulling on clean socks she had brought me. In a low voice, which I heard perfectly, she said that I had known Martin in

my childhood. I said I had not. She said then that my father had known him. I stood up and waited until she rose from her knees, and I looked down at her face. I was afraid of touching her, in case we should both cry. She muttered that her family must surely have known him, for the Toepplers had a burial plot not far from the graveyard where my grandmother lay buried, and some thirty miles from where my father's father had a bakery once. She was looking for any kind of a link.

"I wanted you and Chris to have a place to stay when you came back," she said, but I believed she had not expected to see either of us again and that she had been afraid of being homeless and alone. My brother had vanished in Czechoslovakia with the Schörner army. All of that army had been given up for dead. My Uncle Gerhard, her only close relative, could not have helped her even if it had oc-

curred to him; it had taken him four years to become officially and legally de-Nazified, and now, "as white as a white lilac," according to my mother, he had no opinions about anything and lived only for his rabbits.

"It is nice to have a companion at my age," my mother said. "Someone to talk to." Did the old need more than conversation? My mother must have been about forty-two then. I had heard the old men in prison camp comparing their wives and saying that no hen was ever too tough for boiling.

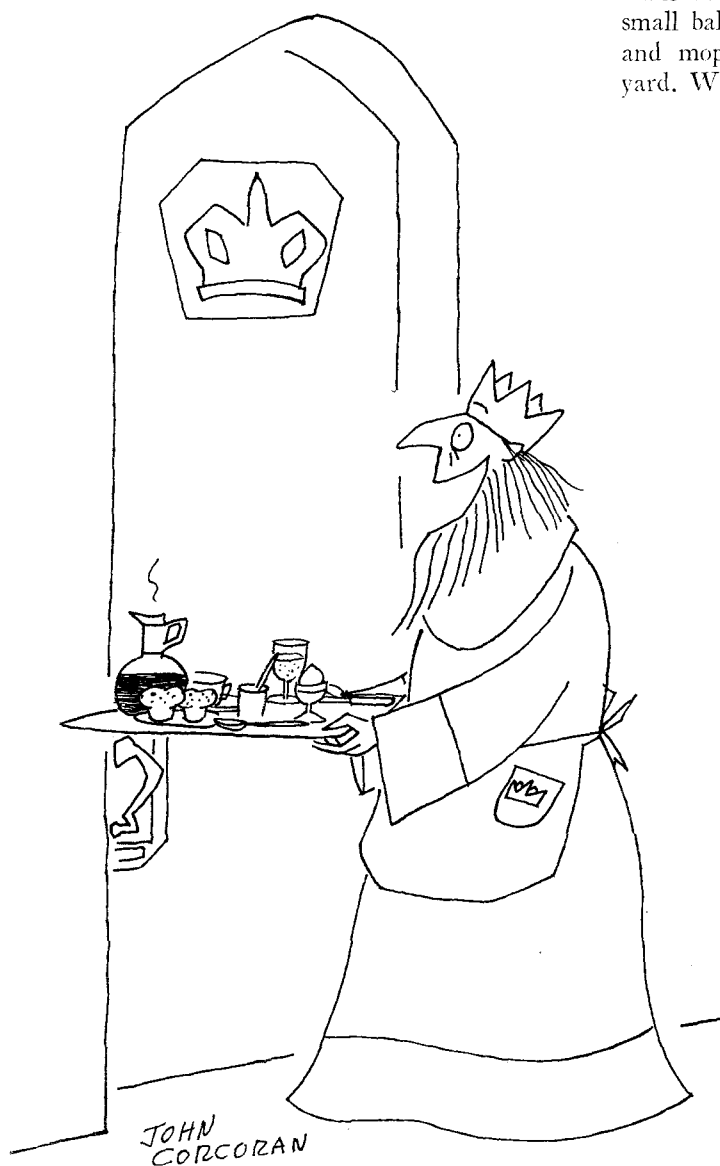
"Did you marry him before or after he had this apartment?"

"After." But she had hesitated, as if wondering what I wanted to hear.

The apartment was on the second floor of a large dark block—all that was left of a workers' housing project of the nineteen-twenties. Martin had once lived somewhere between the bathroom window and the street. Looking out, I could easily replace the back walls of the vanished houses, and the small balconies festooned with brooms and mops, and the moist oily courtyard. Winter twilight must have been

the prevailing climate here until an air raid let the seasons in. Cinders and gravel had been raked evenly over the crushed masonry now; the broad concourse between the surviving house—ours—and the road beyond it that was edged with ruins looked solid and flat.

But no, it was all shaky and loose, my mother said. Someone ought to cause a cement walk to be laid down; the women were always twisting their ankles, and when it rained you walked in black mud, and there was a smell of burning. She had not lost her belief in an invisible but well-intentioned "someone." She then said, in a hushed and whispery voice, that Martin's first wife, Elke, was down there under the rubble and cinders. It had been impossible to get all the bodies out, and one day a bulldozer covered them over for all time. Martin had inherited those two apartments in a town in Franconia from Elke. The Toepplers were probably just as poor as the



"It's me, pet—Good King Wenceslas."

Bestermanns, but Martin had made a good marriage.

"She had a dog, too," said my mother. "When Martin married her she had a white spitz. She gave it a bath in the bathtub every Sunday." I thought of Martin Toeppler crossing this new wide treacherous front court and saying, "Elke's grave. Ah, yes, yes." I said it, and my mother suddenly laughed loudly and dropped her hand, and I saw that some of her front teeth were missing.

"The house looks like an old tooth when you see it from the street," she said, as though deliberately calling attention to the very misfortune she wanted to hide. She knew nothing about the people who had lived in this apartment, except that they had left in a hurry, forgetting to pack a large store of black-market food, some pretty ornaments in a china cabinet, and five bottles of wine. "They left without paying the rent," she said, which didn't sound like her.

It turned out to be a joke of Martin Toeppler's. He repeated it when I came back to the parlor wearing a shirt that I supposed must be his, and with my hair dark and wet and combed flat. He pointed to a bright rectangle on the brown wallpaper. "That is where they took Adolf's picture down," he said. "When they left in a hurry without paying the rent."

My father had been stabbed to death one night when he was caught tearing an election poster off the schoolhouse wall. He left my mother with no money, two children under the age of five, and a political reputation. After that she swam with the current. I had worn a uniform of one kind or another most of my life until now. I remembered wearing civilian clothes once, when I was fourteen, for my confirmation. I had felt disguised, and wondered what to do with my hands; from the age of seven I had stuck my thumbs in a leather belt. I had impressions, not memories, of my father. Pictures were frozen things; they told me nothing. But I knew that when my hair was wet I looked something like him. A quick flash would come back out of a mirror, like a secret message, and I would think, There, that is how he was. I sat with Martin at the table, where my mother had spread a lace cloth (the vanished tenants') and over which the April sun through lace curtains laid still another design. I placed my hands flat under lace shadows and wondered if they were like my father's, too.

She had put out everything she could find to eat and drink—a few sweet

THE BATS

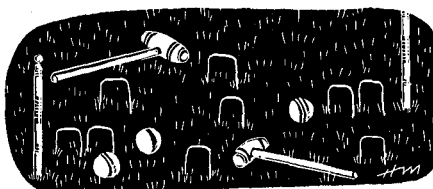
Somebody said for killing one
you got a five-dollar reward
from Red Farrell, the game warden,
because at night they drank cow blood,
dozens of them plastered on the cow
like leaves after a rain
until she dropped.
If they bit you, you'd get paralyzed for life,
and they built their nests
in women's hair, secreting goo
so you couldn't pull them out
and had to shave it off.
That was how Margaret Smith got bald,
though some said it was wine.
But who ever saw one,
or could tell a bat from the swifts
they sometimes flew with,
homing on insects, those green evenings?
We never climbed the fence of Duffy's orchard
to catch them dog-toothed
sucking on his pears,
and the trouble was, as Duffy always said,
that in the dark you couldn't
recognize them for the leaves
and might reach up and get bit.
So the first time one of us found one
dead and held it open,
it looked like something crucified
to a busted umbrella,
the ribbed wings a crackpot inventor might make
to try and fly off of a dune.
As if it was made up of parts
of different animals, it had long bird-legs
stuck in lizard-wrinkle pants,
and wire feet.
It wasn't even black, but brown and furry
with a puppy nose,
and when we threw it at each other
it wouldn't stick on anyone.
Then someone said his father knew somebody
who used to hunt between town and the back shore.
Coming home one night, he ran across
a bat tree in the woods—
must have been hundreds folded upside down
peeling their single bell-notes through the dark.

—BRENDAN GALVIN

biscuits, cheese cut almost as thin as paper, dark bread, small whole tomatoes, radishes, slices of salami arranged in a floral design on a dish to make them seem more. We had a bottle of fizzy wine that Martin called champagne. It had a brown tint, like watered iodine, and a taste of molasses. Through this murk bubbles climbed. We raised our glasses without saying what we drank to, other than my re-

turn. Perhaps Martin drank to his destiny in Franconia with the two apartments. I had a plan, but it was my own secret. By a common accord, there was no mutual past. Then my mother spoke from behind the cupped hand and said she would like us to drink to her missing elder son. She looked at Martin as she said this, in case the survival of Chris might be a burden, too.

Toward the end of that afternoon, a neighbor came in with a bottle of brandy—a stout man with three locks of slick grey hair across his skull. All the fat men of comic stories and of literature were to be Willy Wehler to me, in the future. But he could not





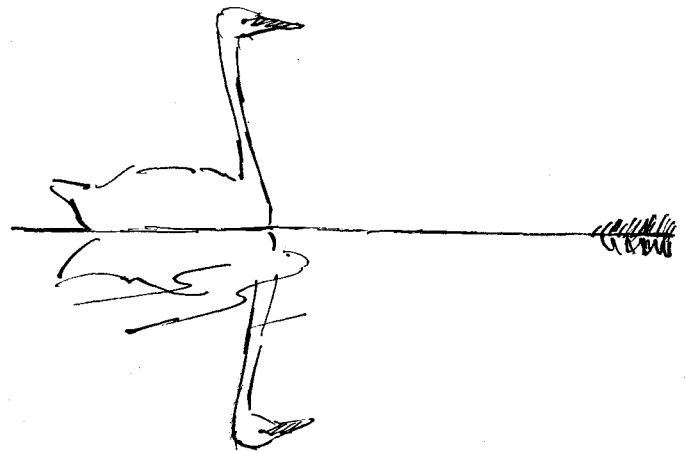
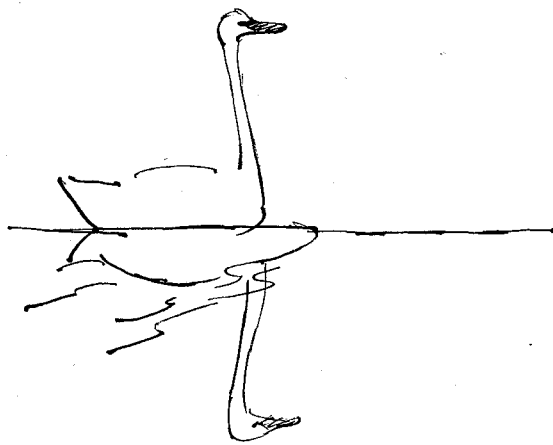
"Tests show you have a mild case of future shock complicated by a pigheaded attitude."

have been all that plump in Berlin in 1950; his chin probably showed the beginnings of softness, and his hair must have been dark still, and there must have been plenty of it. I can see the start of his baldness, the two deep peninsulas of polished skin running from the corners of his forehead to just above his ears. Willy Wehler was another Franconian. He and Martin began speaking in dialect almost at once. Willy was at a remove, however—he mispronounced words as though to be funny, and he would grin and look at me. This was to say that he knew better, and he knew that I knew. Martin and Willy hated Berlin. They sounded as if they had been dragged to Berlin against their will, like displaced persons. In their eyes the deepest failure of a certain political authority was that it had enticed peace-loving persons with false promises of work, homes, pensions, lives afloat like little boats at anchor; now these innocent provincials saw they had been tricked, and they were going back where they had started from. It was as simple to them as that—the equivalent of an insurance company's no longer meeting its obligations. Willy even described the life he would lead now in a quiet town, where, in sight of a cobbled square with a fountain and an equestrian statue, he planned to open a perfume-and-cosmetics shop; people

wanted beauty now. He would live above the shop—he was not too proud for that—and every morning he would look down on his blue store awnings, over window boxes stuffed with frilled petunias. My stepfather heard this with tears in his eyes, but perhaps he was thinking of his two apartments and of Elke and the spitz. Willy's future seemed so real, so close at hand, that it was almost as though he had dropped in to say goodbye. He sat with his daughter on his knees, a baby not yet three. This little girl, whose name was Gisela, became a part of my life from that afternoon, and so did fat Willy, though none of us knew it then. The secret to which I had drunk my silent toast was a girl in France, who would be a middle-aged woman, beyond my imagining now, if she had lived. She died by jumping or accidentally falling out of a fifth-floor window in Paris. Her parents had locked her in a room when they found out she was corresponding with me.

This was still an afternoon in April in Berlin, the first of my freedom. It was one day after old Adolf's birthday, but that was not mentioned, not even in dialect or in the form of a Berlin joke. I don't think they were avoiding it; they had simply forgotten. They would always be astonished when other people turned out to have more specific memories of time and events.

This was the afternoon about which I would always say to myself, "I should have known," and even "I knew"—knew that I would marry the baby whose movements were already so willful and quick that her father complained, "We can't take her anywhere," and sat holding both her small hands in his; otherwise she would have clutched at every glass within reach. Her winged brows reminded me of the girl I wanted to see again. Gisela's eyes were amber in color, and luminous, with the whites so pure they seemed blue. The girl in France had eyes that resembled dark petals, opaque and velvety, and slightly tilted. She had black hair from a Corsican grandmother, and long fine lashes. Gisela's lashes were stubby and thick. I found that I was staring at the child's small ears and her small perfect teeth, thinking all the while of the other girl, whose smile had been spoiled by the malnutrition and the poor dentistry of the Occupation. I should have realized then, as I looked at Willy and his daughter, that some people never go without milk and eggs and apples, whatever the landscape, and that the sparse feast on our table had more to do with my mother's long habit of poverty—a kind of fatalistic incompetence that came from never having had enough money—than with a real shortage of food. Willy had on a white



nylon shirt, which was a luxury then. Later, Martin would say to me, "That Willy! Out of a black uniform and into the black market before you could say 'democracy,'" but I never knew whether it was a common Berlin joke or something Martin had made up or the truth about Willy.

Gisela, who was either slow to speak for her age or only lazy, looked at me and said, "Man"—all she had to declare. Her hair was so silky and fine that it reflected the day as a curve of mauve light. She was all light and sheen, and she was the first person—I can even say the first *thing*—I had ever seen that was unflawed, without shadow. She was as whole and as innocent as a drop of water, and she was without guilt.

Her hands, released when her father drank from his wineglass, patted the tablecloth, seized a radish, tried to stuff it in his mouth.

My mother sat with her chair pushed back a few respectful inches. "Do you like children, Thomas?" she said. She knew nothing about me now except that I was not a child.

The French girl was sixteen when she came to Brittany on a holiday with her father and mother. The next winter she sent me books so that I would not drop too far behind in my schooling, and the second summer she came to my room. The door to the room was in a bend of the staircase, halfway between the pharmacy on the ground floor and the flat where my employers lived. They were supposed to keep me locked in this room when I wasn't working, but the second summer they forgot or could not be bothered, and in any case I had made a key with a piece of wire by then. It was the first room I'd had to myself. I whitewashed the walls and boxed in the store of potatoes they kept on the floor in a corner. Bunches of wild plants and herbs the druggist used in prescriptions

hung from hooks in the ceiling. One whole wall was taken up with shelves of drying leaves and roots—walnut leaves for treating anemia, camomile for fainting spells, thyme and rosemary for muscular cramps, and nettles and mint, sage and dandelions. The fragrance in the room and the view of the port from the window could have given me almost enough happiness for a lifetime, except that I was too young to find any happiness in that.

How she escaped from her parents the first afternoon I never knew, but she was a brave, careless girl and had already escaped from them often. They must have known what could happen when they locked that wild spirit into a place where the only way out was a window. Perhaps they were trying to see how far they could go with a margin of safety. She left a message for them: "To teach you a lesson." She must have thought she would be there and not there, lost to them and yet able to see the result. There was no message for me, except that it is a terrible thing to be alone; but I had already learned it. She must have knelt on the windowsill. The autumn rain must have caught her lashes and hair. She was already alien on the windowsill, beyond recognition.

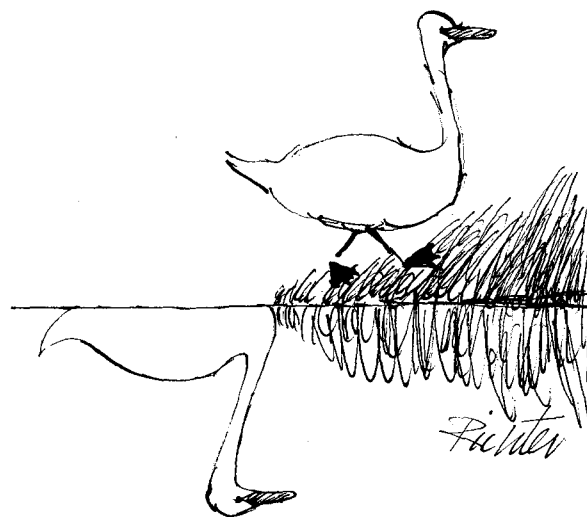
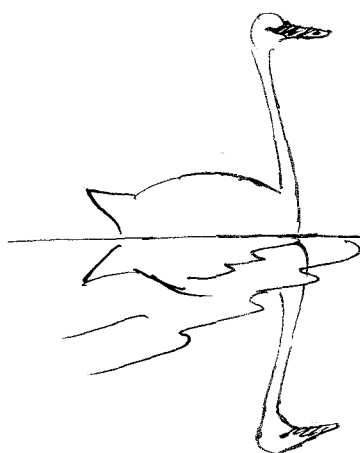
I had made my room as neat for her as though I were expecting a military inspection. I wondered if she knew how serious it would be for both of us if we were caught. She glanced at the view, but only to see if anyone could look in on us, and she laughed, starting to take off her pullover, arms crossed; then stopped and said, "What is it—are you made of ice?" How could she know that I was retarded? I had known nothing except imagination and solitude, and the preying of old soldiers; and I was too old for one and repelled by the other. I thought she was about to commit the sacrifice of her person—her physical self and her

immortal soul. I had heard the old men talking about women as if women were dirt, but needed for "that." One man said he would cut off an ear for "that." Another said he would swim the Atlantic. I thought she would lie in some way convenient to me and that she would feel nothing but a kind of sorrow, which would have made it a pure gift. But there was nothing to ask; it was not a gift. It was her decision and not a gift but an adventure. She hadn't come here to look at the harbor, she told me, when I hesitated. I may even have said, "No," and it might have been then that she smiled at me over crossed arms, pulling off her sweater, and said, "Are you made of ice?" For all her jauntiness, she thought she was deciding her life, though she continued to use the word "adventure." I think it was the only other word she knew for "love." But all we were settling was her death, and my life was decided in Berlin when Willy Wehler came in with a bottle of brandy and Gisela, who refused to say more than "Man." I can still see the lace curtains, the mark on the wallpaper, the china ornaments left by the people who had gone in such a hurry—the chimney sweep with his matchstick broom, the girl with bobbed orange hair sitting on a crescent moon, the dog with the ruff around his neck—and when I remember this I say to myself, "I must have known."

We finished two bottles of Martin's champagne, and then my mother jumped to her feet to remove the glasses and bring others so that we could taste Willy Wehler's brandy.

"The dirty Belgian is still hanging around," he said to Martin, gently rocking the child, who now had her thumb in her mouth.

"What does he want?" said my stepfather. He repeated the question; he was slow and he thought that other people, unless they reacted at once and with a show of feeling, could not hear him.



"He was in the Waffen-S.S.—he says. He complains that the girls here won't go out with him, though only five or six years ago they were like flies."

"They are afraid of him," came my mother's timid voice. "He stands in the court and stares..."

"I don't like men who look at pure young girls," said Willy Wehler. "He said to me, 'Help me; you owe me help.' He says he fought for us and nobody thanked him."

"He did? No wonder we lost," said Martin. I had already seen that the survivors of the war were divided into those who said they had always known how it would all turn out and those who said they had been indifferent. There are also those who like wars and those who do not. Martin had never been committed to winning or to losing or to anything—that explained his jokes. He had gained two apartments and one requisitioned flat in Berlin. He had lost a wife, but he often said to me later that people were better off out of this world.

"In Belgium he was in jail," said Willy. "He says he fought for us and then he was in jail and now we won't help him and the girls won't speak to him."

"Why is he here?" my stepfather suddenly shouted. "Who let him in? All this is his own affair, not ours." He rocked in his chair in a peculiar way, perhaps only imitating the gentle motion Willy made to keep Gisela asleep and quiet. "Nobody owes him anything," cried my stepfather, striking the table so that the little girl started and shuddered. My mother touched his arm and made a sort of humming sound, with her lips pressed together, that I took to be a signal between them, for he at once switched to another topic. It was a theme of conversation I was to hear about for many years after that afternoon. It was what the old men had

to say when they were not boasting about women or their own past, and it was this: What should the Schörner army have done in Czechoslovakia to avoid capture by the Russians, and why did General Eisenhower (the villain of the story) refuse to help?

Eisenhower was my stepfather's left hand, General Schörner was his right, and the Russians were a plate of radishes. I turned very slightly to look at my mother. She had that sad cast of feature women have when their eyes are fixed nowhere. Her hand still lay lightly on Martin Toeppler's sleeve. I supposed then that he really was her husband and that they slept in the same bed. I had seen one or two closed doors in the passage on my way to the bath. Of my first prison camp, where everyone had been under eighteen or over forty, I remembered the smell of the old men—how they stopped being clean when there were no women to make them wash—and I remembered their long boasting. And yet, that April afternoon, as the sunlight of my first hours of freedom moved over the table and up along the brown wall, I did my boasting, too. I told about a prisoner I had captured. It seemed to be the thing I had to say to two men I had never seen before.

"He landed in a field just outside my grandmother's village," I told them. "I was fourteen. Three of us saw him—three boys. We had French rifles captured in the 1870 war. He'd had time to fold his parachute and he was sitting on it. I knew only one thing in English; it was 'Hands up.'"

My stepfather's mouth was open, as it had been when I first walked into the flat that day. My mother stood just out of sight.

"We advanced, pointing our 1870 rifles," I went on, droning, just like the old prisoners of war. "We all now said, 'Hands up.' The prisoner just—" I made the gesture the American had

made, of chasing a fly away, and I realized I was drunk. "He didn't stand up. He had put everything he had on the ground—a revolver, a wad of German money, a handkerchief with a map of Germany, and some smaller things we couldn't identify at once. He had on civilian shoes with thick soles. He very slowly undid his watch and handed it over, but we had no ruling about that, so we said no. He put the watch on the ground next to the revolver and the map. Then he slowly got up and strolled into the village, with his hands in his pockets. He was chewing gum. I saw he had kept his cigarettes, but I didn't know the rule about that, either. We kept our guns trained on him. The schoolmaster ran out of my grandmother's guesthouse—everyone ran to stare. He was excited and kept saying in English, 'How do you do? How do you do?' but then an officer came running, too, and he was screaming, 'Why are you interfering? You may ask only one thing: Is he English or American.' The teacher was glad to show off his English, and he asked, 'Are you English or American?' and the American seemed to move his tongue all round his mouth before he answered. He was the first foreigner any of us had ever seen, and they took him away from us. We never saw him again."

That seemed all there was to it, but Martin's mouth was still open. I tried to remember more. "There was hell because we had left the gun and the other things on the ground. By the time they got out to the field, someone had stolen the parachute—probably for the cloth. We were in trouble over that, and we never got credit for having taken a prisoner. I went back to the field alone later on. I wanted to cry, for some reason—because it was over. He was from an adventure story to me. The whole war was a Karl May adventure, when I was fourteen and run-

ning around in school holidays with a gun. I found some small things in the field that had been overlooked—pills for keeping awake, pills in transparent envelopes. I had never seen that before. One envelope was called 'motion sickness.' It was a crime to keep anything, but I kept it anyway. I still had it when the Americans captured me, and they took it away. I had kept it because it was from another world. I would look at it and wonder. I kept it because of 'The Last of the Mohicans,' because, because."

This was the longest story I had ever told in my life. I added, "My grandmother is dead now." My stepfather had finally shut his mouth. He looked at my mother as if to say that she had brought him a rival in the only domain that mattered—the right to talk everyone's ear off. My mother edged close to Willy Wehler and urged him to eat bread and cheese. She was still in the habit of wondering what the other person thought and how important he might be and how safe it was to speak. But Willy had not heard more than a sentence or two. That was plain from the way the expression on his face came slowly awake. He opened his eyes wide, as if to get sleep out of them, and—evidently imagining I had been talking about my life in France—said, "What were you paid as a prisoner?"

I had often wondered what the first question would be once I was home. Now I had it.

"Ha!" said my stepfather, giving the impression that he expected me to be caught out in a monstrous lie.

"One franc forty centimes a month for working here and there on a farm," I said. "But when I became a free worker with a druggist the official pay was three thousand francs a month, and that was what he gave me." I paused. "And of course I was fed and housed and had no laundry bills."

"Did you have bedsheets?" said my mother.

"With the druggist's family, always. I had one sheet folded in half. It was just right for a small cot."

"Was it the same sheet as the kind the family had?" she said, in the hesitant way that was part of her person now.

"They didn't buy sheets especially for me," I said. "I was treated fairly by the druggist, but not by the administration."

"Ah ha," said the two older men, almost together.

"The administration refused to pay my fare home," I said, looking down into my glass the way I had seen the men

in prison camp stare at a fixed point when they were recounting a grievance.

"A prisoner of war has the right to be repatriated at administration expense. The administration would not pay my fare because I had stayed too long in France—but that was their mistake. I bought a ticket as far as Paris on the pay I had saved. The druggist sold me some old shoes and trousers and a jacket of his. My own things were in rags. In Paris I went to the Y.M.C.A. The Y.M.C.A. was supposed to be in charge of prisoners' rights. The man wouldn't listen to me. If I had been left behind, then I was not a prisoner, he said; I was a tourist. It was his duty to help me. Instead of that, he informed the police." For the first time my voice took on the coloration of resentment. I knew that this complaint about a niggling matter of train fare made my whole adventure seem small, but I had become an old soldier. I remembered the police commissioner, with his thin lips and dirty nails, who said, "You should have been repatriated years ago, when you were sixteen."

"It was a mistake," I told him.

"Your papers are full of strange mistakes," he said, bending over them. "There, one capital error. An omission, a grave omission. What is your mother's maiden name?"

"Wickler," I said.

I watched him writing "W-i-e-c-k-l-a-i-r," slowly, with the tip of his tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth as he wrote. "You have been here for something like five years with an incomplete dossier. And what about this? Who crossed it out?"

"I did. My father was not a pastry cook."

"You could be fined or even jailed for this," he said.

"My father was not a pastry cook," I said. "He had tuberculosis. He was not allowed to handle food."

Willy Wehler did not say what he thought of my story. Perhaps not having any opinion about injustice, even the least important, had become a habit of his, like my mother's of speaking through her fingers. He was on the right step of that staircase I've spoken of. Even the name he had given his

daughter was a sign of his sensitivity to the times. Nobody wanted to hear the pagan, Old Germanic names anymore—Sigrun and Brunhilde and Sieglinde. Willy had felt the change. He would have called any daughter something neutral and pretty—Gisela, Marianne, Elisabeth—any time after the battle of Stalingrad. All Willy ever had to do was sniff the air.

He pushed back his chair (in later years he would be able to push a table away with his stomach) and got to his feet. He had to tip his head to look up into my eyes. He said he wanted to give me advice that would be useful to me as a latehomecomer. His advice was to forget. "Forget everything," he said. "Forget, forget. That was what I said to my good neighbor Herr Silber when I bought his wife's topaz brooch and earrings before he emigrated to Palestine. I said, 'Dear Herr Silber, look forward, never back, and forget, forget, forget.'"

The child in Willy's arms was in the deepest of sleeps. Martin Toeppler followed his friend to the door, they whispered together; then the door closed behind both men.

"They have gone to have a glass of something at Herr Wehler's," said my mother. I saw now that she was crying quietly. She dried her eyes on her apron and began clearing the table of the homecoming feast. "Willy Wehler has been kind to us," she said. "Don't repeat that thing."

"About forgetting?"

"No, about the topaz brooch. It was a crime to buy anything from Jews."

"It doesn't matter now."

She lowered the tray she held and looked pensively out at the wrecked houses across the street. "If only people knew beforehand what was allowed," she said.

"My father is probably a hero now," I said.

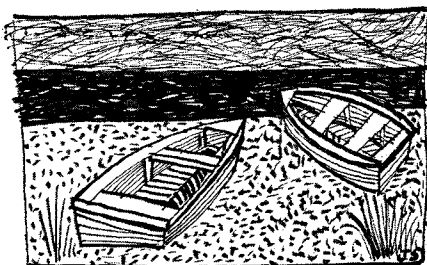
"Oh, Thomas, don't travel too fast. We haven't seen the last of the changes. Yes, a hero. But too late for me. I've suffered too much."

"What does Martin think that he died of?"

"A working accident. He can understand that."

"You could have said consumption. He did have it." She shook her head. Probably she had not wanted Martin to imagine he could ever be saddled with two sickly stepsons. "Where do you and Martin sleep?"

"In the room next to the bathroom. Didn't you see it? You'll be comfortable here in the parlor. The couch pulls out. You can stay as long as you



like. This is your home. A home for you and Chris." She said this so stubbornly that I knew some argument must have taken place between her and Martin.

I intended this room to be my home. There was no question about it in my mind. I had not yet finished high school; I had been taken out for anti-aircraft duty, then sent to the front. The role of adolescents in uniform had been to try to prevent the civilian population from surrendering. We were expected to die in the ruins together. When the women ran pillowcases up flagpoles, we shinnied up to drag them down. We were prepared to hold the line with our 1870 rifles until we saw the American tanks. There had not been tanks in our Karl May adventure stories, and the Americans, finally, were not out of "The Last of the Mohicans." I told my mother that I had to go back to high school and then I would apply for a scholarship and take a degree in French. I would become a schoolmaster. French was all I had from my captivity; I might as well use it. I would earn money doing translations.

That cheered her up. She would not have to ask the ex-tram conductor too many favors. "Translations" and "scholarship" were an exalted form of language, to her. As a schoolmaster, I would have the most respectable job in the family, now that Uncle Gerhard was raising rabbits. "As long as it doesn't cost *him* too much," she said, as if she had to say it and yet was hoping I wouldn't hear.

It was not strictly true that all I had got out of my captivity was the ability to speak French. I had also learned to cook, iron, make beds, wait on table, wash floors, polish furniture, plant a vegetable garden, paint shutters. I wanted to help my mother in the kitchen now, but that shocked her. "Rest," she said, but I did not know what "rest" meant. "P've never seen a man *rest* a glass," she said, in apology. I wanted to tell her that while the roads and bridges of France were still waiting for someone to rebuild them I had been taught how to make a tomato salad by the druggist's wife; but I could not guess what the word "France" conveyed to her imagination. I began walking about the apartment. I looked in on a store cupboard, a water closet smelling of carbolic, the bathroom again, then a room containing a high bed, a brown wardrobe, and a table covered with newspapers bearing half a dozen of the flowerless spiky dull green plants my mother had always tended with so much devotion. I shut



"Damn it, Eva! This balcony isn't big enough for you, me, the plants, and the Sunday 'Times'!"

the door as if on a dark past, and I said to myself, "I am free. This is the beginning of life. It is also the start of the good half of a rotten century. Everything ugly and corrupt and vicious is behind us." My thoughts were not exactly in those words, but something like them. I said to myself, "This apartment has a musty smell, an old and dirty smell that sinks into clothes. After a time I shall probably smell like the dark parlor. The smell must be in the cushions, in the bed that

pulls out, in the lace curtains. It is a smell that creeps into nightclothes. The blankets will be permeated." I thought, I shall get used to the smell, and the smell of burning in the stone outside. The view of ruins will be my view. Every day on my way home from school I shall walk over Elke. I shall get used to the wood staircase, the bellpull, the polished nameplate, the white enamel fuses in the hall—my mother had said, "When you want light in the parlor you give the

center fuse in the lower row a half turn." I looked at a framed drawing of cartoon people with puffy hair. A strong wind had blown their umbrella inside out. They would be part of my view, like the ruins. I took in the ancient gas bracket in the kitchen and the stone sink. My mother, washing glasses without soap, smiled at me, forgetting to hide her teeth. I reexamined the tiled stove in the parlor, the wood and the black briquettes that would be next to my head at night, and the glass-fronted cabinet full of the china ornaments God had selected to survive the Berlin air raids. These would be removed to make way for my books. For Martin Toeppler need not imagine he could count on my pride, or that I would prefer to starve rather than take his charity, or that I was too arrogant to sleep on his dusty sofa. I would wear out his soap, borrow his shirts, spread his butter on my bread. I would hang on Martin like an octopus. He had a dependent now—a ravenous, egocentric, latehomecoming high-school adolescent of twenty-one. The old men owed this much to me—the old men in my prison camp who would have sold mother and father for an extra ounce

of soup, who had already sold their children for it; the old men who had fouled my idea of women; the old men in the bunkers who had let the girls defend them in Berlin; the old men who had dared to survive.

The bed that pulled out was sure to be all lumps. I had slept on worse. Would it be wide enough for Chris, too?

People in the habit of asking themselves silent useless questions look for answers in mirrors. My hair was blond again now that it had dried. I looked less like my idea of my father. I tried to see the reflection of the man who had gone out in the middle of the night and who never came back. You don't go out alone to tear down election posters in a village where nobody thinks as you do—not unless you *want* to be stabbed in the back. So the family had said.

"You were well out of it," I said to the shadow that floated on the glass panel of the china cabinet, though it would not be my father's again unless I could catch it unaware.

I said to myself, "It is quieter than France. They keep their radios low."

In captivity I had never suffered a pain except for the cramps of hunger

the first years, which had been replaced by a scratching, morbid anxiety, and the pain of homesickness, which takes you in the stomach and the throat. Now I felt the first of the real pains that were to follow me like little dogs for the rest of my life, perhaps: the first compressed my knee, the second tangled the nerves at the back of my neck. I discovered that my eyes were sensitive and that it hurt to blink.

This was the hour when, in Brittany, I would begin peeling the potatoes for dinner. I had seen food my mother had never heard of—oysters, and artichokes. My mother had never seen a harbor or a sea.

My American prisoner had left his immediate life spread on an alien meadow—his parachute, his revolver, his German money. He had strolled into captivity with his hands in his pockets.

"I know what you are thinking," said my mother, who was standing behind me. "I know that you are judging me. If you could guess what my life has been—the whole story, not only the last few years—you wouldn't be hard on me."

I turned too slowly to meet her eyes. It was not what I had been thinking. I had forgotten about her, in that sense.

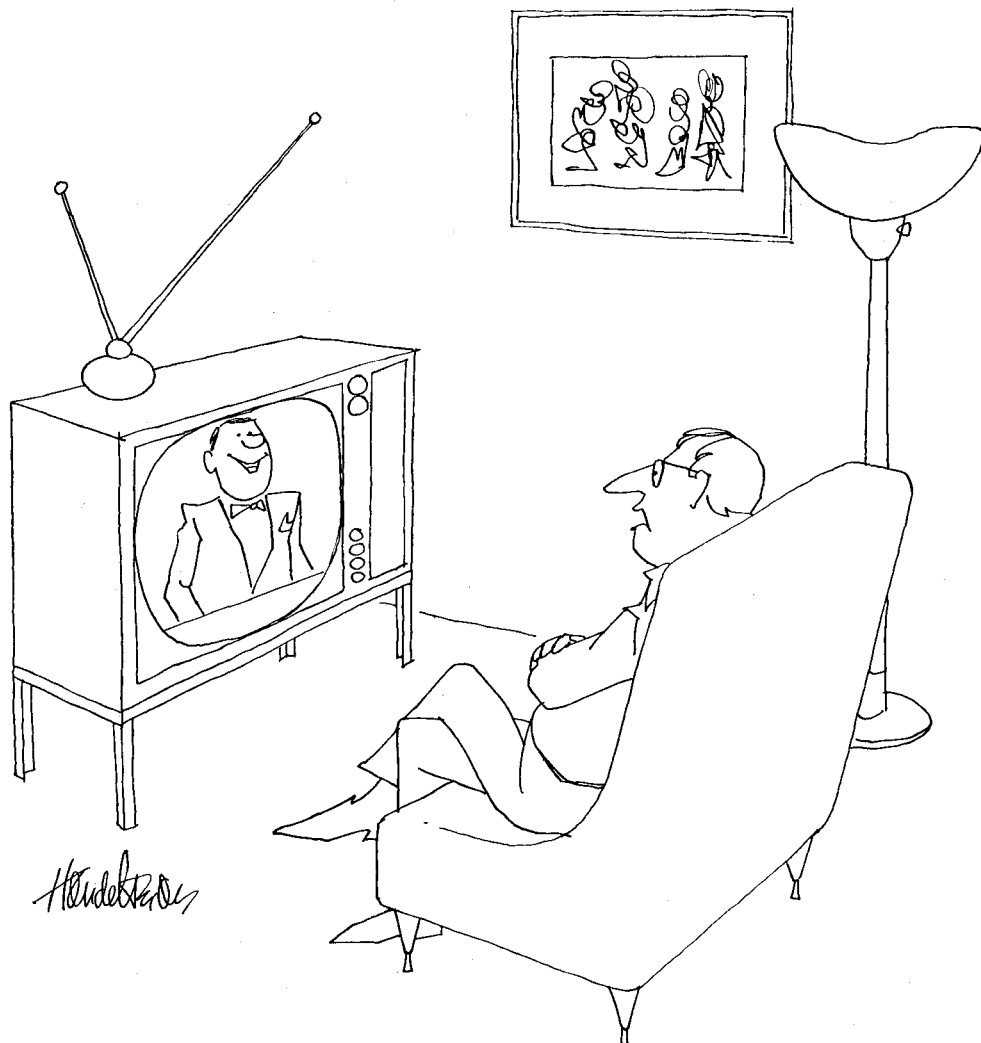
"No, no, nothing like that," I said. I still did not touch her. What I had been moving along to in my mind was: Why am I in this place? Who sent me here? Is it a form of justice or injustice? How long does it last?

"Now we can wait together for Chris," she said. She seemed young and happy all at once. "Look, Thomas. A new moon. Bow to it three times. Wait—you must have something silver in your hand." I saw that she was hurrying to finish with this piece of nonsense before Martin came back. She rummaged in the china cabinet and brought out a silver napkin ring—left behind by the vanished tenants, probably. The name on it was "Meta"—no one we knew. "Bow to the moon and hold it and make your wish," she said. "Quickly."

"You first."

She wished, I am sure, for my brother. As for me, I wished that I was a few hours younger, in the corridor of a packed train, clutching the top of the open window, my heart hammering as I strained to find the one beloved face.

—MAVIS GALLANT



"'Welcome back' yourself. I've been here the whole time."

What word or phrase immediately comes to mind when you hear the words Peoria, Illinois?—*Letter from a Peoria publicity man.*

Sarsaparilla.

PROFILES

THE CENTER OF THE NOTE

FIRST-RATE jazz trumpeters tend to be diminutive. Consider Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Roy Eldridge, Charlie Shavers, Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Ray Nance, Ruby Braff, and Miles Davis. The larger the lyrical soul, it would seem, the smaller its house. This is certainly true of Braff, a five-foot-five-inch featherweight who is the most intense, inventive, and eloquent trumpeter/cornettist we have. (This is not to displace Hackett, whom Braff admires enormously; Hackett's beauties are mathematical and reflective. He is a Pope, and Braff a Blake.) In addition to being wispy and highly poetical, Braff is also rather an anachronism. He came to the fore in the mid-fifties, as part of a tradition (Armstrong, Eldridge, Buck Clayton) that had been declared dead, or at least obsolescent. Young trumpet players were no longer idolizing Armstrong; instead, they followed the mercurial, multi-noted ways of Dizzy Gillespie and Fats Navarro. When Braff appeared, the fluent, florid, brilliant Clifford Brown, created largely by Navarro and killed at twenty-five in an automobile accident, was the new young champion trumpet player. Braff, by contrast, was a throwback, a return to an unfashionable way of playing that was devoted to melody, lyricism, and grace. But none of this matters anymore. Gillespie's academy grew old and gave way to the avant-garde of the sixties, while Braff, perfecting his anachronistic form and battling the whims of fashion and economics, has become a tradition unto himself.

One of the marvels of Braff's style is that it has never been overwhelmed by its mandarin tendencies. Braff is, in the best way, a rococo performer who uses a lot of notes, sagacious flourishes, and a scarlet tone. He favors the middle and lower registers; daring and frequent intervals; fast, short runs; mix-'em-up rhythmic tricks (legato/on the beat/double time/legato); and melody. His use of the lower register is possibly unique. He achieves an expansive cave of sound. ("I love the bass and the cello," he explains. "I love the low register of the clarinet. I love Harry Carney. I have a great need for those sounds. I change my embouchure when I move down there, and I move into another room, another world.") Braff is, as well, an extraordinarily precise horn player, whose exactness recently caused Alec Wilder to observe that "every note



Thomas B. Allen

Ruby Braff

he plays is the *center* of that note." Braff loves melody, and he plays it in a rare and affecting way that lies between embellishment and full-scale improvisation. He does not, in the manner of many improvisers, impose himself on the tunes he plays; rather, he heats them up until their colors and curves and textures gleam and shine. He points up their treasures, but he leaves them largely intact. He will start a slow ballad by playing the notes as they are written, but he will celebrate them by moving along just behind the beat in a now-examine-these-beautiful-notes slow motion. Then he will descend, suddenly and softly, into the lowest register, roam there almost inaudibly, and rise swiftly to the beginning of the second eight bars of the tune, which he will play on the beat but will alter by skipping certain notes and adding others, in the form of miniature calligraphic flourishes. He will be more adventurous in the bridge, and, raising his volume (as the years have gone by, he has taken to playing softer and softer, without setting aside his mastery of dynamics), move through several big intervals, duck downstairs again, and then start the final eight bars a beat or two late. He will restate the melody, again gently subtracting and adding notes, and go out with a final series of low-register tones, the last one termi-

nated by a soft, barely wavering vibrato.

The house that shelters these graceful sounds is oddly built. Braff's torso is compact, and he has substantial feet, small hands, and long arms. His head, with receding brownish hair, is round and assertive. He has a trumpet player's mouth, wide and rather flat, and he has heavy-lidded hazel eyes. These eyes move slowly, like lighthouse beacons, and they dominate his face. He has a surprising voice; a bowling ball in motion, it is heavy, deep, and sonorous. He is a cheerful man, and his frequent chuckle has a rusty, scraping sound. When he plays, he stands motionless, his legs slightly apart, his horn pointed just above the horizon. The only parts of him that move are his lips and his fingers. He keeps his eyes mostly closed, occasionally opening them halfway and rolling them back when he takes a breath and is ready to start a salutary phrase. He radiates the stone-stillness of absolute concentration.

BRAFF is obsessed by two things: he loves to talk and he loves to play. So he recently spent a perfect day, talking out the afternoon in a midtown luncheonette and playing out the evening in a recording studio on Christopher Street, where he rehearsed rigorously with the stunning new group he leads with the guitarist George Barnes.

Braff at the coffee shop: "Louis Armstrong's playing was a fat, warm, glowing thing. It gave me butterflies. When I got to know him, I knew I was dealing with a musical genius. He was deadly serious about music, and he had a fantastic degree of concentration and energy. Think of playing improvised music for fifty-five years! But there was no end to the amount of steam that he could turn up, even at the end. He told me once that when you play there are always two bands—the one you hire, and yourself. When the hired one is good, you turn them up mentally and dig them. But when they're not, you turn them off and *you* become the band. 'If you spend your life depending on other musicians,' he'd say, 'it's too bad for you.' Louis laughed a lot at life, like when he had that all-star group in the forties, with Sid Catlett and Jack Teagarden and Earl Hines and Barney Bigard, and he told me, 'Man, that band! Pretty soon I'm going to surprise them and let all those leaders go.' He was a very joyous host. He took

real pride in making you comfortable, even in his dressing room, with fifty people standing around. He had total recall, and he loved telling stories. He'd act out every part, and I'd always think, What a pity he'll never have the chance to do straight acting roles. There was no phase of the entertainment business he didn't understand, and I *know* he could have been a great hard-core actor. He also remembered every smell and taste and feeling he'd had. He once described how as a kid he'd seen this circus trumpeter with his uniform and shining buttons and shining trumpet, and how good it made him feel, and suddenly *you* felt the way *he* did when he saw that circus cat. He also carried every bit of music he'd ever heard in his head. He was intelligent and he was tough, in that he did what he felt he had to do in this world. Louis was no cream puff. And that sense of time he had! He even laughed in time and told his stories in time. When one of his sidemen was doing his feature onstage at a concert, he'd step into the wings and tell me a story, and the last word always came the split second before he was supposed to be back onstage to play. He could play four quarter notes a certain way, and you could stand beside him and play the same notes in the same way, but your time would not be as good as his.

"Louis knew that emotion without skill is no good, and I think I've finally reached the point where the two are working together. I never used to practice at all, but several years ago I became aware that there was something wrong with my embouchure. It was very rubbery, and I had to fake certain things, like getting quickly from upstairs to downstairs on my horn. I started going to Joe Shepley's house. He's a studio trumpeter, and studio musicians don't fail when they play. I watched him practice for hours, and got inspired and started taking lessons from another trumpeter, Bernie Privin. He got me going enough so that I can practice now from the exercise books. It's hard, heavy labor, those exercises. But I play better now than I ever have. I also studied a couple of years with Sanford Gold, the piano teacher. He showed me how to take chords apart, and he showed me I could write my own tunes. And Louis taught me another way of practicing. 'Make up a two-bar phrase or a four-bar phrase,' he'd say, 'and keep working at it until that two-bar phrase or four-bar phrase is a complete and perfect thing, a small jewel.' It sounds easy,

but it's unbelievably difficult. All this new knowledge gives me the freedom to excel, to use to the fullest what I have.

"A performer is a person who needs immediate communication and an immediate reward. Of course, you're naked when you perform. So you must always know how good or how bad you are. The only way to do that is to carry a yardstick in your head—a yardstick made up of a great Armstrong solo or of a good solo of your own—and measure yourself constantly against it. A jazz musician doesn't have time to wait around for inspiration. You create it yourself, and the way you do it is to recall something that made you happy and inspired before, like Louis's remembering that shining circus trumpeter. That way, you summon up feelings of warmth and joy. And you have to keep a backlog of music in your head; you have to constantly replenish your musical supply by listening to records or the radio. This is all part of the flow of excellence, which has to be checked every day. You have to put your aesthetic vitamins in the pot every morning and stir and pour.

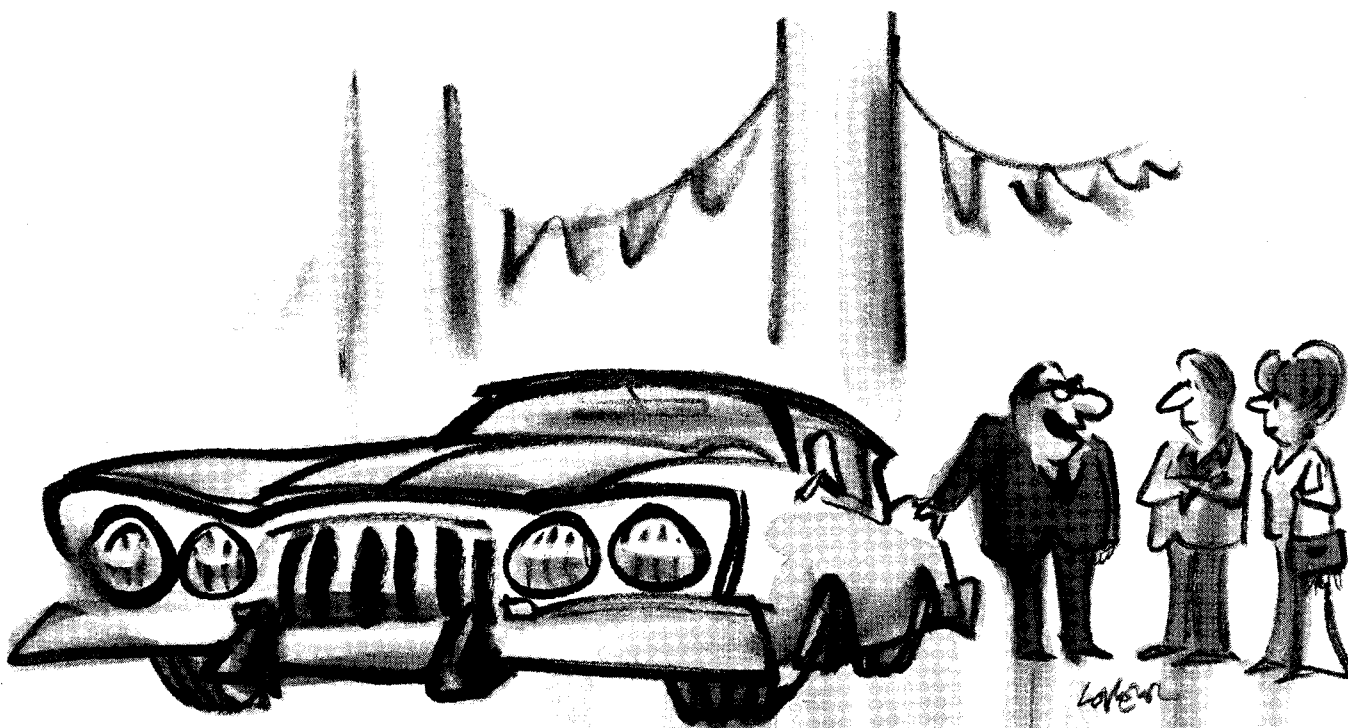
"Improvisation is adoration of the melody. It's imagination coupled with a strong sense of composition. The best improvisations I've heard came out of melodic thinking. When I play 'I Got Rhythm,' I play it because I love the melody, and I keep that melody singing along somewhere in my head. Changing its chords doesn't interest me. What does is trying to superimpose a new melody on the original, to build in layers, like Louis did. When I play one of his records, I'm mesmerized at first with what he put on top, with the *surface*. When I play it again, I hear the second layer, and then the third. Every time I play it, I hear something I didn't know was there before. But a great solo is also this: it surprises you each time you hear it, even though you know every note by heart.

"I feel very formal about music, and that includes the way you dress onstage and the way you talk into a microphone. I used to be a wise-ass on microphone, cracking bad jokes and such, but I know now I was trying to make it with the musicians because I was insecure. There's a star system, and it shouldn't be destroyed, like the young musicians are doing now. Fred Astaire is a star. But if he'd worked in sleazy places in disreputable clothes, his talent would have suffered, and he

wouldn't have star status. Ellington—I got goose bumps every time that man walked out on a stage. And Goodman—the epitome of professionalism and care and tone. It was never the artist's job to play ugly, to parade his ugly dreams in public. Everything is based on the understanding that you're an entertainer, and you can't be an entertainer until you play well enough to communicate with your audience. And it has to do with the American dream: if you're good enough, you'll make it because *somebody's* going to discover you. But if you destroy the star system, what is there to shoot for?"

BRAFF and George Barnes arrive at nine at the loft building where they will rehearse. Hank O'Neal, who has a day job and makes records for his own label, Chiaroscuro, at night, rents a couple of floors in the building, and they contain an apartment and three huge workrooms, one of them a recording studio. O'Neal is a tall, thin, gentle Southerner, and he greets Braff and Barnes warmly. The rest of the group—the guitarist Wayne Wright and the bassist John Giuffrida (subsequently replaced by Michael Moore)—are already there. And so are Alec Wilder and Charles Bourgeois, an altruist who divides his time between the Newport Jazz Festival organization and shepherding performers he admires. Both are great admirers of Braff. The studio has the usual jungle of cables and microphones, but there are also a sofa and comfortable chairs. A couple of thronelike chairs upholstered in leather are side by side in the center of the room, and Braff and Barnes head for them. Braff has a new cornet, and he shakes it and flexes its valves and turns it this way and that. "Every new horn needs a mouthpiece made for it, and not one from another horn," he says. He chuckles and lifts his eyebrows. "And what do you know—I ain't got one. So it's going to be a bitch getting used to this tonight." Wright and Giuffrida are stationed to the rear of Braff and Barnes. They are look-alikes in mod glasses and denims, and they smile whenever Braff or Barnes says anything. Bourgeois, who is not happy unless he is doing something for someone else, says that he is going out for coffee, and is told by Wright that lesser men have disappeared in the neighborhood on missions of the sort. Barnes gets up and walks around. He is the same height as Braff, but he is ovoid. He has a round head, a small, crinkly face, and short arms. He wears his pants high, and they carry him like a vessel. He lights a giant cigar and sits





"Let's not talk money—let's talk value."

down again, picks up his guitar, and rests his right foot on a brick he carries to every job. He and Braff glance at one another, Braff leans back in his chair and closes his eyes, and suddenly they are into a fast blues. The ensemble is largely in unison, and Braff and Barnes immediately melt into one voice. Braff solos first, and it is clear that he is already at the bottom of his well of concentration. Then Barnes solos. He has spent much of his career in studios, and he has a curious, singsong way of playing. His notes vibrate like Django Reinhardt's, and he has an extraordinary sense of dynamics. Some of his notes are soft, and some ring like a clarinet's upper register. The two men exchange four-bar breaks and wing through the closing ensemble. One second of silence, then Braff cackles and says, "You see what happens when you lay off three whole weeks. Man! Let's try something else." It is Braff's own "With Time to Love," and it has a handsome melody that sounds exactly like Braff himself. When he plays it, it is as if identical twins were talking in unison. He plays very softly, the notes squeezing themselves out of the horn, and there are several deep-register phrases. Barnes is even softer, and the room fills with gentle sounds: Braff's near-whispers, Barnes' almost invisible

notes, Wright's easy, quiet chords, and Giuffrida's mild, walking melodic line. The number ends with a sighing Barnes note, and he and Braff look at each other. "Hey!" Braff says. "That's togetherness!"

BRAFF takes a sip of coffee and lights a cigarette. It is three-thirty in the afternoon, and the coffee shop is almost empty. "I was born in 1927 in Roxbury, a district of Boston. There were four children—an older brother, who was killed in World War II; my oldest sister, who died a few years ago; and my next-oldest sister, who lives in Randolph, Mass. My parents were both thrown on boats and sent over here from Russia when they were young. It was the time of the pogroms, and Jews were being slaughtered. But imagine the guts of coming to this country and not knowing the language and going to work in a factory! My mother was somewhere in her teens, and she had a sister in Boston, where my parents met. My father was about the same age when he came over, I think, but he was already a carpenter and a cabinetmaker. He had a very inventive head. He once made a window where you pressed a button and it opened into the room so that you could wash it without hanging outside and

breaking your neck. And when the office-furniture outfit he was working for bought a new truck, before he'd drive it he parked it in an alley and took it entirely apart and then put it back together in order to find out exactly how it worked. My parents live in Brighton now, and I jump up to Boston every six months or so to see them. All their records in Russia are gone, but they estimate they're about ninety, or close to it. They still have things amazingly together—far more than most of the musicians I run into at Jim & Andy's bar, over on West Fifty-fifth. About fifteen years ago, my mother decided to learn English, so she could write to me. My father long ago picked up on English because he was out in the world, but my mother has always been at home. So she started studying the newspapers, and now she writes and I can understand her. Words come out funny. She'll say 'Good lucky' at the end of a letter, and when she really gets up against it she clips out the word she wants from the newspaper and pastes it on the page. It's a Yiddish household, and I still speak it fluently.

"I knew from the time I walked I wanted to play music. But there were many, many fights about it at home. My father's father had been a clarinetist, and most musicians, outside of

the symphony, were regarded as *klez-morim*, a Yiddish word for useless drifters. I wanted a tenor saxophone, and I screamed at them for years. Saxophones looked comfortable and shiny, and they had these pearly buttons. There was a strap you put on, and there was the business of choosing the right reed and wetting it and putting it into the mouthpiece. It was a sharp ritual. When I was seven, my sisters went to the Conn instrument company and looked at saxophones, but all they probably saw were baritones and such, which would have been ridiculous with my size. So they bought a trumpet. It looked silly, this puny thing with three valves and a little mouthpiece, and I felt terrible about it. But I took lessons from an old man who had been a circus trumpeter, and then he died. So I played along with the radio endlessly, and that way I learned all the tunes. I never practiced from the exercise books when my family was around, because it irritated them—particularly my father, when he came home from work. So I only played melodies they knew. To this day, I use a mute in my apartment, and I can't stand anyone hearing me practice. But maybe this secretiveness helped me get so many quiet tones on the instrument—that and the fact I would *still* like to sound like a saxo-

phone. The trumpet probably saved me. I felt literally imprisoned in school. I never listened to the teachers, and anyway three-quarters of them were not crazy about kids at all. So I continually got poor marks, and of course I'm sorry now. I can write music faster than I can read the papers. Recently, I've been picking up on Alec Wilder's book about American songs, but I have to stop every minute or two because of the big words he uses. When I finish a chapter, I make out an alphabetical list of the tough words and look them up and write down their meanings. Then I take the list and go back and read the chapter again.

"I didn't get into listening to jazz until I was fourteen or fifteen. I knew the Dorseys and Artie Shaw and Ziggy Elman and Glenn Miller, but I didn't know Louis Armstrong or Bix Beiderbecke. I started listening to the pool-hall hustlers down the street. They'd go to the Ray-Mor Ballroom, in Boston, all the time, and they were far better critics than the real ones. They'd say, 'Oh, man, I went to see Goodman last night and, you know, he had Harry James playing lead on "King Porter Stomp," and that's not right. And that tempo he chose for "Stompin' at the Savoy" was way off.' They were participating, they were

deep into it, they knew everything. I began going in people's houses who had collections of Basie and Billie Holiday and Ellington and Armstrong. One was Mayo Duca. He was a marvellous trumpet player and a fanatical Armstrong collector. I think he had every record Louis ever made. In fact, Louis would stay with him when he was working in Boston, and sit at a typewriter and write his letters and listen to his records. When you went to Mayo's house, he'd run from room to room drinking coffee and explaining every note on every record before he put it on, so it took all night to hear about three records.

"Around this time, I took some more lessons, from a cat named Bob Gordon, who came to the house every Saturday afternoon. He was a club-date trumpeter. The things he gave me I learned by ear when he thought I was reading them. I also started playing professionally at places like the Silver Dollar Bar—sometimes in the afternoon, sometimes in the evening, if I had the cab fare to get home. My parents weren't too happy about it; in fact, it wasn't until I was twenty-two that they finally gave in on my becoming a musician. In Boston, there were no steady gigs, unless you played badly. So I'd work here and there a couple of weeks at a time, and the first big-time date I had was at the Savoy, with Edmond Hall. Vic Dickenson was in the band, and Ken Kersey, and that beautiful, smiling cat Jimmy Crawford. This was the late forties. I'd already been down to New York and back a couple of times, but I wasn't ready yet, and those were lean times. On one New York trip, I stayed at the St. James Hotel, in midtown, and tried to get a day job, things were so bad. An agency sent me to a place where they made transformers. They put me in an apron, and I was supposed to wind wire around sharp nickel-plated things, and right away I cut my fingers to ribbons. By ten-twenty, I'd had it. The next day, the agency sent me to a sweatshop where they drilled holes in pieces of wood to put Christmas trees in, and I lasted until ten-twenty-five. 'You just weren't cut out for work,' the agency said. The only gig I had during this time was a one-nighter in Allentown, Pennsylvania, with Somebody and His Smiling Irishmen. We stood all the way on the bus, and when we got there the leader told us, 'Everybody in this orchestra smiles when I smile, and frowns when I frown, and that goes whether you have a horn in your mouth or not.' Man, I thought, what have you gotten yourself into? The gig was in a



"All right, I'm not very nice. Men are like that sometimes."



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ballroom, and during the first intermission I conned my pay of fifteen bucks from the guy on some pretext and ran outside and asked a cabbie what he'd charge to take me to New York. Fifteen dollars. I was back at the St. James in two hours.

"After the Savoy date in Boston, I worked with Sid Catlett at George Wein's first Storyville there, and it was Sid who brought me to New York for good. He was something—that great big man with those little balls of drums arranged so tightly around him. He'd say, 'I can swing seventeen men with one wire brush and a phone book,' and he was right. He always had a room with a family, and he'd ask me to come to these rent parties where he lived. Two or three bucks and all the whiskey and sandwiches you could handle. I finally found out that the parties were for him. He loved to gamble, and he always needed bread. Before we came to New York, he took me by his place one night and he showed me how to pack. He had two suitcases and all these camel-hair coats and twenty pairs of shoes and all, and he rolled everything into tight, perfect sausages. When we got to New York, he opened the suitcases and took everything out, and not a wrinkle! Fantastic! I've tried many times to pack that way, but my clothes come out like an unmade bed. Sid took me around town, introducing me to people, and when he played at Bob Maltz's Central Plaza, down on Sixth Street and Second Avenue, he made Maltz hire me. Then, in 1953, I got a break. I was invited to play at an arts festival at Brandeis University, and John Hammond heard me the first time. After I'd played 'Sleepy Time Down South,' he grabbed the mike and said, 'That's *marvellous!*' John and his way of talking all the time with words like 'marvellous' and 'wonderful' and 'great.' I've had telephone conversations with him that go like this:

"Hello, Ruby. This is John. How are you?"
"Well, I'm in bed with pneumonia and I feel awful."
"Wonderful, Ruby. Now, what I called about..."
"Just after Brandeis, John started making his Vanguard recordings with Buck Clayton and Edmond Hall and Mel Powell, and he used me. Those records got a lot of notice, and for the first time I was on the map. I also recorded with Ellis Larkins, just the two of us, and John took it to Richard

Rodgers, who was putting together 'Pipe Dream' for Broadway, and I was hired. It wasn't a speaking part. I was supposed to be an idiot wetback, but I did play a couple of times during the show. 'Pipe Dream' was based on John Steinbeck's 'Sweet Thursday,' and he was at most of the rehearsals. He even got to be my coffee runner. He also told me all these wild stories. Or lies. Which I guess is a writer's right. It's hard to believe that I talked with Richard Rodgers every day and watched him work. If they needed sixteen bars, he'd sit at the piano and write out those sixteen bars just like that, note for note. Then Oscar Hammerstein would fit the words to the music right away. How pleasurable it must have been for those two to work together!



After 'Pipe Dream,' which lasted eight months, I worked and recorded with Benny Goodman. People say Benny is a strange cat, and I guess he is, but I got along with him. We were rehearsing at Nola Sound Studios, and they had unhinged a big door to move an organ or something, and the door fell over on me and cut my lip so badly the doctor Benny sent me to said I'd never play again. I lost all feeling in my lips for six months, but Benny made me play with him every weekend at Basin Street East in that little band he had with Urbie Green and Paul Quinichette. It was terrible, but it probably rescued my career."

AT the recording studio, the quartet moves into a medium-tempo version of "Looking at You," and it is notable for the four-bar exchanges at the end, when Barnes mimics Braff's passages so well he makes Braff laugh. Alec Wilder, hunched forward with his chin in his hands and his eyes closed, listens intently as the four men play. He smiles at every felicitous phrase, and rears back during the four-bar exchanges and roars and slaps his knee. A fast "Liza" follows, and then a lullaby reading of the Beatles' "Here, There, and Everywhere." When it is over, Braff gets a glass of water and everybody stretches. He returns and worries his new horn again. "This horn is much lighter than my old one," he says. "But I've got to get used to it. My old one, I might as well have been playing a baritone, it was so heavy. You have to be young and stupid to play one like that." The group settles into a yearning version of Louis Armstrong's "No One Else but You," and

it recalls an equally eloquent rendition that Braff and Pee Wee Russell played one night at Newport. In the next number, there are several starts and stops. Wright is having trouble with a tricky two-bar fill phrase. He tries it three times, to no avail, but Braff chuckles and says, "Don't worry, Wayne. There are at least a dozen out-of-work guitarists up at Jim & Andy's this very minute." Wright maneuvers the phrase, they finish the number, and everyone takes a break. Wilder and Barnes confer, and Wilder declares he is going to write a suite for the group. Barnes is delighted. Braff sits down at the piano and plays a pretty tune. "Duke heard me play this once, and he wanted part of it," he says. "Hey, Ruby. You're going to lay that fine little tune on me, aren't you? Isn't that something? Duke Ellington wanting a song I wrote!"

THE coffee shop is filling up with the early-dinner, Salisbury-steak crowd. Braff orders his third cup of coffee. "This group was one of those great accidents," he says. "A couple of years back, when Bucky Pizzarelli and George Barnes had their duo at the Upstairs at the Downstairs, I sat in with them. George knocked me out. He had a way of phrasing with me almost as if we had the same timbre, as if we were the same instrument. I kept thinking about this phenomenon, and one morning not long ago I stopped at Jim & Andy's on the chance George would be there. It was three-thirty in the morning, but I knew he was an insomniac. By God, he was there, and we talked for a while, and I said, 'Let's consolidate forces,' and he said, 'Right!' At eleven the same morning we met at his house and played for hours and had a ball. We wanted a kind of Freddie Green-Walter Page guitar-and-bass combination behind us, and we got Wayne Wright and John Giuffrida, and we started rehearsing like crazy. We made our first public appearance at the Newport Festival last year, and every notice was good. We recorded what we'd played right after, and since then we've made a record with Tony Bennett, and a documentary film with him, and we've played the Rainbow Grill, and we're doing Newport again. I've spent all my life knocking on doors, but now they're knocking on ours. So it's the right combination of souls.

"For eighteen or nineteen years, I've lived up in Riverdale. Before that, I lived in Pee Wee Russell's building, down on King Street. You'd think

my joint in Riverdale was an insane asylum to see it. I never thought it would be permanent, so I've never really furnished it. I thought I'd wait until I had an apartment in New York and one in London and one in Paris and maids and chauffeurs and then buy some decent furniture. I cook everything in a frying pan, and I cook and eat and wash up in twenty minutes. I don't think food should be too important. When I was on tour in Europe with George Wein, we'd go to a fancy restaurant in Paris and spend about three hours, and then George would say he knew another place that had fantastic desserts, and we'd go there for another hour, and then somewhere else for coffee. It sent me up the wall. I've come close to getting married a couple of times, but I married music a long time ago, and a wife would have to understand that. Anyway, there's only room for one nut in a household, and I have first claim on that.

"I don't feel right if I'm not playing, but there have been times when I haven't had a gig in six months. What I'd do, if I couldn't call a session, was go through an entire concert in my mind—an invented concert, note for note, right down to the lights and the applause. If it went well, I'd sometimes make actual notes about it: that's something to remember, something to use. But how to keep your spirits up when you're not working is another kind of discipline. One thing, I stay away from the negatives; people like that can bring you down and tear you apart. Another is getting a one-night gig. It can wipe out months of difficulty. Otherwise, it's just get through the week and then everything will be cool. But you can't abuse your music at such times by going and making a rock-and-roll record or something. If you do, your music will somewhere along the line get up and punch you in the nose. But I'm an optimist. I've always felt that things would be all right, that I'd be rewarded. I know I'm good and I know I'm unique in what I do. If I had to go out and hire someone just like me, it would be impossible, because he doesn't exist."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

UNION, N.J. (AP)—Frank Occhiuzze, a retired barber, has trimmed a hedge in his yard in the shape of a life-size elephant over a period of 10 years.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Great Ray

"CHARULATA," Satyajit Ray's most nearly flawless film apart from his great Apu trilogy, is a flowing, opulent tale that seems to be lit from the inside like a velvet-lined carriage with a lantern in it rocked by a hot monsoon wind. The film carries an exquisite period flavor of the eighteenth-seventies in Bengal. We are in a sunny garden with a swing on long ropes and statues of fat little cupids; a house with a birdcage shaken frantically by a sudden storm, and curlicue bannisters, and embroidered rugs; a Chekhovian atmosphere in which men lie on cushions eating sweetmeats and talking of Bentham and Mill. The inwardly fretful women play cards, embroider handkerchiefs and slippers for their husbands, use the swing while they hum pretty complaints that have an atmosphere of rounds, take down the birdcage during the storm, and accept that changing the world is not for them. Working at

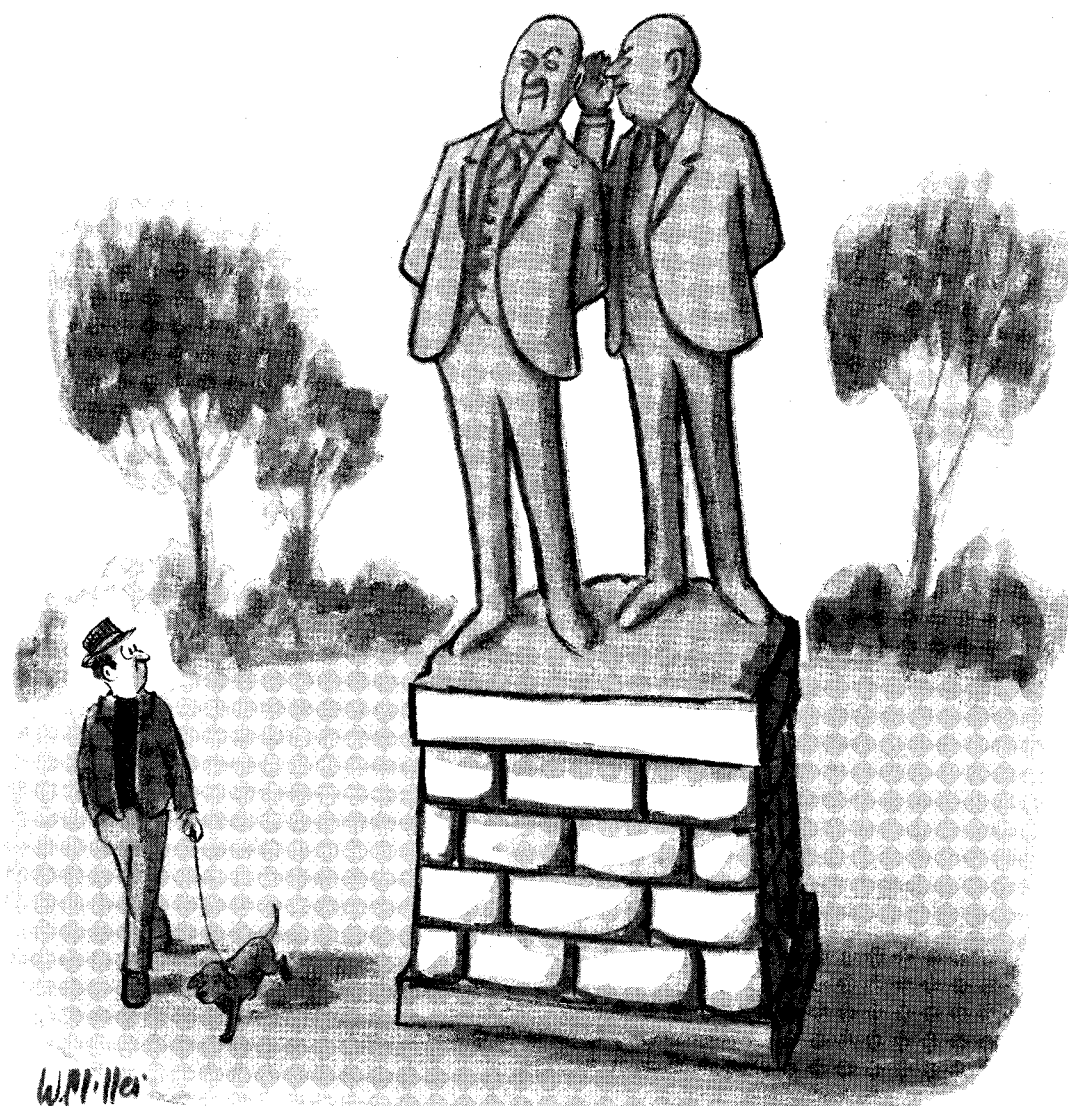
something private, like writing, is considered feminine and permissible, but publication is a masculine preserve, which *Charulata* barges into head on.

Charulata is the heroine of the film, which was made from a Rabin-dranath Tagore story. Though it was shown at the New York Film Festival in 1965, it didn't have a public run in New York until the one that has just started at the First Avenue Screening Room after the picture was dug out of a vault in Chicago. The character is played by a docile beauty called Madhabi Mukherjee. Her husband, Bhupati (played by Sailen Mukherjee; Mukherjee is a common name in Bengal, where Ray makes his films), is a bearded intellectual who runs an anti-British radical newspaper called the *Sentinel*. (Again, shades of the upper-class radicals of czarist Russia, this time of the seventies and of Dostoevski.) To keep his bored wife amused,

he sends for his young cousin Amal (Soumitra Chatterjee), who encourages her to write. Amal is suspected by Bhupati of spiritual and social laziness in his easy acceptance of things as they are and of British rule as it seems it will always be. He wears a mustache. To an intellectual like Bhupati, he has the complacency of a sugar-fed artist as he sits around in his striped dhoti orating about aesthetics in a plangent voice, as if he were addressing a dying sun. Amal's interest in the arts enraptures *Charulata*. A powerful sexual bond grows between them, though it is never acknowledged openly, except in a freeze frame of their hands reaching out to one another at the end of the film. The story holds a peculiarly Hindu mixture of sensibility and harshness. Indeed, everything in it contains its own contradiction, like the god Siva, who stands for both destruction and regeneration. *Charulata*, who seems all shy acquiescence, actually has a backbone of steel that enables her to decline to emulate the apparent sweet yieldingness of the young Queen Victoria, of whom

cameo daguerreotypes hang on the walls of the house as if they were icons of womanhood. Like Victoria, she turns out to have a startling will, although she belittles herself and says that she is incapable of originality because she doesn't know a lot. Ray shows *Charulata* symbolically obeying her age's code of femininity by looking at the street through binoculars. From afar, through the lens of the onlooker, she sees a poor man sheltered by a black umbrella in the style borrowed from the clerkly fashion of the Raj, as it is even today, when men in dhotis and bare feet carry the same kind of umbrella. In "*Charulata*," poverty is seen at a distance from this house of brocade wallpaper and lushness and a piano out of tune because of the damp heat.

The domestic scenes in the film are lit with life and affection, but *Charulata*'s calm pleasure in her gift for writing is suddenly darkened when she is told, quite casually, that Amal was sent for to teach her: to bring her out, to release her in a way that would be publicly unseen, to quieten her pinings, to quell her loneliness while her husband edited papers about liberty and prob-



ably even about feminism, though the Lord help us from letting it get into the home. Cockroaches, yes; damp, yes; conversations about rebellion, yes; yelling at a servant to bring tea, yes; giving care to a wife whose fidelity is taken for granted, yes; encouraging women's talents in the home—letting them embroider, scribble, read expensive books curling with the damp—yes; but equality for servants and masters, no; expressiveness for women, no.

What has been lyric becomes an unspoken tragedy when Amal is pressed to accept an offer of marriage to the youngest daughter of a lawyer. The marriage bears with it the chance of a trip to England. To the land of Shakespeare! Of Gladstone! The theoretically loathsome ruler is a country that actually commands the respect and yearning of the educated upper classes. Breeding and convention win Amal over. To love a married woman like Charulata would be impossible. She and Amal never show their passion for each other. It stays underground forever. The rules don't permit anything else. England calls. Ambition. Duty. Goodness to his busy liberal cousin, who may know everything or nothing. A tenderness for Charulata representing one of the many testing buried objects in Indian thought and behavior: maybe a mine, or maybe only a harmless hillock of grass burned by the sun. Passion is enclosed in "Charulata," as it always is in Ray's films—in "Devi," of 1960, for instance, in which a seventeen-year-old girl, idolized by her devout and sweetly dotty father-in-law, one day finds that he has secretly come to think that she is a reincarnation of the goddess Kali. He throws himself at her feet, and her toes suddenly curl up in fear like a bird's claws. Sadly inclining to his will, she tries to convince herself she can heal the sick, and once brings it off, with her adored nephew; but then he dies in spite of her, and she goes mad. Charulata has more genuine restraint, perhaps because she was born a century earlier. The film leaves one with a sense of great things unfulfilled but never of mania. Like Ray's "The Music Room," which has tones of "The Cherry Orchard," it has a style that is songlike, beautiful, sometimes turning into an abrupt and comic rudeness that again seems very Russian. Grape-lipped men lapse into English as Chekhovians dreaming of revolution lapse into French.

"Charulata" is gentle to loneliness in the well-off, it is beautifully written, and sometimes it is very funny. The

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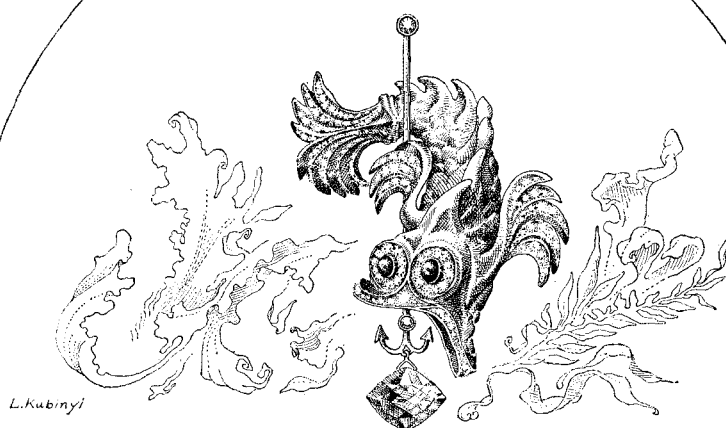
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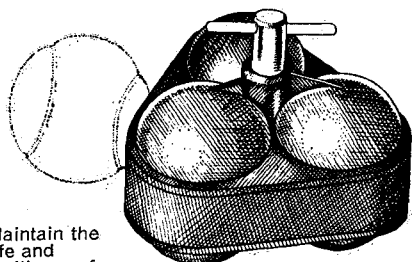


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music was written by Ray himself. Along with everything else, the picture is a fascinating fable about the bequest of Empire in India. Ray once spent a long time with Jean Renoir while Renoir was working on "The River." Against the gaudy background of the Indian film industry, there may well appear to be something Europeanized about Ray's humor and his low tones. To Europeans or Americans, though, his Forsterish irony seems deeply embedded in his style, and he obviously works from within in his sight of the Indian character. The film is triumphant in its comprehension of a period.

PETE, in "For Pete's Sake," is a polite and good-looking taxi-driver (Michael Sarrazin). The thing about him, considering that he is a taxi-driver, is that he listens to everything everyone says to him, and understands it. His wife is played by Barbra Streisand, as a girl called Henry, short for Henrietta. She doesn't sing here, apart from a song over the credits, but she executes, in her declamatory, star-quality way, a lot of funny early interludes and some more farfetched later ones. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously composed for Barbra Streisand's runaway talents. The gifts allow you to forget that Henry and her husband live in rather too classy an apartment for a taxi-driver who is supposed to be so short of loot that his wife secretly takes up prostitution, then drug dealing, then cattle rustling in wild attempts to salvage their mounting interest debt after she has somehow got him the money for a sizable investment in the pork-belly market. They had been dropped a tip that pork bellies were going to be big, especially in Moscow, because "Communists need food. Capitalists need profit." Good fortune appeared

to be looming, given the money for the investment. But there was never any hope of a loan from Pete's brother's wife, played by Estelle Parsons, a first-rate actress with the style of a fastidious Shelley Winters. She is asked here to get through an impossible part as a greedy bitch-wife named Helen, revelling in a black fur coat bought for her by her squelched-looking, bespectacled TV-salesman husband. His name is Fred (William Redfield), and he has the air of an accountant climbing his way cautiously up onto the bottom step of a ladder at fifty.

Henry is introduced to the life of

crime by a nice-looking little old lady named Mrs. Cherry (Molly Picon), a dodgy madam who has a tendency to wear teeny hats on the back of her head and something becoming in the way of scarves at the throat. Looking perpetually as if she were dressed for sacred service followed by chicken à la king with aging ladies whom she would certainly call "girls," she insists on a high standard of discipline in her prostitutes, of whom she expects good reports, as if they were at an expensive finishing school. If Henry crashingly fails with clients, causing one broken nose and one apparent heart attack in men who are genteelly chasing interludes of dressing up and fantasy, the new recruit at least scrubs her husband's back beautifully in the bath. With Pete she is seismically erotic. It is the clients who make her scream with fright.

But the dilemmas that ensue are a mixture of the farcical and the comic, and that is one of the aesthetic flaws in the bitty picture. Now and again, one feels as though one were watching a series of revue sketches. And sometimes they appear to be being played by the wrong person. A lot of the episodes call for someone more scared than Barbra Streisand can make herself seem. Her gifts are rude, brave, loudly demotic. When she has tried to sound posh in the past, she has lost three-quarters of her character and been forced to stammer to seem credible. The sweet smile she adopts when she is being composed can look assumed; think of the awkwardness of the start of "Funny Girl," when she is being gracious to the lower classes. It is when she is being dignified

that she is most strident. But when she is making fun of herself, or jousting with clothes that foil her by their elegance, or being yelled at, or, as in "For Pete's Sake," being patronized by super-market clerks, insurance ad-



justers, and a man in an agency that mendaciously offers loans ("Where never is heard a discouraging word" is the reverential message lettered over his head, like a motto embroidered on a sampler)—in these situations she has the courage and invention we call style. She can deliver a deflating line beautifully. When Helen insists on wearing the new fur coat in Henry's and Pete's house for dinner to drive home the fact that her husband gives her big-deal clothes, Henry agrees cheerfully that the coat is *furry*, and declines to be impressed. She even refuses to be down-trodden by her weekly maid, who leans

on the bell and announces, "It's me. The colored woman." The maid, before whose terrifying arrival Henry cleans up everything except the kitchen and the bathroom, employs the device of reverse bigotry, driving home her blackness at every opportunity and using it as an excuse to sit down for ages at work with a supply of cookies and a racing column. Any lesser woman than the one played by Barbra Streisand would have been flattened into shame in a week. Henry, however, fights back, in Streisand's best mitigated fish-wife mood, and then settles herself down at the telephone to get on with her dreadful job of earning commissions by selling sets of matching accessories for bathrooms. Peddling peachy-pink soap holders doesn't suit Henry. She is much more at home on a motor-bike and wearing a white crash helmet, as we see her at the beginning, or when she is telling the escaped cattle she has been hired to rustle that there's no point in their galloping off to Brooklyn ("You don't know Brooklyn. You'll get mugged").

For all that the movie is custom-made for the inimitable Barbra Streisand—whose love stories tend to topple because she has such overwhelming energy that she gives the romantic impression of courting and winning herself—and in spite of the stray funny lines, which she delivers like spurts from a soda-water bottle that has been shaken so hard that the contents burst out, this is a parochial film. The star's big-scale beauty and her mercurial pretense of gaucheness, which are at their best in the Hollywood Bowl and can't be best appreciated by anyone who has seen her only in films, don't quite rescue the picture from its town-pump nature. Barbra Streisand deserves not to have to depend on exploiting her droll mimicry of being a slob.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

Last year, students were denied the promise of a guest appearance by James Joyce and lectures on Vladimir Nabokov because Assoc. English Prof. Alfred Appel was busy with something besides teaching.—*Northwestern University Daily Northwestern*.

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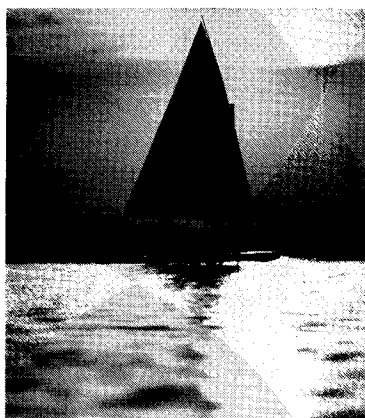
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AROUND CITY HALL

NUMBERS GAME

DURING last year's edition of the annual New York City budget crisis, Councilman Alvin Frankenberg, of Queens, reminded the other City Council members that it would be the last time they would "have the fun of cutting a Lindsay budget." In 1974, he predicted, "the powers that be will see to it that the mayor's budget will go through with hardly a murmur," since the mayor would then be one of their own. By budget time last year, Comptroller Abraham Beame had come in first in the Democratic primary for mayor in a city where the registration is four to one in the Party's favor, and although local politicians are more cautious about such things than they were before the two successive upsets by John Lindsay—the first in 1965, when Beame was his defeated Democratic opponent, and the second in 1969—most of them were treating the Comptroller's election as mayor as a sure thing. Like the large majority of councilmen, Beame had come up through the ranks of the local Democratic organization, having started out almost half a century ago as a block captain in Brooklyn's Crown Heights, and he proclaimed to a political gathering a few weeks ago his

pride in being "a product of the Brooklyn Democratic Party" that "critics call a machine"—a remark that would not, of course, have been made by his predecessor. As it happened, however, Frankenberg's prophecy was not entirely accurate. In the end, the new mayor's first expense budget was passed, late last month, without the Council's laying a hand on it, but the preliminaries could not be described as murmurous; indeed, up until almost the last minute the accompanying political vaudeville was as noisy as that in any recent budget season.

With his long-standing reputation as the shrewdest money man in town ("Abe Beame knows where the money's buried, and he won't tell us" was a cry that was often heard at City Hall during past budget crises), Beame probably never guessed that the mayoral project on which he would get his first real back talk would be the 1974-75 expense budget. (The city expense budget is funded largely through current taxes, while the capital, or construction, budget for the most part is funded by various forms of borrowing. The latter will inconvenience future generations more than it will the voters in the next election.) Beame likes to indicate that he

was able to close the gap between income and the new budget's projected expenses by taking drastic steps toward fiscal austerity (as opposed to Lindsay profligacy), including the firing of twenty-five hundred city employees not on the civil-service rolls, and he reacts like an angry terrier to any suggestion that his new budget, like that of most mayors, is a compilation of rollovers, rollbacks, accruals, lowered expense estimates, inflated revenue projections, and other examples of fiscal *trompe-l'oeil* which encourage the impression that budgets are largely fictional affairs. Nevertheless, Beame's critics have been making such unwelcome suggestions for some months. They have also been pointing out that in his new budget he moved six hundred million dollars from the expense budget to the capital budget and did an unusual amount of borrowing. The Citizens Budget Commission, a non-partisan civic group that keeps an eye on how the city's money is spent, has accused Beame of engaging in "one-shot gimmicks" and "financial gymnastics," and has noted that his widely publicized reduction of projected city expenses in fact amounted to only one and seven-tenths per cent of his original budget estimate and that ninety-five million dollars of the city's projected 1974-75 income actually represents the roll-ahead collection of a sum not due from the state until the following year, which will make the 1975-76 budget an even more perilous enterprise. The Budget Commission's criticism of the Mayor was particularly awkward, because some months earlier its awards committee had chosen him to receive the commission's annual Gold Medal for High Civic Service. Eventually, the commission announced that the award was intended to honor Beame for his *past* High Civic Service as city budget director and comptroller. The present comptroller, Harrison J. Goldin, a former securities analyst, who is also proud of his reputation as a money man (and who is believed to be interested in running for mayor), announced last month that Beame had overestimated sales-tax and Off-Track Betting revenues by twenty-eight million dollars and had underestimated city spending on items like welfare by fifty-nine million, leaving an unacknowledged deficit of eighty-seven million dollars—figures that the Mayor dismissed as "generalizations."

Undoubtedly, the critic Beame has found most irritating has been Councilman Matthew Troy, of Queens, who is Democratic county leader of Queens



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and is also chairman of the City Council's Finance Committee. In this latter capacity, he announced late this spring that he expected to be able to make substantial cuts in the Beame budget. ("The one I won't consider is to dissolve the City Council. That's going too far.") Cuts were especially urgent this year, as everyone knew, because by law the city budget must be balanced, and a miscalculation involving the mandatory redrawing of City Council district lines (a previous redrawing had been invalidated by the courts) has made it necessary for thirty-three of the city councilmen who were elected last year to run again in November. They would hardly relish campaigning on a record of having voted for the higher taxes that would be necessary if Beame's budget didn't come in at a lower figure. After each of half a dozen public hearings in May and June, Troy announced that he had found some new superfluous item that Beame had overlooked—four hundred unneeded city-owned cars, for example, or four hundred car telephones, or thirty-six hundred and fifty desk-bound patrolmen who, in Troy's opinion, could be replaced by civilians, who cost the city less. Early in June, Troy announced that in chopping out fat from the Beame budget he planned to drop his "fine scalpel" and replace it with a "meat axe." He added, "We don't care if there isn't any fat; we want sixty-two million dollars cut even if it comes from the meat."

On June 19th, the day before the legal deadline for the City Council and the Board of Estimate to act on the Mayor's budget, Troy and Council Majority Leader Thomas Cuite, who is from Beame's home borough of Brooklyn, met with the Mayor and some of his staff at Gracie Mansion for the last fight on the budget. Troy declared beforehand that he had come up with forty-five million dollars in suitable budget cuts and would demand that the Mayor himself cut the budget by seventeen and a half million dollars more—a move that would reduce the proposed increase in the real-estate tax and avoid the need to impose an auto-use tax on local automobile owners. The Queens county leader had already announced that the latter item would pass only "over my dead body—and I have a pretty big body." Now he predicted that if the Mayor did not comply, and the Council was then asked to vote for any of the so-called nuisance taxes (of which the auto-use tax was one), the Council would "rebel against the entire document;" that is,

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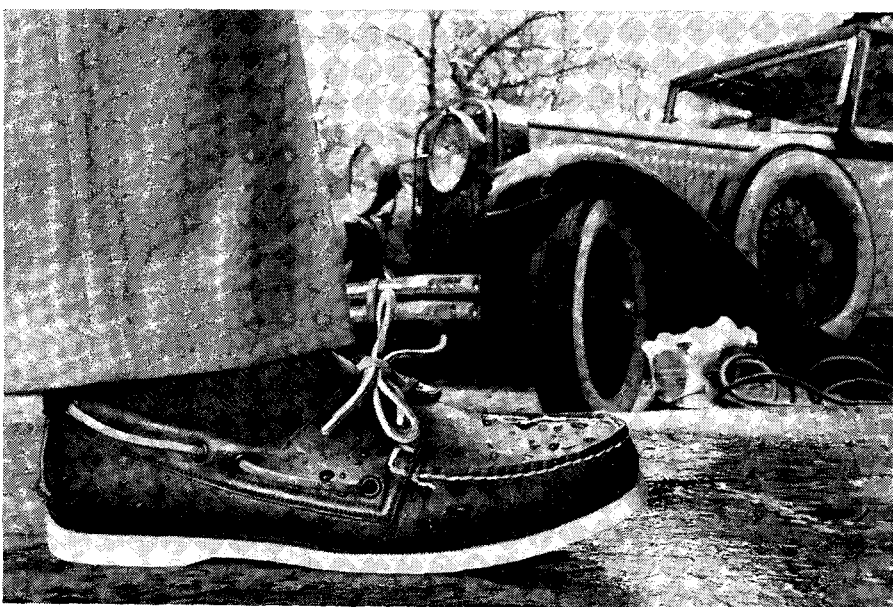
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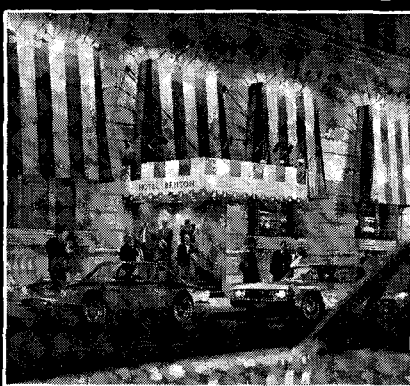


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presumably, would refuse to pass the taxes necessary to balance it—a trick that Troy had persuaded the councilmen to pull on Lindsay in 1972. The budget negotiators met twice more—on the evening of the nineteenth and the morning of the twentieth—but when Troy left the Mansion after the third meeting, his expression was grim and his face was very red. The Mayor, he explained later, had beaten him by simply declining to make any budget cuts whatever ("Not even a postage stamp!"). Majority Leader Cuite had then made it clear that this time there would be no Council rebellion. Indeed, it would soon become evident that someone's intention—perhaps that of the "powers that be" whom Councilman Frankenberg had referred to—was to make the Council's endorsement as close to unanimous as possible, so there would be no doubt who was the shrewd fiscal wizard at City Hall and who had won the budget fight. Charging into the City Hall press room, Troy, whom the *News* recently referred to as "the fastest jaw in East Queens," announced that under the circumstances he would probably resign as Finance Committee chairman. He had even written out his resignation, which he flashed to a reporter or two. No one took him seriously, however, for the chairmanship pays a tidy nine thousand dollars over a councilman's basic twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Troy then declared that, in any case, he would not preside over the Finance Committee's final meeting on the budget, scheduled for that morning.

As the councilmen gathered in their committee room, on the second floor of City Hall's east wing, at about eleven-thirty, some of them traded recollections of the great 1972 budget crisis. That year, Troy had been able not only to prevent the Mayor's budget from passing the Council but also to keep it from even reaching the Council floor. This had represented a spectacular defeat for Lindsay and also for Majority Leader Cuite, who had been helping Lindsay with his budget problems (and whose job Troy is generally believed to covet). The battle for the eighth vote necessary to move the budget out of the fifteen-man committee, and for the nineteenth vote to get it passed by what was then a thirty-seven-member Council, in case it ever did reach the floor, had gone on into the night. Since the law required that

the budget be passed by midnight, the clock in the Council chamber had been stopped at 11:55 P.M., and it had not been until seven-twenty-four the next evening, after Cuite had finally conceded defeat, that the Council clock had returned to Eastern Daylight Time. The outcome hadn't added up to the fat triumph Troy had counted on, however, because Comptroller Beame, as a member of the Board of Estimate, had meanwhile made an end run around everybody and, by certain fiscal feats involving further decreases in the estimates of city labor expenses and the shifting of a due date for a civil-service vacation payment, had devised a budget that didn't depend on any of the new city taxes that Troy was determined not to let the Council pass. For the next year, therefore, the city had technically operated not on a Lindsay budget but on a Beame budget—a circumstance that did not decrease the widespread conviction that, as one of Beame's opponents in the mayoral election complained last summer, "Abe knows where the money's buried, because he helped bury it." Republican Councilman Frank Biondolillo, a Staten Island dentist, reminded a reporter in the committee room where the councilmen were meeting, somewhat more sedately, on this year's budget, "If you'll recall, two years ago I was supposed to be the nineteenth vote." Biondolillo added that he looked forward to the day's events, since in his view it was high time for all legislative bodies to rise up against the tyranny of the executive. His contribution to this parliamentary revolution was to vote in the negative on virtually every proposal that came before the Council the rest of the day.

Instead of the downcast Troy, the Finance Committee's acting chairman was Councilman Edward Curry, of Staten Island.

(In 1972, the excitement of the budget crisis had been so intense that in the midst of it Curry had been carried out of City Hall on a stretcher with a suspected heart attack, from which he had fortunately recovered.) Curry announced that as a result of fruitful negotiations at Gracie Mansion the Council leaders, with the agreement of the Mayor, would offer certain budget amendments. The amendments could hardly be described as cuts. Responding to pressure from various quarters, the councilmen proposed to recommend additional appropriations totalling thirteen



million eight hundred thousand dollars, for such worthy purposes as aid to the handicapped, bilingual education, speech-therapy programs for nonpublic schools, mental-health projects, and the local version of the nation's Bicentennial Celebration—the last a move that had been urged upon them as their “patriotic duty” by a recent editorial in the *News*. Happily, the amount would not throw the budget out of balance, Curry reported. By one of those nice budgetary coincidences, the Mayor had discovered that by making certain adjustments—increasing the estimated income of the Parking Violations Bureau, and transferring the cost of certain city leases from the expense to the capital budget, among others—exactly thirteen million eight hundred thousand dollars in additional funds had become available. “Am I to understand that after all those high-level negotiations at Gracie Mansion and all those stories in the newspapers, the Council has made not a single cut in the Mayor’s budget?” demanded Angelo Arculeo, Brooklyn councilman and Republican minority leader. Curry responded by announcing that the Finance Committee would now adjourn for a couple of hours so that the news of the amendments could be properly digested.



MEANWHILE, on the second floor of City Hall’s west wing, the Board of Estimate, which shares the city’s legislative responsibilities with the Council, was holding its regular biweekly meeting, working its way through a calendar—that is, an agenda—of four hundred and sixty-seven items. Calendar No. 1 dealt with the conveyance of a parcel of lower-Manhattan land to the New York State Dormitory Authority, and Calendar No. 467 read, “In the matter of the adoption of the 1974-75 Executive Expense Budget. For consideration.” Although the president of the City Council, Paul O’Dwyer, had been on hand at the start, the members of the Board (an ex-officio body that consists of the mayor, the president of the City Council, the comptroller, and the five borough presidents) were represented during most of the session by deputies, since the principals were all elsewhere in the building trying to keep on top of budget developments. By early afternoon, the Board had luid over, returned for further information, announced as withdrawn, or passed without debate all the less complicated bills

on its calendar, and was beginning to hear items that had been put on “second call”—meaning that some members of the large crowd that filled the eighteenth-century-style pews in the room had signified their intention of speaking for or against them. (For good measure, the budget resolution had also been put on second call.) Nearly a hundred of those on hand were delegates from the Gowanus area of South Brooklyn, most of them middle-aged women in bright-colored pants suits. The few males in the group included the Republican candidate for the State Assembly from South Brooklyn. All of them wore large buttons or carried placards bearing such messages as “SAVE OUR SUPERMARKET” and “WE FAVOR A PATHMARK,” Pathmark being the local grocery chain. Their concern was Calendar No. 459, which proposed that the city buy a site along the Gowanus Canal to be designated as “a public place,” or park. Sponsors of this move included the state senator and the state assemblyman from the district, as well as its city councilman, Thomas Cuite. The Gowanus-area visitors, however, were determined (“Call us passionate, call us undying,” one of them put it later) that the site should instead be sold to a company that intended to use it for a Pathmark store. News of their stand had given the officials on the dais a severe start, since at virtually every Board of Estimate meeting within memory there had been at least one delegation of citizens waving signs (“LET OUR PEOPLE BREATHE!” and “GIVE OUR KIDS A BREAK!” and “VOTE GREEN!”) proclaiming their passionate and undying determination that some area scheduled for commercial development should instead be taken over by the city for a public park.

Shortly after noon, a large lunch-hour crowd gathered in the bright sunshine on the plaza in front of City Hall to watch a puppet show and a dance exhibition and listen to a lively jazz combo, all provided by the city’s Department of Cultural Affairs. Mayor Beame, resplendent in a pink shirt, appeared briefly to proclaim this the first in a series of more than twelve hundred summer-entertainment programs the department had scheduled for various areas of the city, to demonstrate that New York is a summer festival. “Shakespeare put it this way,” Beame announced to the crowd, consulting the paper in front of

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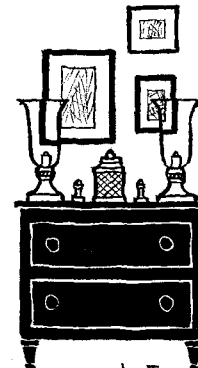
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him. "Summer's lease has all too short a date." He then moved briskly back up the City Hall steps, carrying a yellow chrysanthemum that one of the performers had thrust into his hand. Ignoring the formal entertainment, some workers on their lunch hour lay stretched out on the grass between City Hall and Broadway, or lazily tossed Frisbees back and forth under the tall trees west of the Mayor's office.

Inside City Hall, the activity was less desultory. Majority Leader Cuite and several borough presidents were moving about the corridors and in and out of the large first-floor room in the east wing where most of the councilmen have their desks, talking earnestly with one Council member or another and then hotfooting it across the central rotunda to the Mayor's quarters, in the west wing, to report on what rewards Council members felt it would be suitable to offer them or their districts in return for their votes on unwelcome taxes in this election year. "Out front it may be a summer festival, but over in the Mayor's office it's Christmas," Troy remarked glumly as he sat at his desk, receiving not the usual delegations of councilmen but photographers and members of television crews who wanted to show him slumped in defeat. "I hope Matty doesn't smile," one of them had remarked as he came in. "That would spoil the story." Matty did not smile. Out in the rotunda, a bearded young man named Stanley Friedman, who is the city's chief lobbyist in Albany and is also known as the man who watches things at City Hall for Patrick Cunningham, the Bronx County Democratic leader, observed that he thought he might stick around a little longer. "There are a few guys I've still got to keep an eye on," he said with a broad wink, implying that he might or might not be kidding. When some Brooklyn councilmen proved to be particularly recalcitrant, several of them were driven across the Brooklyn Bridge for a quick meeting with their (and Beame's) county leader, Meade Esposito, who told them—so one of them reported later—"Don't embarrass Abe. Vote for the budget."

Just after two-thirty, when the meeting of the Finance Committee reconvened, a young man sitting at the back of the room suddenly rushed forward, opened a black attaché case, and

spilled out into the middle of the budget caucus twenty-four mice, twenty-two of them white and two black. As he was dragged from the room, he thrust into the nearest hands copies of a press release announcing that the demonstration was intended as a commentary by the Gay Activists Alliance on the nature of the twenty-two Council members who had voted in the negative and the two who had abstained during a vote the previous month on a bill to forbid local discrimination in housing, employment, and public accommodations on the ground of "sexual orientation." As it happened, the afternoon event wasn't entirely irrelevant to the recent small war over the budget. The drive to beat the anti-discrimination bill in the Council had been engineered largely by Troy. The only other local Democratic county leaders who are regarded as having significant power, Esposito and Cunningham, had backed the bill—possibly influenced by estimates that there are as many as six hundred thousand homosexuals who vote in the city. (Troy may or may not be correct in his evident assumption that the homosexual vote is of little political consequence in suburban-style Queens.) Troy's demonstration of political muscle at some political embarrassment to the other county leaders probably made it inevitable that no one would now arrange any minor concession to make his defeat on the budget seem less ignominious.



le-Tan

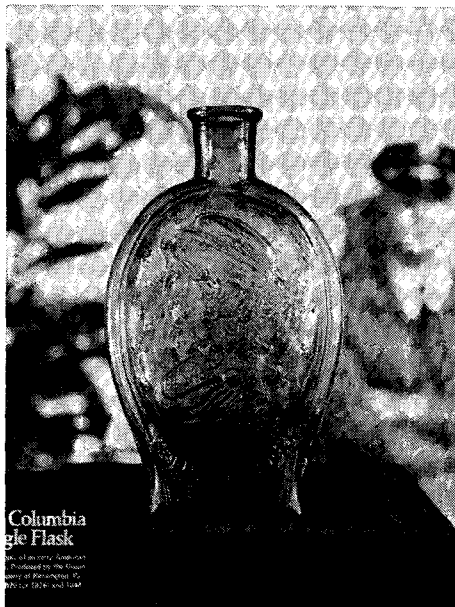
After the Gay Activists' mice—which seemed momentarily as stunned as the councilmen—were scooped up and carted out of the room in a wastebasket, the members of the Council spent the rest of the afternoon arguing over possible budget cuts and appropriations that everyone knew would not be made. From time to time,

Arculeo waved in the air the early edition of the *Post*, which, he pointed out, had been on the stands since late morning with the headline "BEAME WINS ON THE BUDGET." Why, demanded the Minority Leader, was the Council persisting in its "futile charade"? (No budget session is complete without several references to charades.) At one point, Councilman Michael DeMarco, of the Bronx, who is famous as the Council scrapper (two years ago he had a fistfight in the City Hall rotunda with Lindsay's Environmental Protection Administrator, Jerome Kretchmer), suggested that if Arculeo was so eager to cut city ex-

penses the Council could start by eliminating the car and chauffeur and the additional eight-thousand-dollar annual remuneration that Arculeo receives as minority leader, with a Council constituency of five, including himself. (Of the forty-three Council members, thirty-seven are Democrats, five are Republicans, and one is a Liberal.) Toward the end of the afternoon, Councilman Samuel Wright, of Brooklyn, one of the Council's four black members, suggested that the twenty-five hundred employees that Beame had announced he was cutting from the city payroll, at an annual saving of twelve million dollars, were mostly from the lower echelons of government, many of them members of minority groups, and that not much money would really be saved, since some of them might well turn up instead on the welfare lists. A member of the Mayor's Budget Department who was there explained that the city pays only twenty-five per cent of most welfare costs, so the firings were worthwhile after all. Troy put a number of proposed cuts forward in the form of amendments, but then announced that it was clear they would be snowed under, and withdrew them all. In the committee vote recommending the adoption of the budget, he voted with the majority; the single dissenter was Biondillo. At seven-fifteen, the Council members moved next door, into the main Council chamber, for the ritual vote on the budget by the full membership. "Everyone knows the Council specializes in non-events," said Edward Sadowsky, of Queens, the Council parliamentarian and house philosopher.

ON the other side of City Hall, the Board of Estimate had been in recess since 5 P.M. The recess had been called about half an hour after the Board dealt with Calendar No. 459, the Gowanus-park-versus-supermarket item. Having heard thirty-two speakers for and against, the Board announced that it was postponing its decision until the next meeting, two weeks later. Furious, the South Brooklyn visitors complained loudly that not a single actual Board member was on hand, including their own borough president, Sebastian Leone. They then set up a racket—clapping their hands, stamping their feet, and chanting "We want a supermarket"—that kept the Board from proceeding with the final half-dozen items on the agenda, including Calendar No. 467, the budget. Three years earlier, when members of the Progressive Labor Party had

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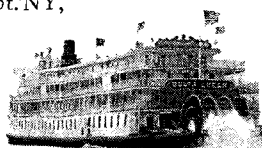
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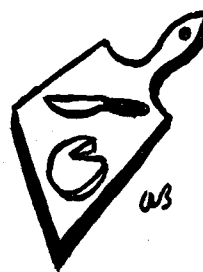


blocked Board action by similar methods, the man who was then president of the City Council—Sanford Garelik, a former Chief Inspector of the Police Department—gave a quick signal to City Hall police, who rushed in with their clubs and dragged the demonstrators off to the nearest station house. Today, however, Deputy Mayor Judah Gribetz simply announced that the Board would temporarily adjourn. Having learned that, according to law, the Board would have to return before midnight to vote on the budget, about thirty of the Brooklyn visitors remained in their seats through the evening. Anyone who looked in on them was shown clippings about the rising crime rate in local parks and assured, “Nobody wants a park. All kinds of people come to a park”—by which, they insisted, they did not mean members of minority groups especially. As the Council prepared to meet on the other side of City Hall, they were singing “God Bless America” to pass the time.

In the end, only five councilmen voted against the budget, and only one of these—Anthony Gaeta, of Staten Island—was a Democrat. The others, all Republicans, were Arculeo, Biondolillo, John Gangemi, of Brooklyn, and Jack Muratori, of Queens. Some councilmen made short speeches before they voted, complaining, in most cases, of the state and federal governments’ indifference to the city’s needs. Their tone was mild and rather dispirited, however. “They miss Lindsay something terrible,” one old City Hall hand at the back of the room commented. “There’s no one around to lambaste anymore. I think Matty Troy misses him most of all. Matty just got zapped because he forgot that now the name of the game is to make the Mayor look good instead of bad.”

Just after the Council had begun to vote on the taxes necessary to balance Beame’s budget, there was an explosion of sound from beyond the doors at the rear of the room. Around the open corridor that encircles the well of the double hanging staircase leading up from the rotunda to City Hall’s second floor—an area where the body of Abraham Lincoln lay in state for three days in April of 1865—the sitters-in from Gowanus were stamping in a circle, clapping rhythmically, and shouting “We want a Pathmark!” or “We want a supermarket!” or, sometimes, “We want Tom Cuite!” at the top of

their lungs. The double doors leading from the corridor into the City Council chamber had been hastily locked—a wise precaution, because for the next half hour, as the demonstrators, mostly women, continued to march, many of them stopped from time to time to rattle and bang at the doors of the Council chamber, trying to break them open. The demonstration by the embattled, placard-waving, grocery-worshipping crowd would have made a perfect tele-



vision event, but there had been a miscalculation. The TV crews had long since gathered up their equipment and departed. (“The philosophical question in local politics,” Jeff Greenfield, a former Lindsay speech writer, once remarked, “is whether, if a City Hall event doesn’t happen in time for the six-

o’clock news, it ever really happened at all.”) After twenty minutes, with only half a dozen impassive policemen for an audience, the demonstrators resumed their vigil in the Board of Estimate chamber. Later, some of them tried to sing “We Shall Overcome,” but, unfortunately, they didn’t know the tune.

By that time, the Council had voted the various taxes necessary to balance the budget, including an increase in the sales tax from seven cents on the dollar to eight cents, an increase in the real-estate-tax rate, and a fifteen-dollar annual use fee for all locally owned cars. The closest vote was on the automobile-use tax—thirty-two to eleven, with Troy among those in the negative. “Never underestimate the power of Abe Beame,” he said. The following day, when Beame’s helicopter made a forced landing in the water off Brooklyn, Troy said he wanted it known that he had had nothing to do with it.

THERE was one last formality. Shortly before 10 P.M., the members of the Board of Estimate finally reconvened. The borough presidents of Manhattan and the Bronx had sent their deputies, and so, prudently, had Leone, of Brooklyn. The borough presidents of Queens and Staten Island were on hand, however, as were Goldin, O’Dwyer, and the Mayor, who opened the meeting by calling the number of the budget resolution. Instantly, the Gowanus delegates were on their feet, shouting that they weren’t satisfied with having told their story to “political flunkies.”

There were a dozen extra policemen on hand now, ranged watchfully on

either side of the room. It may have occurred to some of them that if the protesters had been angry young blacks they would long since have been arrested. Beame said calmly that the Board would hear three more speakers. A man and two women then described in emotional voices the inherent dangers of parks and the inherent advantages of supermarkets. "All we want is our Pathmark," said the final speaker, her voice catching. "I want to compliment you all on your good citizenship," said the Mayor. He assured them that the Board would "consider the question thoroughly," and the Gowanus visitors filed out of the room. A vote was then taken on the budget. All the votes were in the affirmative—a result that the superficial observer might not have regarded as surprising, since all eight members of the Board are Democrats. Before Comptroller Goldin voted, he spoke again of his reservations about "one-time revenue sources" and "increased capitalization of expense items." After the vote, O'Dwyer made a short speech in which he deplored "the politics of the budget." He added, in a tone of wry admiration that brought no look of gratitude to the Mayor's face, that "only a truly revered fiscal expert could convince people that the way to balance a budget was to borrow five hundred and twenty million dollars." It had been a fine day for the Mayor, however, and he was not inclined to take offense. Of the budget process just ended, he said that in all his years of working on the budget "I don't recall such a fine spirit of cooperation and understanding." The 1974-75 city budget that was finally passed, at 10:25 P.M., came to eleven billion one hundred and three million eight hundred and three thousand four hundred and twenty-three dollars.

—ANDY LOGAN

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THE SPORTING SCENE

WINGED FOOT: THREE OPENS

In the nineteen-twenties, the quickest and most effective way for an American golf course to gain a national (and perhaps even an international) reputation was for it to be the scene of a United States Open Championship that was won by Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.—Bobby Jones. His great skill and his enormous personal appeal had made him one of the two most popular athletes in the country—Babe Ruth was the other—and since sports fans never seemed to tire of talking about his Open victories, the Jones magic rubbed off on the courses where he had won them. In 1929, he won the Open on the West Course of the Winged Foot Golf Club, in Mamaroneck, New York (it had been designed, along with the club's East Course, by Albert W. Tillinghast, and completed only six years earlier), and from that moment on Winged Foot enjoyed a special status, like the stages Edwin Booth trod and the beds George Washington slept in. In more recent years, the West Course has been the site of the 1940 United States Amateur Championship (won by Dick Chapman, a member of the club), the 1949 Walker Cup match, the 1959 U.S. Open, which Billy Casper won, and the 1974 U.S. Open, which Hale Irwin carried off so valiantly last month. As for the East Course, the United States Women's Open has been played on it twice—in 1957 and 1972. It is a

somewhat shorter and less rugged layout than the West, but many of the club members prefer it, because it offers a more attractive variety of holes. Incidentally, the standard of golf played at Winged Foot has always been remarkably high. In the nineteen-thirties and forties, there were so many scratch and 1- and 2-handicap players among its members that it was frequently said that a team composed solely of Winged Footers could have beaten the British Walker Cup team. They probably could have.

A further word about Jones's victory in the 1929 Open: The third of his four triumphs in the championship, it was certainly one of the most dramatic. Although there were days when Bobby's fluid, synchronized swing was so exquisitely grooved that he purred around a course like a mechanical man, the notion, which still persists, that he was always practically flawless is way off the mark. As a matter of fact, few golfers have experienced more drastic ups and downs, more enigmatic amalgams of beautiful and bathetic shotmaking, than Jones did from time to time. The 1929 Open offers an ideal example. On his opening round, Jones went two over par on the first hole and again on the third. Obviously, it wasn't his day. Thereupon he settled down and, with the help of an eagle on the fifth, reached the turn in 38. He started back 3, 3,

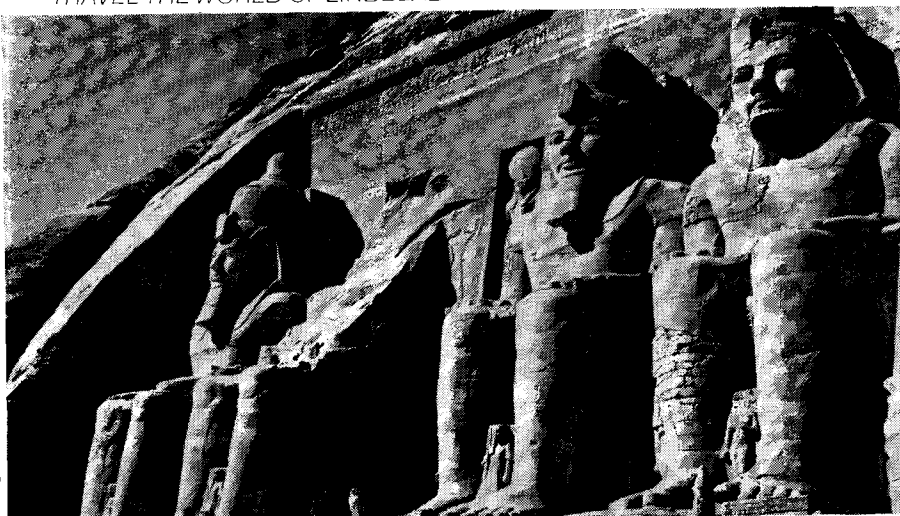
3, 3, 3 (par, birdie, eagle, par, birdie) and then finished 4, 4, 4, 4 (par, birdie, par, par) for a 31, a three-under-par 69, and the tournament lead. Obviously, it *had* been his day. Jones went on to add rounds of 75 and 71, which gave him a three-stroke lead on the field with eighteen holes to go. In the final round, on the eighth (or sixty-second) hole, a long par 4, he had a little trouble. Bunkered before the green in two, he exploded over the green into another bunker, then exploded back into the first bunker, and ended up with a 7. Despite this triple bogey, however, it seemed clear that the tournament was Jones's. Indeed, with four holes to go, he needed only pars in for a 76 and a margin of three shots over Al Espinosa, who had posted the lowest four-round total. Jones proceeded to throw away all three shots with a triple bogey on the fifteenth (or sixty-ninth); over the green in three, he fluffed a little niblick pitch smack into the small knoll he was trying to jump—Jones! On the seventieth—played as a par 5 in that Open—he threw away a chance for a birdie by taking three putts from twenty feet. Now he needed two pars to tie Espinosa. He got his par on the seventy-first without incident, but after a poor approach to the seventy-second he left himself a breaking left-to-right twelve-footer for his par. Reading the slope perfectly, he sent one of his famous "dying-ball" putts into the middle of the cup. With that courageous stroke, Jones earned a tie and a chance to redeem himself in a thirty-six-hole playoff the next day. He made the most of it, shooting a 72 and a 69, and overwhelming Espinosa by twenty-three shots. (When the twenty-fifth anniversary of Jones's victory was celebrated at Winged Foot, a hole was cut in the eighteenth green at the spot where it had been situated on the last day of the championship proper, and a number of Bobby's colleagues—among them Gene Sarazen, Tommy Armour, Craig Wood, and Johnny Farrell—followed by a slew of members and guests, attempted to sink the curving twelve-footer Jones had made to win his reprieve. It was fifteen minutes before anyone succeeded.)

Where Jones, from 1923 on, was always a heavy favorite to win our Open, Casper's victory in the championship in 1959 came as something of a surprise. It wasn't that he hadn't already proved himself an exceptionally



good golfer—indeed, he had been the second leading money-winner on the pro tour the previous season—but he had never made a serious thrust in the Open, and Winged Foot seemed the wrong sort of layout for a golfer like Casper, who flighted his irons on a low, buzzing parabola. The key to handling the West Course, the experts agreed, was accurate long-iron play, on which the ball, hit very high, fell as softly as a snowflake onto the smallish, pear-shaped greens. These greens are elevated well above the level of the fairways, as are the steep-sided bunkers tucked tight against the narrow openings to the greens. Winged Foot's West is the only championship course designed by Tillinghast which has this particular look. (Tillinghast ranks with Donald Ross as the finest golf architect of that period, his credits including such outstanding courses as Ridgewood, Somerset Hills, and the Upper and Lower Baltusrol layouts, in New Jersey; Five Farms, outside Baltimore; the Pittsburgh Field Club; Quaker Ridge, in Westchester; Brook Hollow, in Dallas; the Bethpage Black Course, on Long Island; and the San Francisco Golf Club.) The explanation for the elevated greens is that at Winged Foot Tillinghast was working with shaly land that presented certain subsoil problems, and he thought it imperative to get his greens well up in the air to insure that they would drain properly. As for those narrow entrances to the greens, the way his fairways joined his putting surfaces was a primary concern of Tillinghast's throughout his career. He once said, "I feel that I have never attempted a more important contribution to golf-course construction than this: the immaculate preparation of approaches to greens. In recent years, I have devoted almost the same attention to contouring these as to the putting greens themselves." We know this, and a lot more about Tillinghast than we ever knew before, thanks to a brilliantly researched article by Frank Hannigan, the assistant director of the United States Golf Association, which was published this spring in *The Golf Journal*. Hannigan was captivated by the fact that in 1974 three national championships and the Curtis Cup international match were scheduled to be held on Tillinghast courses but that no one in golf seemed to know anything much about the architect other than that he sported a carefully tended mustache with spiky ends and sometimes drank too much. Through Hannigan's digging, we know that Tillinghast was a thoroughly fascinating individual, who, among

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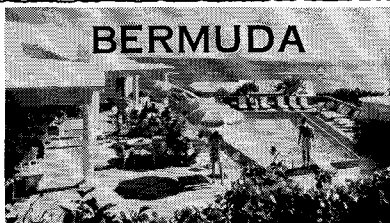
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other things, was the son of a prosperous rubber-goods manufacturer (who made everything from dolls to baptismal outfits for Baptist ministers); that he was a friend of both Tom Morris, Sr., the old Scottish pro, and Leon Trotsky, the old Russian pro; and that he died in 1942 after giving up golf architecture and turning his hand with equal success to running one of the poshest antique shops in Beverly Hills.

To get back to Casper and the 1959 Open, the prognosis of the savants proved to be correct in one sense. While Casper dealt passably well off the tees with the typically narrow-gauge Open fairways hemmed in by high, thick rough, his iron play was extremely erratic, and he hit comparatively few of the greens with his approach shots. He would never have been a

contender, let alone the eventual winner, if he had not bailed himself out of trouble time after time with inspired wedge recoveries from the bunkers and the rough, and with consistently superb putting. No one else has ever putted an Open course the way Casper did Winged Foot! Over the seventy-two holes, he needed only a hundred and fourteen putts: twenty-eight on the first round, a 71; thirty-one on the second, a 68; twenty-seven on the third, a 69; and twenty-eight on the fourth, a 74, on which he three-putted the tenth green—the only time he committed such an indiscretion during the championship. It would be wrong not to mention that Casper summoned a number of first-rate golf shots at critical moments, but it would be equally wrong to play down his unbelievable command of Winged Foot's undulating, tilted, hard-to-read greens. (For the 1959 Open, as well as for the recent Open, par was set at 70.)

Along with Casper's phenomenal holing-out, one other facet of that 1959 Open remains sharp and clear in my mind: Ben Hogan's majestic shotmaking at the start of the fourth round, at which point he was still very much in the hunt, trailing the leader, Casper, by only three shots. In those days, the format of the championship called for it to wind up with a double round of thirty-six holes on "Open Saturday," but in 1959 punishing rainstorms on Friday night continued well into Saturday morning and made it necessary to suspend play for a couple of hours. As a result, it was possible to get in only one round on Saturday, and the fourth round was postponed to the next day. The weather on Sunday proved to be cold, gray, and as

wild and windy as March. Early in the afternoon, when the swirling gusts of wind reached gale velocity, the field could hardly cope with the conditions, and the spectators looked on with a mixture of sympathy and amusement as the world's best golfers produced an embarrassingly unprofessional mélange of snap hooks, sclafts, tops, and banana-ball slices. Conditions were at their worst, with the wind blowing dead against the players on the first four holes, when Hogan, the first of the contenders to go out, teed off, just after two o'clock. Hogan had long been regarded as in a class by himself among



the modern champions at controlling the golf ball, and now, at the age of forty-six, well past his prime, he demonstrated why, unforgettably. Over those first four holes, refusing to let the rampaging wind affect his "muscle memory" or his tempo, he played five classic tee-to-green shots in a row. On the 442-yard first hole, he split the fairway with his drive and followed with a 4-wood twenty feet from the pin. Two putts for his par. On the 415-yard second, which veers to the right, he ripped two more low, knifing woods through the wind, again finding the middle of the fairway with his drive and then fading a 4-wood twenty feet past the pin. Down in two for his par. On the third, a 217-yard par 3, he hit a 4-wood through the narrow opening and onto the green, only to take three putts from thirty-five feet. Though the wind was now beginning to die down, he still needed two woods to get home on the fourth, a 435-yard par 4. The drive was excellent, but the second shot was pulled slightly to the left of the green, and this brought to an end Hogan's skein of impeccable shots. It also brought him a second straight bogey. After that, he never got moving in high gear again, and before long he started to let strokes slip away around the greens. He wound up with a very disappointing 76.

It only remains to be added that Casper, who teed off that afternoon about fifteen minutes after Hogan, salvaged his pars on the first four holes by one-putting them from four, eight, nine, and seven feet, respectively. On the long fifth, he holed for a birdie from twenty feet, and, if my memory is correct, he went on to one-putt the ninth for par. There is more than one way of playing winning golf.

CONSIDERING that a full fifteen years had elapsed since the last Open at Winged Foot—and also bear-

ing in mind that golf had not stood still during this period, to say the least—very few changes were required to get the West Course ready for the 1974 Open. For the recent championship, the course measured 6,961 yards—only eighty-eight yards more than in 1959. The other alterations were also quite negligible. One reason for this is that the West Course has always been a lengthy, broad-shouldered layout. A second reason, undoubtedly, is that the man in charge of remodelling the course for the big event was George Fazio, who was a fine professional golfer before he became a fine professional golf architect, and who thus knows at first hand the shot values that a championship test should possess. A winner of the Canadian Open and the Crosby tournament, Fazio, who is a Pennsylvanian now in his early sixties, may very likely be the first man who himself could have won our Open to be called in to prepare a course for an Open. Though Fazio is best remembered for tying with Hogan and Lloyd Mangrum in the 1950 Open, at Merion, outside Philadelphia—Hogan won the playoff—that was not his only bid for the championship. In 1952, at Northwood, in Dallas, he was leading the Open with seven holes to go, but he faded down the stretch in the intense heat, and finished fifth. The following year, at Oakmont, near Pittsburgh, he tied for fourth in the Open. A pleasant, intelligent man with a soft voice and brilliant blue eyes, Fazio at his playing peak was a smooth, sound golfer whose swing bore more than a little resemblance to Hogan's in its basic arc and its functional rhythm. He always had an idea that he would move into golf-course architecture once his playing days were over. During most of his competitive career, he was the club professional at the great Pine Valley course, east of Philadelphia, and, as he likes to put it, "for a fellow who wanted to be a golf architect, being at Pine Valley was like studying in Rome for a fellow who wanted to be a painter." He entered golf architecture in 1955, and was an immediate success, mainly because of his imaginative response to terrain and his conscientiousness. These days, when it is nothing for a golf architect to take on eighteen or twenty jobs simultaneously, Fazio limits himself to four or five. Jupiter Hills, north of Palm Beach, is generally considered his chef-d'œuvre to date, but he has built a large number

of very interesting courses, among them Moselem Springs, in eastern Pennsylvania; the Jackrabbit Course at the Champions Golf Club, in Houston; the Edgewood Tahoe; Kuilima, in Hawaii; and the Butler National, outside Chicago, which is the new site of the Western Open Championship.

Before and during his stint at Winged Foot, Fazio studied Tillinghast's design assiduously. "Tillie was a remarkable architect," he told a friend not long ago. "His thinking in regard to the West Course was really outstanding—particularly those lifted greens, with their severe side slopes. I wasn't out to change his design, just to enhance his design." Fazio's alterations could hardly have been more moderate. He put in two new traps, and also revised five old ones, in order to make the approach shot to certain greens more exacting. To tighten things up in a different way, he planted dozens and dozens of trees—both deciduous and evergreen, and ranging from ten up to eighteen feet high—in the rough framing the holes, placing the trees so that they would be between a hundred and ten and a hundred and thirty feet from the middle of the fairway. Their presence was supposed to give the man who had hit a very poor shot something specific to fret about. This was also Fazio's thinking in tightening up the twelfth hole, a birdieable par 5, where he installed several clumps of trees to



the right of the green; he did not want the golfer who had played a loose second shot to escape scot-free. He also built three new back tees—on the fourth, the fourteenth, and the eighteenth—which added about twenty yards to each of those holes. The new tee on the eighteenth, as many see it, transformed what had always been a strong finishing hole into a magnificent plateaued green. 448 yards to a dramatically plateaued green.

Fazio made only one major change at Winged Foot, and that could scarcely have been avoided. It involved the tenth, perhaps the most celebrated hole on the course—a par 3 a hundred and ninety yards long that ran from a raised tee across a swale to a narrow perch of a green set at about the same level as the tee and protected by deep bunkers carved into its right and left flanks. To increase the difficulty, its surface had such a sharp downward tilt that if the cup was placed in the lower part of the green and a player was above it, it was sometimes impos-



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sible for him to stop even a gently tapped approach putt on the putting surface. Fazio changed the entire green, and the entire hole, by raising the front part of the green four or five feet. "When we took up the old green, we found that there was no real fill under the front part except muck and sawdust," he explained recently. "No wonder the green had just kept on sinking. In rebuilding it, we reshaped it a bit, so that the new green is twenty per cent larger than the old one and allows for five different pin positions. And that impossible downgrade is gone. You know, that green used to have a six-per-cent fall to it, and, really, a three-per-cent fall is the limit. I imagine some members will miss the old tenth, because it was so unusual and merciless, but there's no question in my mind that the new tenth is a much better golf hole."



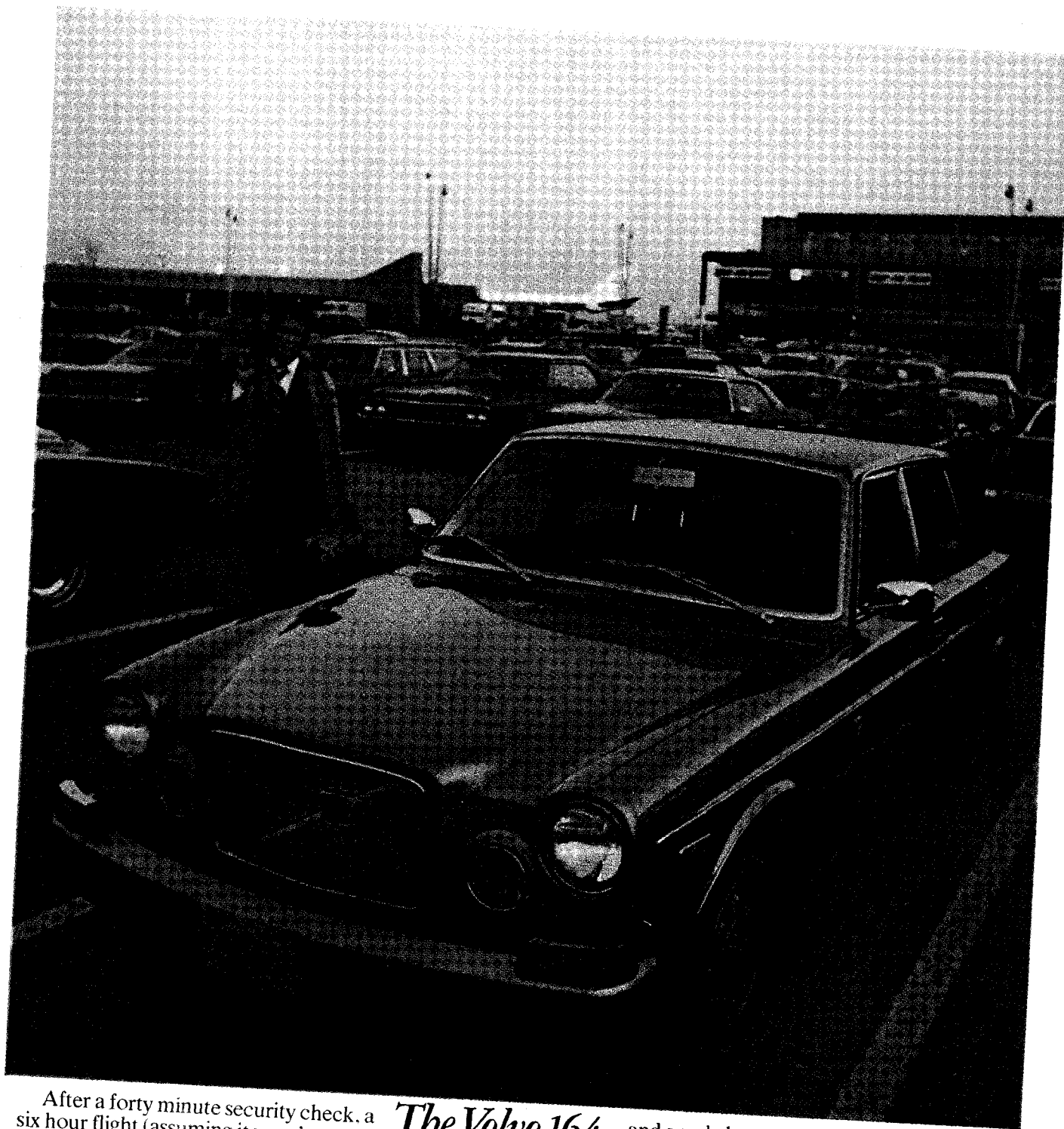
ON the eve of the 1974 Open, almost everyone at Winged Foot who tried to predict the winner—and there were very few who passed up the opportunity—named one or another of the same five golfers: Jack Nicklaus, Gary Player, Johnny Miller, Tom Weiskopf, or Lee Trevino, in about that order. Each authority was eager to add the reasons for his choice, but this was hardly necessary, because the pertinent information was more or less in the public domain. Nicklaus today is the best player in the world, when he is in form. When he isn't, that eminence probably belongs to Gary Player, the reigning Masters champion. Like Nicklaus, Weiskopf hits his tee shots a mile and plays high-floated long-irons—basic requisites for sticking with par at Winged Foot when it is all dolled up in its Open finery. Miller, the defending Open champion, is also long off the tees, and he is perhaps the most accurate iron player around. As for Trevino, his adherents believe that he is the most efficient driver in the game—at his best he certainly is—and, as they saw it, the key to doing well in any Open is staying out of the high, matty, curled rough. As it turned out, none of these five players, for all their obvious qualifications, had a thing to do with the winning or the losing of the 1974 Open. This was surprising, in a sense, for Winged Foot could not have played more the way it was expected to. The fairways, about thirty-five yards wide on the average, were bordered by several yards of tractable

short rough before one struck the real Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer safari stuff. The holes played extremely long, and even after a big drive on a par 4 a golfer frequently needed a 2-iron or a 3-iron to get home (and frequently would have been wiser to take a fairway wood). Not only did the greens, rising like sand castles, present elusive targets but their surfaces were very hard, very fast, full of rolls, and not at all easy to decipher. (Casper in 1959 had wrought his wonders on

much slower greens.) It followed that if a golfer had a ten-foot putt left to save his par after recovering adroitly from a greenside bunker on a long par 4, he couldn't bang for the cup, as he could on the slower tour greens, because if he missed he might run five or six feet past and

possibly miss the putt coming back. Winged Foot reminded us that few people are as skillful as P. J. Boatwright, Jr., the executive director of the U.S.G.A., when it comes to preparing a course for a championship, and made us realize that in Ted Horton, the club's superintendent, he had the ideal associate.

As a matter of fact, most of us at Winged Foot had only one or two criticisms to make of how the course was set up for the championship. We felt that the tee markers on the Three Witches—the 452-yard sixteenth hole, the 444-yard seventeenth, and the 448-yard eighteenth, all of which possess infernally tight greens—could have been moved forward ten or twelve yards without hurting things. Some of us also felt that on each of the four days the two U.S.G.A. officials in charge of the placement of the cups had put a number of them so close to hummocks and breaks that the putting was entirely too difficult; with the greens so swift and worrisome, the golfers would have been challenged sufficiently if the cups had simply been cut in good, unfancy places, as they most assuredly were in 1959, when Casper sank practically everything in sight. The cup placement we objected to most, interestingly, was the one on the first green on the first day. On this severely down-tilted green, a golfer whose approach finished in certain positions faced a sidehill putt there was no coping with. Nicklaus, who had a twenty-five-footer for a birdie, ended up by having a twenty-eight-footer coming back for his par, and missed that. He was by no means the only player who suffered this ludicrous fate. In any event, common sense suggests



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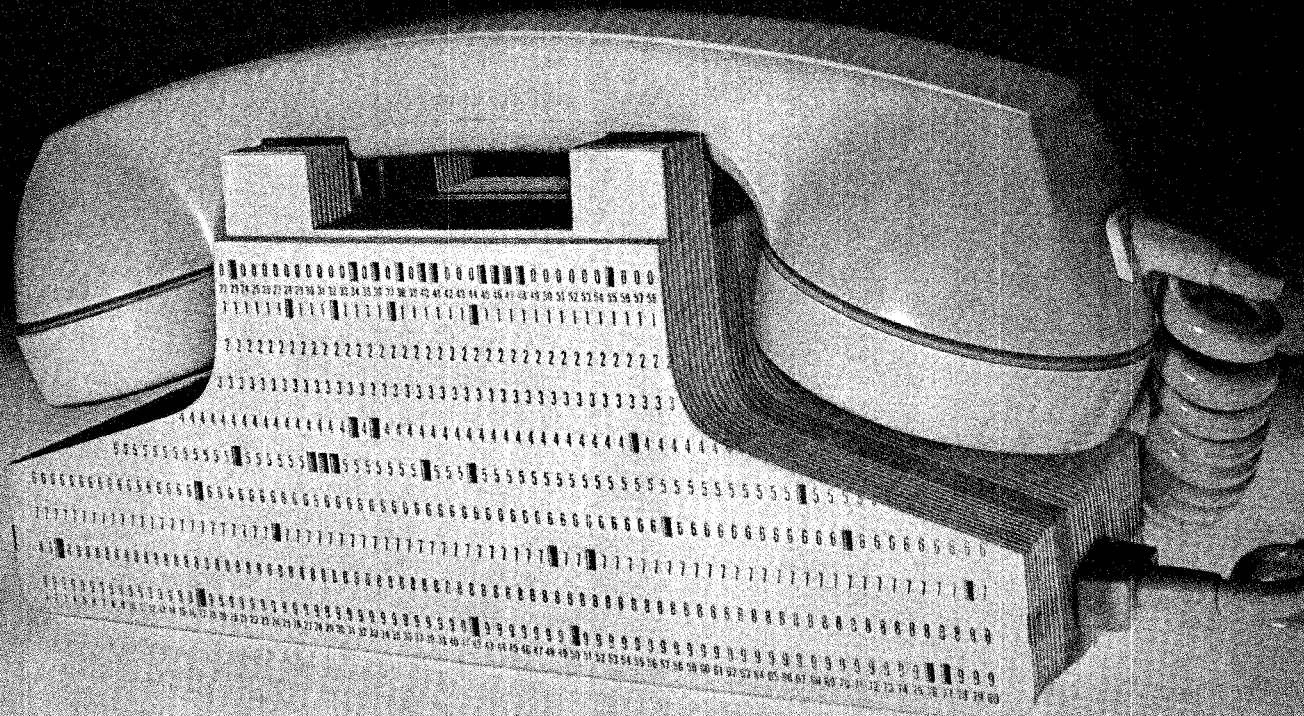
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that the cup on the first green always be situated in a nice, reasonable, matter-of-fact spot, in order to give the players a chance to get the feel of the putting surface. For much the same kind of reason, St. Andrews, in Scotland, begins with a comparatively easy 374-yard par 4, the idea being to allow the golfer to get his swing warmed up before setting him harder tests.

Nicklaus not only three-putted the first green but also three-putted the second and the fourth. He has a reputation for being a slow starter, but that day he appeared so abstracted that it seemed unlikely he would ever rouse himself and get going. A close friend of his whom I happened to meet in his gallery led me to believe that I had read Nicklaus's mood correctly. "You know, in between tournaments Jack now spends all his time building golf courses," the friend said. "He's bugs about golf-course architecture. And he's awfully good at it, too. Personally, I think that the Muirfield course of his, outside Columbus, Ohio, is the finest one anybody has built in this country in the last ten years. The trouble is that Jack is now pouring all his creative energy into architecture, and golf tournaments are just something he plays in between visits to his courses. He doesn't have the old fire or concentration. Look at him now. He's studying the trees along this fairway, not the shot coming up. He's turned into a real tree nut. For example, he was so impressed with that large tulip tree behind the tenth green that he ordered sixteen of them for his different projects." As the days passed, Nicklaus got his mind partly off the flora, and he finished with a 69 for a total of 294, fourteen shots over par and seven shots behind Irwin's winning score. Nevertheless, at the age of thirty-four he should be in his prime as a golfer, and it seems nonsensical for him to be giving priority attention now to golf architecture, no matter how much he loves it. There will be plenty of time for that after he's forty.

On Thursday, the opening day, I spent most of the afternoon with Player, one of the last of the favorites to go out. I later came to question the wisdom of this decision, because Player, particularly on the first nine, produced such superlative golf that I couldn't understand why the scoreboards were cluttered with +8s and +9s—eight

and nine strokes over par, that is—and other extremely high scores. (Billy Casper, of all people, had an 80.) The way Player, with that nice, full release, whistled around the first nine made Winged Foot look like just another golf course: you hit the fairway, then you hit the green, and sometimes you made your first putt. For that nine he was 34, only one under par, but he could easily have been 32 if he had holed six-foot birdie putts on the fifth and sixth. The second nine was harder going for the trim, tidy South African, but he stayed even with par on it until a hooked drive off the eighteenth tee cost him a finishing bogey. His 70 gave him the lead; he was the only man among the hundred and fifty starters who equalled par. After his round, Player said that he didn't think Winged Foot was in any way an unfair examination—a decidedly minority opinion amid the fizzing and moaning that surged through the locker room. (While I agree with Player, I think it might be well to note that Winged Foot, 1974, quite possibly constituted the most severe Open course since Oakland Hills, outside Detroit, in 1951.)

On the second day, Winged Foot continued to perplex and harry a good many of the big names. Johnny Miller succeeded only in whittling his opening 76 down to a 75, chiefly because he took four shots to get out of a bunker on the seventh. However, his disposition was much improved; as he climbed the stairs to the locker room, he summoned a good-natured smile and sang out, "I felt like I was a Boy Scout again out there—you know, out on one of those fourteen-mile hikes." Generally speaking, the players scored appreciably better on the second day. Either the pin positions were easier or the shotmaking was better, or both. Par was broken four times

and equalled four times. Hubert Green, the garrulous Alabamian, who had started with an 81, had a 67—a mighty effective rebuttal. Larry Ziegler, who had started with a 78, got down to 68. Bert Yancey and Frank Beard had 69s, and Arnold Palmer, Hale Irwin, Tom Kite, and Forrest Fezler had 70s. This fine round by Palmer placed him in a four-way tie for the lead, at 143, and it gave the Open a stir and a pulse beat that hadn't quite been looked for. Now a salt-and-pepper forty-four, Palmer had failed to make the thirty-six-hole cut in his last three tour tour-



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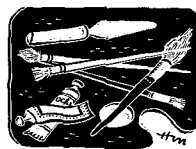
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naments, and trepidation had begun to circulate both among his colleagues and among the game's numberless camp followers that the admirable old champion might be nearing the end of the trail. Palmer, however, almost invariably plays a strong Open, and he had responded again.

And yet, in a curious way—maybe because it provided so distinct an echo of Jones's troubles in the 1929 Open—the most fascinating round of the day was Player's. He started with a bogey and, after parring the second, flew his tee shot to the par-3 third into the trees on the left, where the ball hopped into a cardboard refuse carton imprinted with "KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL" and piled high with empty beer and soda-pop cans. A free drop, a wedge pitch to the back of the green, and down in two for a second bogey. However, there wasn't a hint of impending catastrophe in the air when Player's drive on the fourth, a 460-yard par 4, caught the edge of the light rough on the right. He took a 7-iron for his approach and hit a crisp shot, well on line. It landed short of the green and bounced on through the bunker-flanked opening. A ball played from high grass usually carries a fair amount of overspin and rolls a good distance, and this one did. It rolled the length of the green, over the back edge, down the steep bank of rough behind, and, unfortunately, an inch or two beyond the white out-of-bounds stakes at the edge of a privet hedge. Gary, his poise intact, trudged back to the point where his drive had finished, dropped another ball, and, now playing his fourth stroke, hit another first-class 7-iron, which also landed short of the green. For a moment, this shot looked as if it might be perfect, but it, too, rolled clear across the green, and was halfway down the thatchy bank of rough before it stopped. Player took three



more strokes to hole out, so that was a 7—as strange and unreal as the 7s that Jones had twice taken on the fourth round in 1929.

After six holes, Player, having dropped another stroke, stood six over par on his second round. Then he got a grip on himself and went on to play the last twelve holes in five under even 4s to salvage a 73 and a share of the quadruple tie for the lead. Some of Player's long-irons during this stretch were hit just about as well as long-irons can be hit. As he walked off the last green, I was put in mind of something he had said about Winged Foot before

the tournament: "This is the kind of a course that puts you under enormous psychological pressure. Play one or two poorish shots, and you find your self-confidence evaporating entirely. To avoid this happening to you, you must keep reminding yourself, 'I am a very good golfer. I can play all the shots. I am a very good golfer.' That's important, for this course, like few others, can utterly destroy you unless you're vigilant."

ON Saturday, the day of the third round, Player disappeared from contention—almost before anyone realized it. With the second nine coming up, he stood four over par for the tournament, tied for the lead with Palmer and Irwin, a twenty-nine-year-old Missourian who had taught himself golf on a backwoods nine-hole course with sand greens. For those who know what a doughty chap Player is, the speed with which he went was all the harder to believe. His errors included three putts on the tenth, a weak pitch on the twelfth, a shanked iron from the rough on the fourteenth (which cost him two strokes), and unconvincing approaches to the sixteenth and seventeenth. Yes, indeed, Winged Foot can overwhelm even the best. Player, by the way, offered no alibis. "I don't believe in excuses," he said. "I played very poorly. That was all there was to it. I still think this is a marvellous course."

Player's exit altered the whole structure of the championship, setting up for the final round a three-man race that, from the standpoint of pure sentiment, was as lopsided as the Jones-Espinosa playoff. Another Missourian, Tom Watson, a chunky, twenty-four-year-old who had graduated from Stanford in 1971, stood in the lead, at 213, after a 69 that featured birdies on the fearsome sixteenth and seventeenth. A good striker of the ball, Watson had yet to win his first tour tournament. A shot behind him lay Irwin, tall, rangy, and bespectacled, who had also birdied the sixteenth and seventeenth, en route to a 71. In 1967, while attending the University of Colorado, Irwin won the National Collegiate championship, but he is better remembered in that part of the country as an outstanding football player, who twice was voted the best safety in the Big Eight Conference. In his seven years on the pro tour, Irwin had won only twice, capturing the Heritage Classic, on Hilton Head Island in South Carolina, in both 1971 and 1973. However, he had also developed

into one of the steadiest players on the tour, and had earned over a hundred thousand dollars in prize money each of the last two seasons. Then, three shots behind Watson—and twenty years ahead of him—there was Palmer, the 1960 Open champion, who had finished the third round with two painful bogeys for a 73. It was questionable whether he would have the physical and nervous stamina to hang in there for one more round, but in the Open the deep pride in the man seems to assert itself as it does in no other tournament. Last year, at Oakmont, he looked to be a very possible winner until he missed a four-foot putt for a birdie on the sixty-fifth green, and in the 1972 Open, at Pebble Beach, there was one tingling moment in the final round when, if Palmer had holed from eight feet on the sixty-eighth and Nicklaus, the eventual winner, had simultaneously failed to hole a putt of about the same length on the sixty-sixth (actually the reverse happened), the old horse might have made it. Palmer is an easy man to root for.

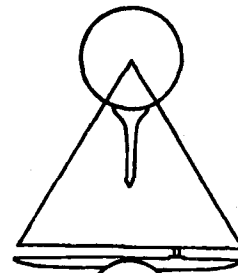


A hot, penetrating sun had burned down on the course most of the first three days, but Sunday morning brought fairly heavy rain. This, naturally, made the tall rough much heavier. It also slowed down the greens, but they remained surprisingly fast. In any Open, under any conditions, the trick is to keep the ball on the fairway and to remain patient on the greens, and the three front-runners had their hands full doing that on Sunday. In retrospect, it is clear that Irwin played the stroke that won the championship for him on the ninth, a 466-yard par 4. A somewhat inconsistent putter—he had three-putted four greens on the third round—he had blown a five-footer for a par on the eighth only minutes before he walked onto the billowy ninth and began working on the forty-footer he had for a birdie. At this juncture, he and Watson were tied for the lead, both six over par for the distance. Irwin hit a careful, restrained putt that kept rolling for the cup and dropped softly in. This birdie vaulted him into the undisputed lead, and he saw to it that he held it. Watson's bid was now over, and Palmer, trailing by five with nine to go, could not get moving, either. Indeed, those last nine holes proved to be a battle of attrition, for Irwin himself made a good many errors in putting together a gallimaufry of four bogeys, three pars, and two birdies. He had one moment of alarm near the end. Forrest (Fuzzy) Fezler,

a slim, blond young man with a slim, blond mustache, had managed to avoid the general tension that gripped the field, and though he started the day five shots behind Irwin, he had cut that margin to just one shot by the time he mounted the tee of the 452-yard seventieth. On that hole, his brave pursuit seemed over when he bunkered his second, but he stayed alive by holing from twenty feet for his par. On the seventy-first, he was again on the ropes, but again he saved his par by getting down in two from a greenside bunker. On the 448-yard home hole, the third of the Three Witches, he had to settle for a 5 after a pushed drive, and that made a difference. It meant that all Irwin now needed to do to win was play the last two holes in a total of nine strokes. He finished like a champion. On the seventy-first, after pulling his tee shot into the rough and partially topping his recovery (played with a wood), he stuck a handsome pitch eight or nine feet from the pin and made the putt for his par, reading a subtle left-to-right break perfectly and sliding the ball into the cup. On the seventy-second, after splitting the fairway with his drive, he smashed a great 2-iron right at the pin. He was down in two sure putts from twenty feet. 73, 70, 71, 73—287.

The new champion's full name is Hale S. Irwin—the "S," like the "S" in Harry S. Truman, standing for nothing. An intelligent and instinctively polite young man, he does not brim over with color. Since he finds golf harder on the emotions than he ever found football, it helps him to keep things under control, he has said, if he consciously works to maintain a calm manner and a serious approach. He usually plays in a sun visor, a type of headgear that looked good only on Helen Wills and Kay Stammers, and he is the first Open champion since Willie Macfarlane, in 1925, to wear glasses. The general impression he creates is of an earnest young minister about to take over a new rural parish whose church burned to the ground the week before. Short though Irwin may be on charisma, he is a delight to watch for those aficionados who appreciate a good swing. His is one of the best. He executes his backswing at a discernibly slower tempo than his downswing, and the unforced, athletic way he fuses the moves of the various elements—the hands, the arms, the feet, the legs, the hips, the shoulders—in the backswing is a treat to see. His downswing, though much faster, is just as smooth and correct, but the best

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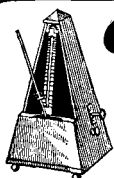
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thing about it is that it is all of a piece down and through the ball to his high finish. Already a very proficient player, Hale Irwin has the stuff to become a considerably better one.

A FINAL word about Winged Foot, which created more controversy than any Open course has in years. Many observers and players felt that it was demanding to the point of being unfair. I was a member of a group that saw it somewhat differently. The U.S. Open course, I think, should provide a hard test—the hardest test our golfers meet each year. While there were a few aspects of the way the course was set up (I mentioned them earlier) that seemed overdone, my basic feeling was that the scores ran as high as they did mainly because the field did not perform well. Few of the players hit the fairways off the tee with marked regularity. Many of them seemed overawed by the West Course, and frequently lost their timing on their shots to the green. It put me in mind of those days, years ago, when average golfers like me, playing a 440-yard 4 with the local pro, who needed only something like a 5-iron for his second, had to hit a 3-wood if they hoped to get home after a good drive. Invariably, they tried to hit the shot too hard, and the ball would end up in the left-hand bunker. At this point, the pro would call over pleasantly, "You jumped at it, Freddy," or "Too much right hand, Bill." At Winged Foot, more than half the long-irons the players hit were mis-hit, and there were moments when, as I watched the ball veer yards off line, I felt like calling over pleasantly, "You jumped at it, Hubie," or "Wait for the clubhead, Ron." The fact is that our tournament pros have become so used to reaching the green on most par 4s with a pitching club that under pressure they are revealed as a very indifferent collection of long-iron players. A few more Open tests like Winged Foot would help to correct this.

One last thought. At this Open, as at so many previous ones, I kept wishing that Ben Hogan were playing. Time after time, on holes that threw his confreres into a tizzy he would quietly think out the kind of shot a particular problem required and then calmly produce that shot. In other words, with a handy reference like Hogan around we would have known immediately whether or not Winged Foot asked too much of the boys. For whatever my opinion is worth, I don't think it did.

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DANCING

Glimpses of Genius

MIKHAIL BARISHNIKOV, the legendary young star of Leningrad's Kirov Ballet, is making his first appearances on this continent this summer, touring in Canada with a contingent of Bolshoi dancers. Barishnikov became a legend even before he was admitted to the Kirov, in 1967; he was the pupil—the best, many said, and one of the last, as it turned out—of Alexander Pushkin, the great Leningrad teacher who had trained Yuri Soloviev and Rudolf Nureyev. In 1970, the year Pushkin died, Barishnikov appeared in London, and from the way the London critics threw around the word “genius” I began to get an uncomfortable feeling about him: either he wouldn't live up to his notices or he would so fully justify them that he'd be, as a phenomenon, unrecognizable. True genius doesn't fulfill expectations, it shatters them, and the initial experience of it can be disturbing. Now that I've seen Barishnikov perform in Montreal, I can't remember what I expected him to be like. Something on the order of Soloviev, I suppose, only smaller, higher, and faster. (That would have been genius enough.) Well, Barishnikov is all three, but he's unlike anyone else, and he does things I've never seen any other dancer do. I was confounded, and the audiences at the Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier were, too. Although they gave him ovations, I think they really didn't get him. Probably they, like me, were bemused by the purity of Barishnikov's style. He carries the impeccable to the point where it vanishes into the ineffable. One can't see where the dazzle comes from. When he walks out onto the stage, he doesn't radiate—doesn't put the audience on notice that he's a star. His body, with its short, rounded muscles, isn't handsome; he's no Anthony Dowell. His head and hands are large, and his face—pale, with peaked features and distant eyes—is the face of Petrouchka. He attends carefully to his ballerina and appears utterly unprepossessing. When he dances, the illusion—its size and glow—comes so suddenly that it takes you by surprise. You think from

the looks of him that he might be a maverick, which would make him easy to accept, but he doesn't dance like one. Any hope of idiosyncrasy or impertinence is dashed the instant he leaves the floor. And yet there's no mistaking his phenomenal gifts. It's obvious that Pushkin has turned out not the last of a line but a new and unique classical virtuoso.

Barishnikov is able to perform unparalleled spectacular feats as an extension of classical rather than character or acrobatic dancing. Lovers of flashy entertainment, of sport, of raw prowess, may not take to him at once, but lovers of classical style will go mad. He gets into a step sequence more quickly, complicates it more variously, and prolongs it more extravagantly than any dancer I've ever seen. And he finishes when he wants to, not when he has to. Perhaps his greatest gift is his sense of fantasy in classical gesture. He pursues the extremes of its logic so that every step takes on an unforeseen dimension. His grand pirouette is a rhapsody of swelling volume and displaced weight. He does not turn; he is turned—spun around and around by the tip of his toe. Like the young prodigy Nadezhda Pavlova, whom the Bolshoi introduced to American audiences last year, Barishnikov both summarizes and extends the resources of classical expression. The three performances I

saw him give in Montreal were of standard pas de deux (two “Nutcracker”s and one “Don Quixote”), and while it would be absurd to judge his range on so short an acquaintance, one can certainly assume that he possesses many qualities he had no chance to display in Montreal. I can believe, for example, that he is the fine actor he's reputed to be, because of the way he altered his style to suit each of the pas de deux. In the “Nutcracker,” he was an image of elfin Mozartean grace; in the “Don Quixote,” he was diabolical, dancing with a livid force. And the dance pictures he produced in these different styles—particularly one of a high, slow jeté passé in which he arched his back at the peak of the jump—will linger long in memory.

His partner in the two “Nutcracker”s was none other than Irina Kolpakova, the Kirov's great prima ballerina, and she also appeared, unannounced and partnered by Nicolai Fadeychev, in the Gluck “Melody”—one of those wafty adagios-with-a-veil that seem to mean so much (but what?) to the Russians. Kolpakova is the kind of star who does radiate, although when I last saw her, ten years ago, she had nothing like the rosy confidence and direct manner toward the audience that she has now. The lovely legs are as eloquent, the style as correct, the phrasing as musical as ever. Like Barishnikov, and like her former colleague Natalia Makarova, she dances from a center of mysterious calm, and with an all but invisible attack. A knee in-



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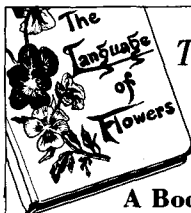
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jury prevented her from giving us her famous soaring jump in the "Nut-cracker," but she did breathtaking unsupported double pirouettes with arms en couronne.

A word about the company that Barishnikov and Kolpakova are travelling with. Basically, it's a provincialized version of the one, led by Raissa Struchkova, that appeared in American cities last summer, when it was augmented by an array of new-generation talent. Except for Barishnikov, who comes late to these shores, Canadian audiences aren't getting much in the way of new talent. Besides Struchkova, Fadeychev, Yaroslav Sekh, and two or three not very well-prepared young soloists, the roster includes many of the same aging second- and third-raters seen here last year, and the company performs the same excerpts and diversissements from the Bolshoi repertory—but a less extensive and demanding selection than it showed here. In its "Walpurgis Night," the four satyrs in fur breeches are oddly replaced by four bacchantes (who then have to chase the nymphs); its "Spring Waters" is far below standard; and it gives a duet called "Dolls" that was actually performed in New York by the children of the Bolshoi Dance Academy. (Another "highlight"—six girls linked together like the cygnets in "Swan Lake" and bouncing to the "pizzicato" variation from "Sylvia"—is worse than childish.) Fadeychev, now grown enormously fat in the hips, partners the younger women in the second acts of "Swan Lake" (the hideous Gorsky version) and "Giselle" (the great Lacroix version), and the backcloths for the two ballets are flip versions of each other—dull-blue swamps obviously rendered by the same incompetent hand. Yet all the tackiness and substitutions don't kill the Bolshoi spirit or its talent. Struchkova is in roaring form (especially opposite Barishnikov in "Don Quixote"), Fadeychev still has his spring (his big bottom seems filled with helium), and the corps in "Giselle" shows its magnificent schooling in every step. But it was Barishnikov and Kolpakova I had come to see. In their Bolshoi setting, the two Kirov stars cast a distinctively different, tantalizing spell. What artists they are, and what a way to see them! If it weren't for the wretched Panov affair, which wasn't resolved until the eve of the Bolshoi engagements in Canada and London (where the main company is appearing), they would be dancing with their own company in New York right now.

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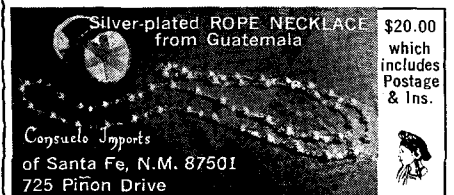
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THE RACE TRACK

On to Aqueduct

RACING moved over to Aqueduct last week, and in the course of the thirty-day meeting we should see most of the better horses in training in action. There's the famous old Brooklyn Handicap on the Fourth of July, and the equally famous and slightly older Suburban on the twentieth. The three-year-olds will have another go for the big money in the Dwyer Handicap on July 13th, and for the two-year-olds tuning up for Saratoga in August there are the Juvenile Stakes on July 3rd, the Astoria on July 10th, and the Tremont on July 24th.

It was always in the cards that Sigmund Sommer's Accipiter was a miler, which is precisely what he looked like in the Saranac Handicap, at a mile, on opening day. Sailing into the lead in the stretch, as he did in the Withers Mile, he won by a head from Best of It and Hosierey. Eleven ran, and the race was a rough, whoop-de-do scramble—so much so that many racegoers thought Accipiter's number would come down, because he and Best of It had bumped in the last sixteenth. Instead, Accipiter's stablemate, Rube the Great, was disqualified and placed last for putting Capito, Riva Ridge's half brother, on the fence shortly after they turned into the stretch. Accipiter, I thought, was doubly lucky. There is a rule in the State Code that if one member of an entry is disqualified for committing a foul his running mates may or may not be disqualified, too. This, however, is left to the discretion of the stewards. Well, Francis Dunne and his associates, using their discretionary powers, allowed the placing of the first three to stand but suspended Marquez, who rode Rube the Great, for ten days. The usual penalty is five or seven.

A few words more about the Saranac. The jockeyship in it was pretty awful. For some time, it has been my considered opinion that most of the boys we have riding know no more about pace than a rabbit. They go all out from the start and, I suppose, hope for the best. In the Saranac, the first quarter was run in 0:22 $\frac{3}{5}$ and the half mile in 0:45; the second half of the race was run in 0:51 $\frac{3}{5}$ —the last quarter in 0:26 $\frac{3}{5}$. How about that?

Later in the week, half a dozen probables for the Brooklyn had a public trial for it in the Nassau County Handicap, at seven furlongs, in which

the Rokeby Stable's Timeless Moment beat Forego, with North Sea third. It really wasn't the stunning surprise you might suppose. Although Forego is looked upon as the best of the older horses this year, he was carrying 132 pounds, and giving twenty to Timeless Moment; winning under a disadvantage like that is a very large order for any racer, no matter how good. Forego

couldn't do it in the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park a few weeks ago, and he hadn't been under colors since. As for Time-

less Moment, he hadn't been out of the money in his nine previous starts, all of which were in the best company. He is a well-made colt, by Damascus, and happily named (his dam is Hour of Parting, by Native Dancer). He caught my eye last year, and I have been following his progress with interest ever since.

SO far, I haven't heard of any movement afoot to suggest that Jimmy Kilroe, the director of racing at Hollywood Park, change the name of the Hollywood Gold Cup Invitational Handicap to Charlie Whittingham's Gold Cup, but no doubt I shall. For the record, the Pin Oak Stable's Tree of Knowledge was the fourth successive winner Whittingham has saddled for this \$150,000 event. The others were Ack Ack, Quack, and Kennedy Road. This year, he also started Quack and El Rey, but neither was in the money. Tree of Knowledge, ridden by Shoemaker, kept closest to the pace set by Finalista for three-quarters of the mile-and-a-quarter run. Then he hooked up with Ancient Title, raced him into submission, and went on to win by two and a half lengths. War Heim was third. It was another big weekend for Whittingham. The day before the Gold Cup, he sent out Mrs. Howard Keck's Tallahto for the \$56,150 Wilshire Handicap, and she rolled home four and a half lengths ahead of the ten other fillies and mares.

IN Kentucky, they are shining up the yearlings for the sales at Keeneland on July 22nd and 23rd.

—AUDAX MINOR

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BOOKS

Ombudsman

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS's autobiography, "Go East, Young Man" (Random House), chronicles its author's rise from patches, if not rags, to eminence, if not riches. There is, however, scarcely a note of self-congratulation; this is a book at once confident and intimate. The Justice is never guarded. He records how he has changed his mind, this way and that, on any number of matters—for example, the advantages and disadvantages of earning an education through hard manual labor, as he did. And many of the topics on which he reflects are open-ended—matters that are by no means solved, such as what appears to be the inevitable ossification of bureaucracy. Douglas has firm attachments (to the First Amendment, for one), but he does not seem to be a rigid person. He reads like the inspiring teacher he once was—he shares information, offers intellectual and moral guidance, and frequently interrupts his earnestness with good, funny stories.

Justice Douglas, who was born in 1898, grew up in Yakima, Washington, and went to Whitman College, in Walla Walla; he taught high school for two years before going to Columbia Law School; then he practiced law, and later taught it, at Columbia and Yale. In 1934, he joined a new federal agency, the Securities and Exchange Commission—temporarily, he thought—to head a special study; in 1936, he became one of its commissioners, and in 1937 its chairman. The book ends with his appointment to the Supreme Court, in 1939.

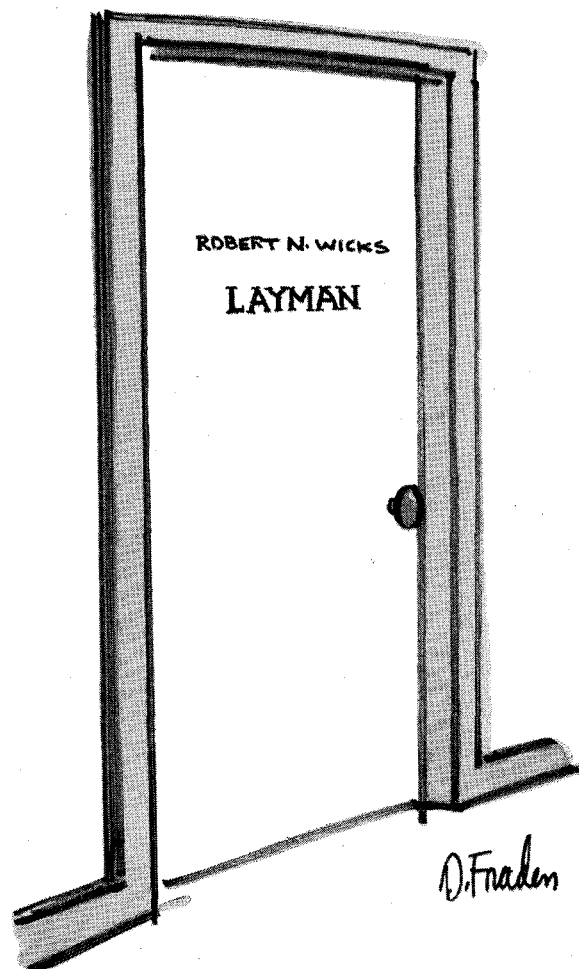
It opens with sorrow. Douglas's father, a Presbyterian minister, died in 1904, and left a widow with little money and three children. All of them started working very early. The author was a fruit picker on farms near his home town, and then he joined the migrant farm workers who followed harvests all over the Northwest. Yakima's rich snubbed the Douglasses—"While there were many children's parties... we were never invited to a single one." His anger at the snobbery, smugness, hypocrisy, and exploitiveness of that small town's turn-of-the-century Establishment remains keen—

nowadays, perhaps, more because of what those people did to others than because of anything they did to him. In fields and orchards, he met the very poor, and discovered that, by and large, he liked them. Some he respected, some he pitied. Members of the I.W.W. were among his fellow farm workers, and the persecution they suffered in the Red Scare during and after the First World War was one of the reasons he chose a career in law. Though the young man lapsed from his parents' orthodoxy, and though the Justice remains disapproving of most of the churches he has known, he evidently retained something from his early religious training: he felt that his life could make sense only through service, and while he was wondering what to do he concluded that "one trained in law could be an effective voice for human rights."

Yet the theme of this book is grander than its author's struggle against poverty and his search for moral work; it is the conquest of fear. The Justice tells about his battles with his fears and with himself: one's own self is always one's most daunting enemy. Infantile paralysis at the age of three had left

him with very weak legs, and his mother treated him as an invalid. She made him believe that he was weak, and she passed on to him her fear of thunder, lightning, water, wild animals, rough country, high places, Indians, divine punishment, and early death. Her message was that the world is a terrifying place and that young Bill was not strong enough to go very far in it. At the age of eleven, he rebelled against the prospect of the life of a weakling. He began to build up his endurance by walking in the nearby foothills of the Cascades, and then he undertook longer and more difficult journeys; he no longer simply hiked but climbed. He pushed himself physically to strengthen his legs; at the same time, he was proving himself to himself. None of this was easy. Douglas is immensely graphic about how difficult it was for him to bring himself to learn to swim, and I think it is proof of his courage that, along with the successes he reports, he writes so frankly of what must have been painful and humiliating experiences. He does not claim that he conquered all his fears by himself; he gives credit to Dr. George Draper, whom he consulted in the late nineteen-twenties and early thirties. Draper, a pioneer in psychosomatic medicine, had a lot to do with persuading Franklin Roosevelt not to resign himself to invalidism, and urged Douglas to tell Roosevelt about his own struggles with the after-effects of polio. Douglas, who eventually got to know the President well, displayed superior tact: he never brought the matter up.

I think the most striking quality of Douglas's book—decency—is related to his fearlessness. His testing place was the American wilderness, because in his boyhood it was near at hand. One can live happily in our society without overcoming—as Douglas did—a fear of, say, cougars or heights; what is important is not to fear other people. And because Douglas does not, his book, which is at times argumentative, at times opinionated, is never bitter, harsh, or vindictive. A man who differs with the Justice does not become his enemy. And his tolerance is





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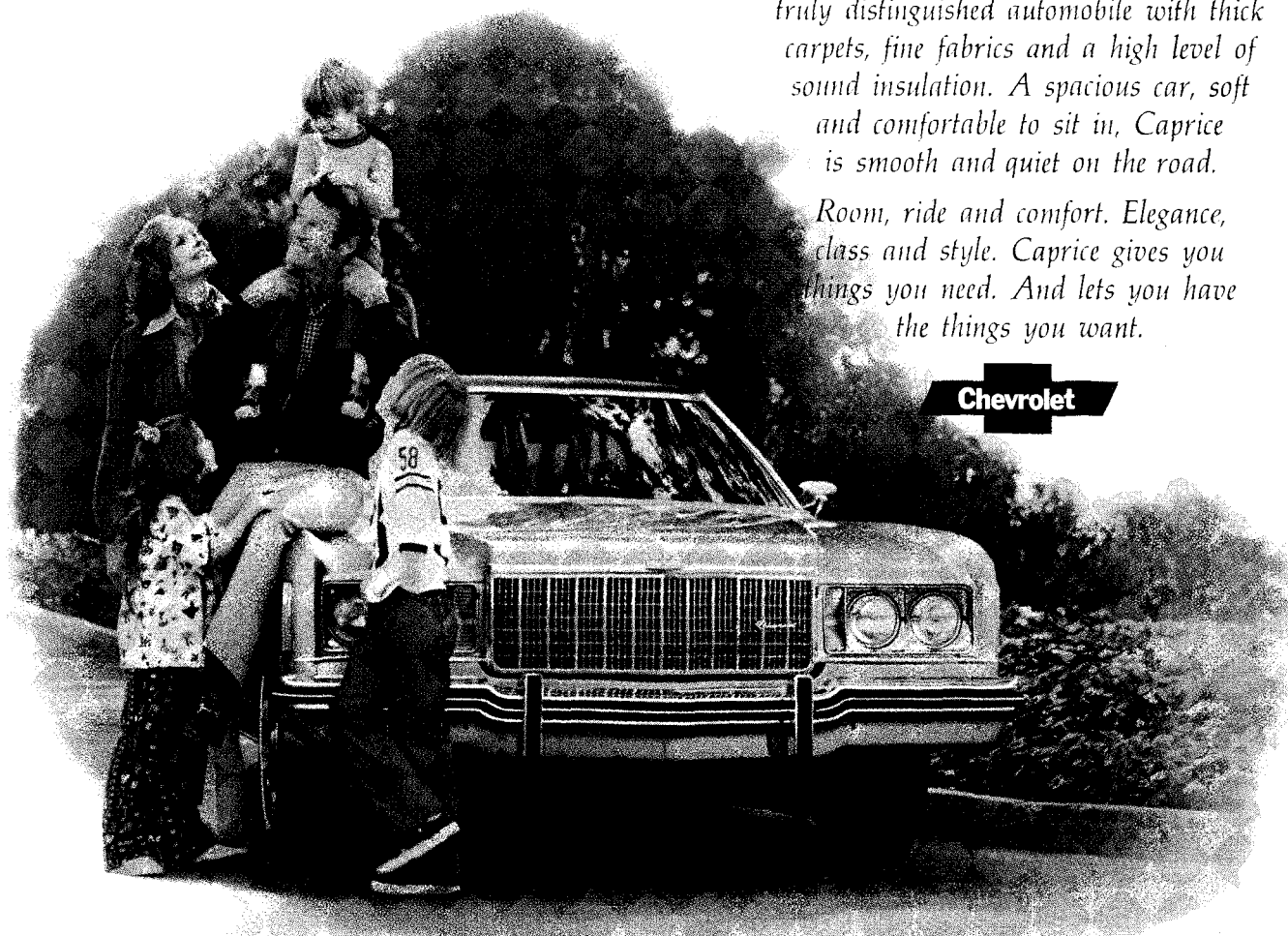
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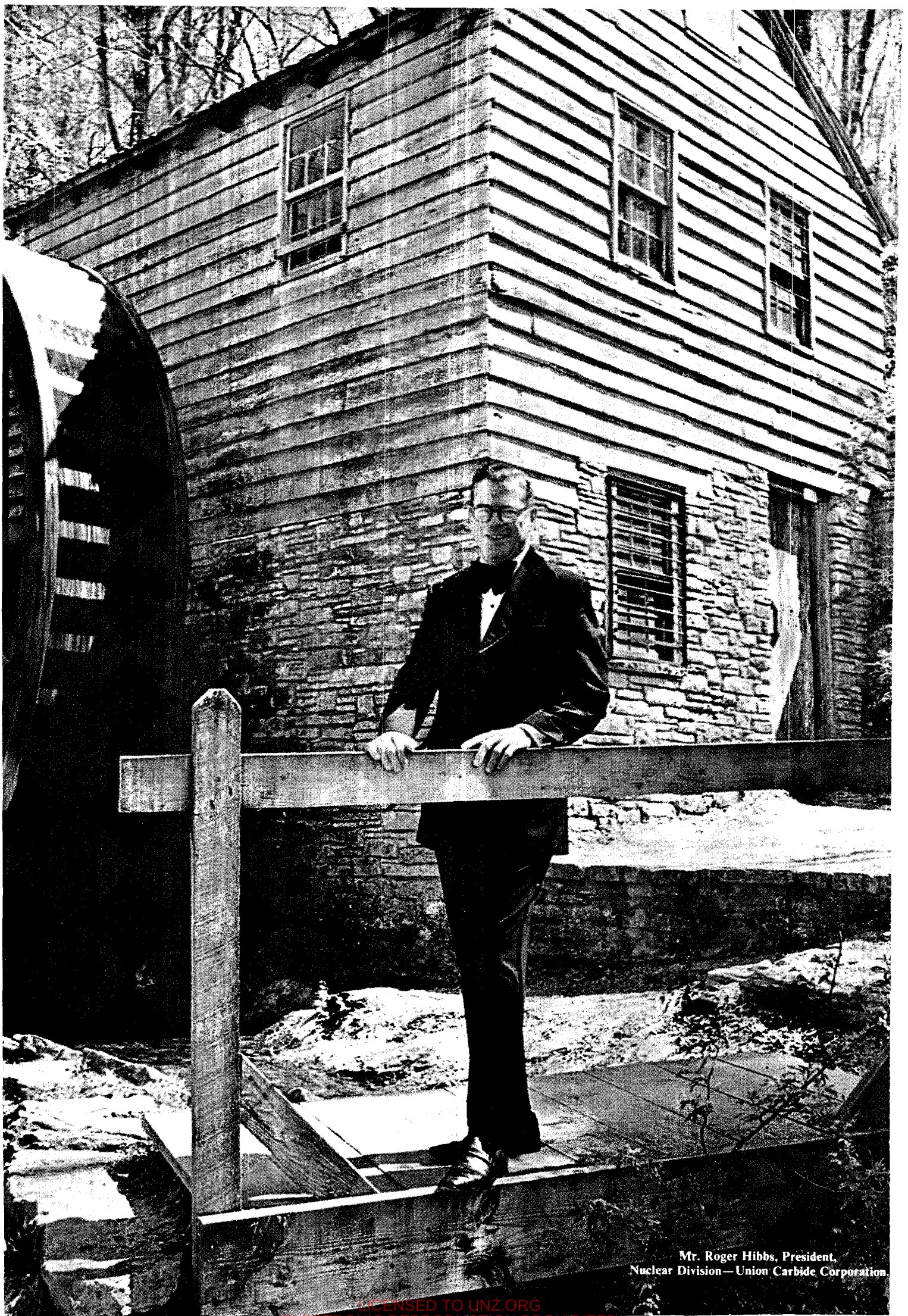
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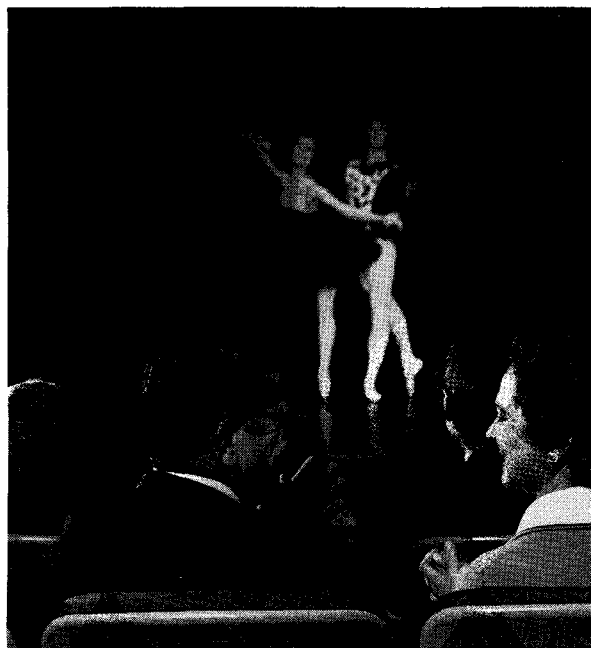
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more than passive; it is an active, alert sensitivity on behalf of liberty—not merely his liberty but everybody's. Douglas recalls being upset by a passage in one of Roosevelt's campaign speeches; Roosevelt said, Douglas recalls, that business and finance were "unanimous in their hate for me—and I welcome their hatred," adding, "I should like to have it said of my first administration that in it the forces of selfishness and of lust for power met their match. I should like to have it said of my second administration that in it these forces met their master." At that time, Douglas, in the S.E.C., was fully devoted to coping with the monumental chicanery of perhaps most of the American financial community—men whose finagling had contributed to bringing about the Depression, who had no particular plans to end it, and who, with several honorable exceptions (Douglas carefully notes them), regarded the S.E.C.'s efforts to curb swindling as an unwarranted and incredible assault on their God-given liberties. Even so, Douglas writes of that speech:

I loved FDR, but I thought his boast that he would be the "master" did not fit America. I thought then—and still think—that America is a complex and diverse pluralistic society and that there is room for everyone, even the brokers and dealers, who, I had discovered, were a species of leeches in the economy. Capitalism, I thought, was better than socialism, a conviction that was strengthened when I started my world travels. For in a socialist state such as Russia there was a suffocating bureaucracy, no First Amendment, no right to protest, no right to strike, no right to denounce the President, the Congress, or the Court. One who was a "master" of business and finance, like one who was a "master" of labor, read the group he "mastered" out of society. Later, I realized that FDR, of course, was only using a figure of speech and did not literally mean what he said. He was "master" in the adroit political way, not "master" in the sense I feared.

Douglas's portrait of Roosevelt is convincing, and entertaining, too. He shows us a chipper man, serious, considerate, conscientious, yet able, despite innumerable problems, to relax and to be cheerful. Douglas's fair-mindedness makes him a persuasive recorder of all sorts of people. If he found Harold Ickes at times outrageous and Henry Morgenthau at times exasperating, he also remembers the useful things they did and the occasions when they were pleasant, kind, or diverting.

In his introduction, Douglas hopes that his book will help Americans appreciate "the great and glorious tradition of liberty and freedom enshrined in

our Constitution and Bill of Rights" and persuade them to "love the continent, the most beautiful one in the whole world," and to "develop a reverence for our rich soils, pure waters, rolling grass country, high mountains, and mysterious estuaries." As most readers know, when the Justice had ceased to need the wilderness as a gymnasium he learned to love it for itself, and though I think he is unnecessarily absolute in his espousal of "forever wild" as opposed to "multiple use" conservation, he does call attention to abuses of nature that take place under the name, or behind the screen, of "conservation."

Attention to fact, to what happens when a principle is applied, was, of course, one of the characteristics of the legal thought of Justice Brandeis (there is a most beguiling account of that great man), and it is the characteristic approach of Douglas and some of his friends and heroes, Justice Black among them. In this book, there are plenty of other topics that offer Douglas a chance to remind us of the importance of examining and reexamining the practical effects of our principles. Without such consideration, even noble ideals may degenerate into verbiage and become slogans used to extenuate wicked or dangerous doings. The author keeps stressing liberty and the First Ten Amendments partly because he has seen what awful things happen when the principles embodied in them are *not* applied. I suppose there is no people whose history does not record spasms of bad behavior in response to fear, anxiety, anger, or disappointment: the Athenians condemned Socrates after they lost a war. Douglas is not suggesting that every oddball is a Socrates, but he *is* insisting that one of our Constitution's many difficult demands is that we all, whether we are government officials or private individuals, display self-restraint and not panic to the extent of depriving any of our fellow-citizens of their Constitutional liberties. The Justice's view of what Americans must live up to may make it harder to be an American, but—or so it seems to me—if we all stick to the First Amendment, as the Justice wishes, it will also be safer to be an American.

I caught the Justice in a small slip. He says that "such liberals as Gilbert Harrison of *The New Republic*" opposed his appointment to the Supreme Court. Gilbert Harrison was not on *The New Republic* at the time, and the journal did not oppose Douglas. It called him "an admirable choice" and a

"worthy successor to Brandeis." (The Justice must be uniquely modest among public men in that he does not cherish rave reviews; apparently he prefers to quote and laugh at attacks—even the editorial in his home-town paper about his nomination, which was headed "YAKIMA NOT TO BLAME.") And I am confused by a passage that seems to put Tarrytown in Rockland County—a small point that might have been cleared up by a careful editor. To judge by this book, Random House knows no such creature; several names are misspelled, among them those of Robert Kintner, Harry Daugherty, and Katharine Hepburn. That's a terrible way to treat a wonderful book.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DIVINERS, by Margaret Laurence (Knopf). A long, richly textured, beautifully written novel by a gifted Canadian. The book traces the life of a sturdy but self-doubting middle-aged writer named Morag Gunn, who is now living in an old backwoods farmhouse with her eighteen-year-old daughter, whom she has raised alone. The narrative jumps back and forth in time. For the most part, it examines the lives that have touched Morag's—her boozy, eccentric, benign stepfather, who is the town's universally condescended-to garbage collector; her lost, obese stepmother; her icy professor husband; her girlhood métis lover; and her motley school friends—and it does so with unusual wit and breadth. The sense of place is remarkably vivid—especially when the author describes the woman's impoverished pre-Second World War prairie-town childhood. The book moves slowly, but, except for occasional lapses into sentimentality, a not very successful working-in of Scottish and métis songs and legends, and the author's unfortunate choice of the phrase "Memorybank Movie" to flag the flashback chapters, it is such a pleasure to read that one adjusts to its pace. Novels as sprawling as this one are often adipose and artless; Mrs. Laurence's is both poetic and muscular, and her heroine is certainly one of the more humane, unglorified, unpolemical, believable women to have appeared in recent fiction.

IF BEALE STREET COULD TALK, by James Baldwin (Dial). All the terrible things that happen to the peo-

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VIKING

The text of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*

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ple in this very disappointing book are entirely credible, but little else about it is. Tish, the nineteen-year-old narrator, is in love with and pregnant by Fonny, a twenty-two-year-old sculptor whom she has known all her life. As the story opens, Fonny has been falsely accused of raping a Puerto Rican woman and is in jail in New York awaiting his trial. Determined to free him, Tish's family and Fonny's father (his churchy mother and sisters are hopelessly alienated from him) join forces, hire a lawyer, and work and scheme to help him. They can actually do very little: the D.A. wants to prove Fonny guilty; the arresting cop is a racist who once killed a twelve-year-old boy; the woman who identified Fonny in the lineup has fled to Puerto Rico, thus delaying the trial; and an important witness to his innocence, a friend, has been intimidated into silence by the prosecutors. But they try anyway, and the feebleness of their efforts says a great deal about what it means to be poor, black, and vulnerable. The moral strength of the book is tremendously undercut, however, by the fact that all Mr. Baldwin's characters are either angels or devils; by the pomposity of much of his language; and by the embarrassing gooiness of Tish and Fonny's romance. ("His face was bigger than the world, his eyes deeper than the sun, more vast than the desert.") From time to time, behind Tish's innocent bleatings one hears a somewhat discordant voice. It sounds tired, bitter, cynical, blunt, worldly, and infinitely more authentic in tone than anything else in the narrative. It sounds like the author's true voice, and its strength makes one regret not hearing it more often.

NAPOLEON SYMPHONY: A NOVEL IN FOUR MOVEMENTS, by Anthony Burgess (Knopf). A coarse, energetic book on Napoleon's career from the Italian campaign to his death, written in a manner that the author says is intended to imitate Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. Mr. Burgess's prose at its best has always had a pulsating force, and a few examples of that best can be found here, particularly in some reveries that sweep through Napoleon's and other characters' minds. The abrupt shifts of scene and the recurring verbal motifs are interesting to hold up against the symphony, but the reader soon discovers that in substance and tone the two are worlds

apart. The music is noble and grand; the book, for the most part, is embarrassingly base. Mr. Burgess seems to have doubted his project from the start (he says at the end that it can't be done), and therefore to have abandoned himself to soldierly bluster and idle historical gossip. It is hard to believe that Mr. Burgess's zest—so evident in his previous novels—could become tiresome, but that seems to have happened in this misguided venture.

BUCHANAN DYING: A PLAY, by John Updike (Knopf). This "closet drama," as its author calls it, will attract readers interested in American history as well as in contemporary literature—the first because it reassesses a cipher who puzzled the nation, President James Buchanan, and the second because of its author's glittering use of historical materials. When the play opens, in 1868, the ex-President is dying at his home, but presently the deathbed scene merges with scenes from the past, and characters appear who figured in Buchanan's life. Whether we assume that these are hallucinations or accept them as a freedom of the stage, the author makes plain, in an afterword, their historical and biographical accuracy. The question whether Buchanan's Administration created the crisis that ended in civil war, as was alleged in his own time, is part of another question Mr. Updike explores: What kind of man was Buchanan? The author offers an ice-cold pettifogger who clung to braininess because he lacked the bravery for emotion—a character reading that is at once striking and plausible.

NOTE: "Patriotism Without Flags," by Daniel Lang, has been published by Norton. All the material first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

NEW YORK—Kay Hutchins and her husband have moved 30 times in 13 years of marriage, mainly because of their university studies and his teaching jobs.

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